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HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD;

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY

FREDRIKA BREMER.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

“SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG.”—*Psaln xcvi.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO THE READER.

THE only excuse for troubling thee with so long a correspondence is, that if it had not been published in this manner, it would not have been published at all. And my excuse for publishing it at all is, that, for many reasons, I would not abstain from doing so.

In placing these letters in thy hand, dear reader, I should wish that thy mind might be favorably disposed toward them, or, at least, might not be in opposition to the spirit in which these letters were first written. They need it more than any thing which I have yet written, because, I can not conceal it from myself, they suffer from—egotism—the offense of all autobiography. This, while it may not offend the sympathetic feelings of a brother or sister, may easily offend the stranger who does not partake in them. Much, therefore, in the letters which referred to myself, and which was personally agreeable to me, has been omitted in their transcription for the press, but not all, otherwise the ingenuous character of the letters must have been sacrificed, together with the peculiar coloring of my life and its circumstances in America. Much remains of that which individually pleased or annoyed me—perhaps more than should have remained. While transcribing these letters, I have often been unable to realize to myself that I was then preparing them for the public, and not writing them merely to my sister, “my innermost,” to whom even the innermost might be revealed,



TO MY AMERICAN FRIENDS.

Stockholm, May, 1853.

THESE letters were written in your homes while I lived there with you, as a sister with her brothers and sisters—in the North, in the West, in the South of your great country. They were written during familiar intercourse with you. And without you they would not have been what they now are, for without you I could not have become acquainted with the Homes of the New World, nor have been able, from your sacred peaceful hearths, to contemplate social life beyond. To you, therefore, I inscribe these letters. They will bear witness to you of me, and of my life among you. You said to me,

“ We hope that you will tell us the truth.”

You wished nothing else from me. I have endeavored to fulfill your wishes. Be you my judges!

That which I saw and found in the New World has been set down in these letters. They are, for the most part, outpourings from heart to heart—from your homes to my home in Sweden. When I wrote, I little thought of committing them to the press, little thought of writing a book in America, least of all in these letters, and of that they bear internal evidence. Had such a thought been present with me, they would have been different to what they are; they would have been less straightforward and natural; more polished, more attired for company, but whether better—I can not say. My mind in America was too much occupied by thoughts of living to think of writing about life. Life was overpowering.

The idea of writing letters on America did not occur to

me until I was about to leave the great land of the West, and the feeling became more and more strong in me, that what I had seen and experienced during these two years' journeyings was not my own property alone, but that I had a duty to fulfill as regarded it. I had, it is true, a presentiment from the first that the great New World would supply me with many subjects for thought, to be made use of at some future time, perhaps even in books, but in what manner, in what books—of that I had no distinct idea. I confess to you that I went about in America with the thought of metamorphosing the whole of America in—a novel, and you, my friends, into its heroes and heroines, but that with such subtle delicacy that none of you should be able to recognize either America or yourselves.

But the realities of your great country could not be compressed into a novel. The novel faded away like a rainbow in the clouds, and the reality stood only the stronger forward, in all its largeness, littleness, pleasantness, sorrow, beauty, completeness, manifold and simple—in one word, in all its truth; and I felt that my best work would be merely a faithful transcript of that truth. But how that was to be accomplished I did not clearly know when I left America.

“You will understand, you will know it all when you are at home!” frequently said that precious friend who first met me on the shore of the New World, whose home was the first into which I was received, whom I loved to call my American brother, and who beautified my life more than I can tell by the charm of his friendship, by the guidance of his keen intellect, and his brotherly kindness and care; whose image is forever pictured in my soul in connection with its most beautiful scenes, its romantic life, its Indian summer, and, above all, its Highland scenery on that magnificent river, where he had built his delightful home, and now—has his grave! Yet

no, not alone in connection with these pictures does he live before me ; time and space do not contain a character such as his. To-day, as yesterday, and in eternity, shall I perceive his glance, his voice, his words, as they were once present with me ; they are united with all that is beautiful and noble in the great realm of creation. His words are a guide to me as well in Sweden as they were in America. I love to recall every one of them.

“ You will know it all when you come into your own country,” said he, with reference to many questions, many inquiries, which at my departure from America were dark to my understanding.

The thought of publishing the letters which I had written home from America, as they first flowed from my pen on the paper, or as nearly so as possible, did not occur to me until several months after my return, when with a feeble and half unwilling hand I opened these letters to a beloved sister who was now no longer on earth. I confess that the life which they contained reanimated me, caused my heart to throb as it had done when they were written, and I could not but say to myself, “ These, the offspring of the moment and warm feeling, are, spite of all their failings, a more pure expression of the truth which my friends desire from me, and which I wish to express, than any which I could write with calm reflection and cool hand.” And I resolved to publish the letters as they had been inspired by the impression of the moment, and have, on their transcription, merely made some omissions and occasional additions. The additions have reference principally to historical and statistical facts which I found passingly touched upon in the letters or in my notes, and which are now amplified. The omissions are of such passages as refer to my own affairs or those of others, and which I considered as of too private or too delicate a nature to bear publicity. I have endeavored, in my communications from private life, not to overstep

the bounds which a sense of honor and delicacy prescribed, nor to introduce any thing which it would be undesirable to publish, either as regarded confidential communication or the names of individuals. I am deeply sensible of the requirements of delicacy in this respect, and nothing would be more painful to me than to feel that from want of due circumspection I had failed herein.

I fear, nevertheless, that some of my friends may feel their delicacy wounded by the praise which I could not always withhold. They must forgive me for my love's sake!

I have lived in your country and your homes with no ordinary affection; your homes received me there in no ordinary manner. If the heaped-up measure sometimes ran over, it was less my fault than—yours. Ah! the deeds of selfishness and of hatred ring every day in our ears with the names of those who practice them. Let us preserve, then, other names to be conveyed round the world on the wings of spring and love, that like a heavenly seed they may take root in the earth, and cause all the best feelings of the soul to blossom. The heart sometimes is ready to doubt of goodness and its power on earth—it must *see* before it can *believe*. I would hereby aid it in this respect. I have spoken of you.*

The best, the most beautiful, in your hearts and in your homes, has, after all, not been revealed. I know that within the human heart and home, as in the old temple of the older covenant, there is a holy of holies upon whose golden ark the countenances of the cherubim may alone gaze and read the tables of the covenant.

I have followed my own convictions in that which I have censured or criticised in your country and your peo-

* In the English and American editions the initials of the names are merely given, where the names belong to private individuals. I have, however, considered this veiling of my friends to be superfluous in the Swedish, where in any case their names merely sound as a remote echo.

ple. That which I myself have seen, heard, experienced, felt, thought, that have I written, without fearing any thing, excepting any error as regards truth and justice.

But ~~when~~ you read these letters, my friends, have patience, if possible, ~~in~~ the end; and remember that these are often the impression of ~~the~~ moment, which later impressions mature or change.

Consider them as digits, which you must go through before you are able to combine them into a whole. Four of the letters, those, namely, to H. C. Örsted, to I. P. Böcklin, to her majesty the Queen Dowager of Denmark, and to H. Martensen, are to be regarded as resting-places by the way, from which the ground which has been passed over is reviewed, and the path and the goal reflected upon. Some repetitions occur in these, which it was not possible to avoid. I fear that some repetition may also be found in the other letters, and it might have been avoided. But

From you, my friends, I hope for that truth before which it is pleasant to bow even when it is painful. Wherever I have erred, wherever I have formed a wrong judgment, I hope that you will freely correct me. I know that you will acknowledge all that which is good and true in what I have written. I fear from you no unjust judgment. It seems to me that I have found among you the gentlest human beings, without weakness; therefore I love to be judged by you.

I here return to your beautiful homes as a spirit, reminding you of the stranger whom you received as a guest, and who became a friend, to converse with you of former days spent on your hearths, to thank and to bless you, and not merely you, whose guest I was, but the many who benefited me in word or deed, the warm-hearted, noble-minded, all those who let me drink the morning dew of a new, a more beautiful creation, that elixir of life which gives new, youthful life to heart and mind. Words

are poor, and can only feebly express the feelings of the soul. May, however, somewhat of the life's joy which you afforded me again breathe forth from these letters to you, and convey to you a better expression of thanks than that which can here be uttered by,

Your guest and friend,
FREDRIKA BREMER.

THE
HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD

LETTER I.

ON THE SEA.

September 23d, 1849.

This is, dearest Agatha, my second day on the great ocean! And if the voyage goes on as it has begun I shall not soon long for land. The most glorious weather, the heaven and the sea full of light, and for a habitation on my voyage to the New World a cabin large and splendid as a little castle, and besides that, convenient in the highest degree. And how I enjoy my quiet, uninterrupted life here on board, after the exciting days in England, where the soul felt itself as on a rack, while the body hurried hither and thither in order to see and accomplish that which must be seen and accomplished before I was ready for my journey! For it was requisite to see a little of England, and especially of London, before I saw America and New York. I did not wish to be too much overcome by New York, therefore I would know something of the mother before I made acquaintance with the daughter, in order to have a point and rule of comparison, that I might correctly understand the type. I knew that Sweden and Stockholm were of another race, unlike the English country, and towns, people, manners, mode of building, and so on. But England had in the first place given population, laws, and tone of mind to the people of the New World. It was the Old World in England which must be-

come my standard of judgment as regarded the New. For that reason I came first to England, and to England I shall, please God, return when I have finished my pilgrimage on the other side of the ocean, in order to obtain a more decided impression, to form a conclusive judgment before I return home. We will expound together the runes in the native land of runic lore.

Now, however, I know what London looks like, and I shall not be amazed by the buildings of New York.

To-day, Sunday, has been to me really a festival day. We have had divine service on board, and that was good and beautiful. The passengers, about sixty in number, together with the crew of the vessel, all in their best attire, assembled in the great saloon on deck. The captain, a brisk, good-looking young officer, read the sermon and prayers, and read them remarkably well. The whole assembly joined in the prayers and responses, as is customary in the English Episcopal Church. The sun shone in upon that gay assembly, composed of so many different nations.

To be so solitary, so without countrymen, kindred, or friends in this assembly, and yet to know myself so profoundly united with all these in the same life and the same prayer—"Our Father, which art in heaven!"—it affected me so much that I wept (my usual outlet, as you know, for an overflowing heart, in joy as in grief). The captain thought that I needed cheering, and came to me very kindly after the service. But it was not so. I was happy.

Since then I have walked on deck, and read a poem called "Evangeline," a tale of Acadia, by the American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The poem belongs to America, to its history and natural scenery. There is much dramatic interest and life in it. The end, however, strikes me as melodramatic and somewhat labored. The beginning, the descriptions of the primeval forests of the

New World, the tall trees, which stand like the old Druids, with long descending beards and harps, which sound and lament in the wind, is glorious, and is a chord of that fresh minor key which pervades the whole song, about the peaceful, persecuted people of Acadia—a beautiful but mournful romance, and founded upon history. This little book was given to me by William Howitt on my departure from England; and thus I have to thank him for this my first taste of American literature, in which I fancy I can perceive a flavor of the life of the New World.

How pleasant it is to be able to read a little, and to be able to lie and think a little also! People here show me every possible attention; first one and then another comes and speaks a few words to me. I answer politely, but I do not continue the conversation; I have no inclination for it. Among the somewhat above fifty gentlemen who are passengers on board, there is only one—a handsome old gentleman—whose countenance promises any thing of more than ordinary interest. Nor among the twelve or thirteen ladies either is there any thing remarkably promising or attractive, although some are very pretty and clever. I am very solitary. I have an excellent cabin to myself alone. In the day I can read there by the light from the glass window in the roof. In the evening and at night it is lighted by a lamp through a ground-glass window in one corner.

People eat and drink here the whole day long; table is covered after table; one meal-time relieves another. Every thing is rich and splendid. Yes, here we live really magnificently; but I do not like this superabundance, and the eternally long dinners are detestable to me, all the more so sitting against a wall between two gentlemen, who are still as mice, and do nothing but eat, although one of them, an Englishman, might converse very well if he would. My passage-money is thirty-five sovereigns, which includes every thing. Somewhat less in price,

and somewhat less to eat and drink, would be more to my taste.

Later. I have just seen the sun go down in the sea, and the new moon and stars come forth. The North Star and Charles's Wain have now gone farther from me; but just above my head I see the Cross and the Lyre, and near them the Eagle, which we also see at home; and with these companions, by-the-way, I can not be other than cheerful. We have the wind in our favor, and drive on our thundering career with all sails set. If we continue to proceed in this way, we shall make the voyage in from twelve to thirteen days.

I hope, my sweet Agatha, that you regularly received my two letters from England; I sent the last from Liverpool on the morning before I went on board. I was quite alone there, and had to do and arrange every thing for myself; but all went on right. I had the sun with me, and my little traveling fairy, and the last dear letters of my beloved, my passport to the New World, and—to the better world, if so be, for they are to me like a good conscience. I say nothing about my good spirits, but you know me, my darling: "Long live Hakon Jarl!"

Thursday. Five days at sea! and we are already more than half way to New York. We have had fair wind without intermission, and if all goes on as it has begun we shall make one of the most rapid and most prosperous voyages which has ever been made from Europe to America. "But one must not boast till one has crossed the brook." To-day, when the wind blew and the sea heaved somewhat roughly, my style of writing became somewhat like Charles XII.'s in his letter to "mon cœur." I get on capitally, my little heart, and do not wish myself away, so comfortable am I here, and so animating and elevating appears to me the spectacle of heaven and earth. Yes, the soul obtains wings therefrom, and raises herself upward high above the roaring deep.

For several days we have seen no other object than heaven and sea, and circling sea-birds; not a sail, nor the smoke of a steamer. All is vacancy in that immense circle of space. But the billows, and the sunbeams, and the wandering clouds are sufficient company; these and my own thoughts. I stand and walk whole hours alone on deck, and inhale the fresh, soft sea-air, watch one leviathan dive down and rise again from the roaring waves, and let my thoughts dive down also, and circle round like the sea-birds in the unknown distance. There was always something of the life and joy of the Viking in me, and it is so even now. Yesterday was a glorious day; it was throughout a festival of beauty, which I enjoyed unspeakably.

In my early youth, when we were many in family, and it was difficult to be alone, I used sometimes to go and lock myself in that dark little room at Aersta, where mamma keeps her keys, merely that I might feel myself alone, because as soon as I was quite alone in that pitch darkness, I experienced an extraordinary sensation—a sensation as if I had wings, and was lifted up by them out of my own being, and that was an unspeakable enjoyment to me. That half-spiritual, half-bodily feeling is inexplicable to me; but it always returns when I am quite alone and altogether undisturbed by agitating thoughts, as is the case at this time. I experience a secret, wonderful joy as I stand thus alone among strangers, in the midst of the world's sea, and feel myself to be free and light as a bird upon the bough.

Yet it is not this feeling alone which gives me here calmness, and, as it were, wings, but another, which I well understand, and which is common to all alike as to me. For whoever, when alone in the world or in heart, can from his heart say, *Our Father!*—mine and all men's!—to him will be given rest and strength, sufficient and immortal, merely through this consciousness.

Out of the chaotic group of human countenances which at first met my eyes here, a few figures have come nearer to me, and have acquired an interest for me through glances, expression, or words. Among these is a tall, respectable clergyman from New York, by name *John Knox*, and who seems to me to have a little of the historical Knox-nature of stern Puritanism, although united to much benevolence. Besides him, a family from New York also, consisting of an old lady, the mother, with her daughter and son-in-law—a handsome young couple, who have for their bridal tour visited, during eleven months, Egypt, Greece, Italy, France, &c., without having, in the first instance, seen Niagara, or any of the natural wonders of their own country, which I do not quite forgive in them. They are now on their return, the old lady having gained the knowledge “that all human nature is very much alike throughout the world.” This family, as well as Mr. Knox, are Trinitarian, and will not concede that Unitarians are Christians.

There are also a couple of young ladies from Georgia. One of them a handsome, married lady; the other a very pale young girl with delicate features, Hannah L——, clever, sensible, and charming, with whom it is a pleasure for me to converse. Although belonging to a slaveholding family, she condemns slavery, and labors at home to make the slaves better and happier. She is consumptive, and does not expect to live long; but goes forward to meet death with the most contented mind. One sees the future angel gleam forth from her eyes, but the suffering mortal is seen in her delicate features.

Besides these, there are some elderly gentlemen with respectable and trustworthy countenances, who assure me that I shall find much pleasure in my journey through the United States; and, lastly, a couple of slaveholders, handsome, energetic figures, who invite me to the South, and assure me that I shall find the slaves there to be “the most happy and most enviable population!”

The days pass on calmly and agreeably. The only objection I have to the life on board the "Canada" is the excess of eating and drinking.

Monday, October 1. The tenth day on board. It has been somewhat less agreeable during the last few days: stormy and rough. We had yesterday what they call "a gale." I endeavored, but in vain, to stand on deck. I was not made to be a sailor. We are near Newfoundland. We steer so far northward to avoid the equinoctial storms on the more southern ocean. But we have had contrary winds, and considerable storms for some days, so that we have not progressed as favorably as the commencement promised. We shall not reach Halifax till to-morrow. We shall put in there for a few hours and send our European letters to the post (for this reason I am bringing mine into order), after which we steer direct south to New York.

I am perfectly well; have not been sea-sick for a moment; but can not deny but that it seems to me rather unpleasant when, in the evening and at night, the waves thunder and strike above our heads, and the vessel heaves and strains. Fortunately, the ladies are all well and cheerful; and in the evening three of them sing, two of whom met here for the first time in the world, the "old lady," who, after all, is not so old—only about fifty—and who has a splendid soprano voice, and the pale girl and her friend, with their clear voices, sing hymns and songs remarkably well together. It is very charming and beautiful. The tones remain with me at night like consolatory spirit-voices, like the moonlight on the swell of the waves.

Last night, when the sea was rough and there was even some danger, when every movable thing was tumbled about, and I thought of my home, and was in "a shocking humor," and acknowledged it even to my fellow-voyagers, those three voices sang hymns so exquisitely till about midnight, that every restless wave within me hushed itself to repose. To-day we have better weather and

wind, and are all in good spirits. Some little children, however, are so sick that it is pitiable to see them. This next night we shall come into dangerous water. One of the great steamers, which goes between Europe and America, struck amid the surf in the neighborhood of Halifax, and suffered considerable damage. But we must manage better than that. Our captain, Judkins, is considered to be a remarkably skillful seaman. An excellent, good-tempered, and kind-hearted man is he besides; likes to come and sit in the saloon with the ladies, tells them stories, and plays with the children.

I read a deal here on board; one can get through a vast many books on such an occasion. I have read Châteaubriand's "Confessions," but without much pleasure. What can one learn from an autobiography in which the writer acknowledges that he will confess nothing about himself which would be derogatory to his dignity? It was in a manner different to this that St. Augustine wrote his Confessions, regarding merely the external eye; in a different manner Rousseau, great and noble, at least in his desire to confess to *the truth*. Thus will I sometimes shrive myself; for every object and every consideration is mean, except this, the highest. Châteaubriand's French vanity spoils, for me, his book; nevertheless, I have retained some glorious descriptions, some occasional profound word or expression, as well as another fresh conviction of the weakness of human nature.

I have read here, also, Miss Martineau's "Life in the East." I like to study pictures of the East, and of the earliest period of the cultivation of our race in opposition to the West—that promised land which I am approaching with a thousand questions in my soul. But I am disturbed in Miss Martineau's book by her evident endeavor to force her own religious opinions upon the life and history of antiquity. Some great and beautiful thoughts, nevertheless, run through the book, like a refreshing

breeze. In them I recognize that noble spirit before which I often bowed myself in awe, and before which I bowed last when reading her "Life in a Sick-room."

The calmest day we have yet had on board! And this calm is really beautiful after the last day's storm. Little sparrows swarm around our vessel in the evening, with greetings from land. They remind me of the birds which brought to Columbus the first intelligence from the shores of the New World. What must have been his state of mind on seeing them!

To-morrow morning early we may set foot on American soil at Halifax; but as we there fall in again with "Old England," I take the matter coolly. I have been on deck for a long time. Sea and sky are calm, and of an uniform light gray, like the every-day life of the North. We leave a broad, straight pathway behind us on the sea, which seems to fade away toward the horizon.

I have been annoyed to-day by the behavior of some gentlemen to a little storm-driven bird which sought for rest in our vessel. Wearied, it settled down here and there upon our cordage, but was incessantly driven away, especially by two young men, an Englishman and a Spaniard, who seemed to have nothing to do but to teaze this poor little thing to death with their hats and handkerchiefs. It was distressing to see how it endeavored again and again, upon its wearied wings, to follow the vessel, and again panting to alight upon its cordage or masts, only to be again driven away. I was childish enough to persecute these young men with my prayers that they would leave this poor little creature in peace. But it was to no purpose, and, to my astonishment, neither did any of the other passengers take the little stranger under their protection. I called to mind that I had seen in Swedish vessels little storm-driven birds treated differently—left in peace, or fed with bread-crumbs. The end of the pursuit here was, that after the bird had left its tail in the

hand of one of its tormentors, it was soon taken; it was then put into a dark cage, where it died in a few hours.

I consider myself to be far from all excess of sensibility; but nothing angers me more, among human beings, than unnecessary cruelty to animals; and I know that a noble human nature abhors it. For the rest, I deplored over the cruel children in men's shape, because I believe in a Nemesis even in little things; and I believe that the hour may come when these young men may long for rest, and find none; and that then that hunted bird may make itself remembered by them. When I arrive in America, one of my first visits shall be to the Quakers, because I know that one of the beautiful traits of their religion is mercy to animals.

I once was also a cruel child, when I did not understand what suffering was, and what animals are. I received my first lesson in humanity to animals from a young, lively officer, who afterward died the death of a hero in the war against Napoleon. Never shall I forget his reproachful glance and tone, as he said to me, "The poor worm!" It is now more than thirty years since!

I shall, my dear heart! write no more this time; but as soon as I reach New York I shall again write to you. And that which I long for there, is to hear from home. It is now so long since I had a letter.

Many feelings stir within me as I thus approach the end of my voyage, feelings not easy to describe. What will be the end of it? That I do not know. One thing, however, I know: that I shall see something new; learn something new; forget that which was of old; and press onward to that which lies before me. There is much for me to forget and to be renewed. And this, also, I know: that friends will meet me in that foreign land; and that one faithful friend comes to meet me on the shore. That is good!

Good-night, dear little sister. I embrace you and

mamma—kind greetings to relations and friends—and may she live in the New World as in the Old.

Your FREDRIKA.

LETTER II.

New York, October 4th, 1849.

GOOD-MORNING, little sister mine! or, rather, good-evening in the New World, where I now set firm foot, after thirteen days rocking on the sea. I am lodging in the Astor House, one of the largest and best hotels of New York, and where the inhabitants are as numerous as in the capital of Iceland, namely, about five hundred.

Opposite to this Astor House I see a large so-called museum, with fluttering banners and green shrubs on the roof, and the walls covered with immense paintings, representing "The Greatest Wonders in the World," in immense, wonderful animals, and extraordinary human beings, all of which may be seen in the house. Among these I observe a fellow who makes a summerset aloft in the air out of the yawning jaws of a whale; a "*salto mortale*," like the salt-prophet, Jonas; and many such like curiosities, which are still further trumpeted forth by a band of musicians from a balcony before the house. They play very well, and the whole looks very merry.

In front of the Astor House is a green space inclosed with trees, and in the centre a large fountain, which has a refreshing appearance, and there I have refreshed myself by walking an hour this afternoon. Astor House is situated in Broadway, the great high-street and thoroughfare of New York, where people and carriages pour along in one incessant stream, and in true republican intermixture. Long lines of white and gilded omnibuses wind their way at an uninterrupted rapid rate, as far as one can see, amid thousands of other vehicles, great and small.

The broad side-paths are thronged with people of all classes; there are beautiful houses, and houses under erection; splendid shops, and a heap of horrible rubbish. There is something confused in this Broadway which makes one feel a little bewildered in the beginning. And thus, in the first place, I merely think of getting across the street alive. That beautiful little green plot, with its lovely fountain, seems to me, beside the bustling Broadway, like an oasis in the agitated sand.

I must now say something of my arrival here.

I last left you the day before we reached Halifax. That night was the end of any danger in our voyage; for it was during a thick mist that we approached the shore and its dangerous surf. We were obliged every now and then to lie still. In the morning, however, we were at Halifax, and I saw the surf billows, like some unknown, enormous sea-creatures, heave themselves, roaring at a distance around us. I went on shore at Halifax, but only to meet again the worst features of the Old World, fog, rags, beggars, dirty, screaming children, wretched horses, and such like. I was glad to stay only a few hours there.

The following day we took our course direct to New York; that was a real enjoyment—warm weather, a calm sea, favorable wind, and in the evening the ocean full of phosphoric light and stars, and heaven full of stars also, shining out from amid poetical clouds. It was a glorious evening. I was on deck till quite late, and watched the fire-works which our keel called forth from the deep along the whole track of the ship. We sailed, as it were, in an element of bright silver, from which the most splendid constellation of golden stars sprang forth incessantly.

The day before had been cloudy, the heavens and the sea had been gray, the waves lead-colored; but when we came into the large, beautiful haven of New York, which inclosed us like an open embrace, the sun broke through the clouds strong and warm, and every thing far around

was illuminated. It was a glorious reception by the New World; besides this, there was a something so singularly full of vitality, so exuberantly young, which struck me deeply: there was in it something of that first life of youth, such as is felt at fifteen or sixteen. I drank in the air as one might drink in water, while I stood on deck looking out upon the new shore which we were rapidly approaching.

The shore is low. A forest of masts, as yet, hid New York from my sight; one only saw its towers and its smoke; and right and left in the harbor lay, with its green hills, and groups of beautiful villas and houses, the large islands, Long Island, and to the left, Staten Island, which seemed to me higher and more woody than the rest of the coast. The harbor is magnificent; and our arrival was festively beautiful, thanks to sun and wind!

A very agreeable family, of the name of B——, from Georgia, took charge of me and mine with the utmost kindness, and I accompanied them to the Astor House, where we immediately obtained rooms. The pale girl and myself took up our quarters in a room four stories high; we could not manage it otherwise.

I had not been a quarter of an hour in the Astor House, and was standing with my traveling companions in a parlor, when a gentleman dressed in black, with a refined, gentlemanly appearance and manner, and a pair of the handsomest brown eyes I ever saw, approached me gently, and mentioned my name in a remarkably melodious voice: it was Mr. Downing, who had come from his villa on the Hudson to meet me on my arrival. I had scarcely expected that, as I was so much after my time, and he had already made a journey to New York on my behalf in vain. His exterior and his whole demeanor pleased me greatly. I do not know why, but I had imagined him to be a middle-aged man, with blue eyes and light hair; and he is a young man, about thirty, with dark eyes and dark hair,

of a beautiful brown, and softly curling—in short, of quite a poetical appearance! He will remain here with me over to-morrow; but he insists upon it that on the following day I shall accompany him to his house on the Hudson, where I can make the acquaintance of his wife at my leisure, in the Highlands of the Hudson, as well as consider over my future traveling movements.

I have spent the evening, with my friends from the “Canada” and Mr. Downing, in one of the many large drawing-rooms of the house, and there made various acquaintances. Magnificent drawing-rooms with furniture of velvet, with mirrors and gilding brilliant with gas-lighted, magnificent chandeliers, and other grandeur, stand open in every story of the house for ladies and gentlemen who live here, or who are visiting here, to converse or to rest, talking together on soft and splendid sofas or arm-chairs, fanning themselves, and just as if they had nothing else to do in the world than to make themselves agreeable to one another. Scarcely can a lady rise, than immediately a gentleman is at hand to offer her his arm.

October 5th. Uf! It is more wearisome here than any body can believe; and I am quite tired out after one day of lion-life here.

Through the whole day have I had nothing to do but to receive visits; to sit or to stand in a grand parlor, and merely turn from one to another, receiving the salutations and shaking hands with sometimes half a dozen new acquaintance at once—gentlemen of all professions and all nations, ladies who invite me to their house and home, and who wish that I would go immediately; besides a number of letters which I could do no more than merely break open, requests for autographs, and so on. I have shaken hands with from seventy to eighty persons to-day, while I was unable to receive the visits of many others. Of the names I remember scarcely any, but the greater number of the people whom I have seen please me from

their cordial, frank manners, and I am grateful to them for their extreme friendliness toward me: it feels to me so warm and hospitable. Nevertheless, I was very glad to be relieved for a few hours from my good friends, and to drive out with Mr. Downing to the beautiful Greenwood, the large and new cemetery of New York, a young *Père la Chaise*, but on a more gigantic scale as to situation and plan. One drives as if in an extensive English park, amid hill and dale. From the highest hill, Ocean Hill, as it is called, one looks out to the sea—a glorious view. I should like to repose here. The most beautiful monument which I saw was of white marble, and had been erected by sorrowing parents over their young daughter and only child. The young girl had been thrown from a carriage.

On our return to the hotel, I dined with Mr. Downing in one of the smaller saloons. I saw some gentlemen sitting at table, whom it was as distressing for me to look at as it is to look at over-driven, worn-out horses, for so they looked to me. The restless, deeply-sunk eyes, the excited, wearied features, to what a life they bore witness! Better lie and sleep on Ocean Hill than live thus on Broadway! These figures resembled a few of those which I had seen at the Astor House; but I had already seen on Broadway both human beings and horses which I wished not to have seen on the soil of the New World, and which testify to dark passages of life even there. And yet—how should it be otherwise, especially at New York? which is rather a large hotel, a caravanserai for the whole world, than a regular American city.

After dinner, I again received visitors; among these, Mrs. Child. She gave me the impression of a beautiful soul, but too angular to be happy. The little poetess, Miss Lynch, was among the visitors of the morning, an agreeable, pretty, and intellectual young lady, in whose countenance there is a look of Jenny Lind. I also saw

some of my countrymen. A pleasant young Swede, Fres-tadius, came with a large bouquet. The Norwegian consul, Hejerdahl, Mr. Buttenskön, I had scarcely time for more than merely to exchange a greeting with. Oneonius came, also, from the West, and wished to talk with me, that I might warn our countrymen against emigration and its sufferings.

Among the invitations of to-day there was one to a Phalanstery, situated in New Jersey, not far from New York. I shall have no objection to make a nearer acquaintance with these wild beasts. The family which invited me thither on a visit to themselves did not seem at all repulsive, but, on the contrary, attractive, so ingenuous, kind, and earnest did they appear.

But that which I am a little afraid of is, for myself at least, lest life in this country should be like this of to-day; then I should be regularly worn out, for my strength could never stand against these many lively people. What is to be done if it goes on in this way? Fortunately, I shall be conveyed away from New York early to-morrow morning by the excellent Mr. Downing. This evening I must, spite of my fatigue, drive to a soirée at the house of Miss Lynch, who wishes to introduce me to some of her literary friends. I am dressed for this purpose, have on my best clothes, and look quite respectable in them, and am writing while I wait for the carriage. Only to think of those who are lying down to sleep!

I am still in joint quarters with the pale young girl from the South; I have never seen any one with so serene a mind, or one who meets suffering so cheerfully. She is a quiet, pious being, endowed with great strength and tenderness of soul.

I must now go! Good-night!

Newburgh, on the Hudson, October 7th.

Sunday. My sweet sister, my sweet friend! how glad

I am to be here in the young, New World; how thankful I am to Providence, who, in his mercy, through the impulse of mind and of steam, brought me happily hither, although I am, at the same time, almost as much burdened as elevated by the crowd of impressions and thoughts which, as it were, rush in upon me at once.

Every thing of which I have had a foretaste, which I have sought after and longed for, do I meet with here, and more than that. I mean nourishment and light for the inquiring and searching spirit within me. I consider myself especially fortunate in coming in contact with Mr. Downing, a noble and acutely discriminating spirit, a true American, yet without blind patriotism, an open heart, a critically sagacious intellect, one who can assist me to understand the condition and the questions of this country. And with such assistance it is very requisite to begin.

It was also requisite that I should really be released bodily from my friends of the Astor House and New York, who otherwise would have made an end of me in the beginning. I was so weary of that first day's labor in social life, which lasted till long after midnight, and was so much in want of rest and sleep, that I did not believe it possible for me to set off from New York at five o'clock the next morning. I said so to Mr. Downing, who very mildly, yet decidedly, remarked, "Oh, we must endeavor to do so!" on which I thought to myself, "these Americans believe that every thing is possible!" but feeling, at the same time that the thing was quite impracticable. And yet at half past four the next morning I was up and ready dressed, kissed in her bed the pale girl from the South, who at the last moment tied round my neck a little silk handkerchief, as delicate and white as herself, and then hastened down to place myself under the tyranny of Mr. Downing. The carriage was already at the door, and seated in it I found Miss Lynch, whom Mr. Downing had invited to pass the Sunday at his house.

“Go ahead! New World!” cried the servant at the door of the hotel to our driver; and we rolled away down Broadway to the harbor, where the great steam-boat, the “New World,” received us on board. This was really a little floating palace, splendid and glittering with white and gold on the outside, splendid and elegant within: large saloons, magnificent furniture, where ladies and gentlemen reclined comfortably, talking or reading the newspapers. I saw here none of Dickens’ smoking and spitting gentlemen. We floated proudly and smoothly on the broad, magnificent Hudson. It was a pity that the day was rainy, because the voyage was, excepting for this, one of the most beautiful which any one can conceive, especially when, after a few hours’ time, we reached what are called the Highlands. The shores, with their boldly wood-covered heights, reminded me continually of the shores of the Dala and the Angermanna Rivers, nay, seemed to me to belong to the same natural conformation, excepting that here it was broader and on a larger scale; and the dark clouds which hung between the hills in heavy draperies above the river were in perfect harmony with the gloomily beautiful passes through which we swung, and which presented at every new turn new and more magnificent pictures. The river was full of life. Wooden-roofed steam-boats, brilliant, as ours, with gold and white, passed up and down the river. Other steam-boats drew along with them flotillas of from twenty to thirty boats, laden with goods from the country to New York, while hundreds of smaller and larger craft were seen skimming along past the precipitous shores like white doves with red, fluttering neck-ribbons. On the shores shone forth white country-houses and small farms. I observed a great variety in the style of building: many of the houses were in the Gothic style, others like Grecian temples; and why not? The home ought to be a temple as well as a habitation and a store-house. Also in our old north was the house-

place, a sacred room in which the household gods were to be worshiped. I saw also that there was every variety of church on the shores; the prevailing color being white. Many private houses, however, were of a soft gray and of a sepia tint. During the latter part of the journey, the clouds came down upon us, and we became perfectly wet. But with the agreeable Miss Lynch and Mr. Downing it was an easy thing to preserve sunshine in temper and in conversation.

After a sail of between three and four hours, we landed at the little town of Newburgh, where Mr. Downing's carriage awaited to convey us up the hills to a beautiful villa of sepia-colored sandstone, with two small projecting towers, surrounded by a park: lying high and open, it has a free view over the beautiful river and its shores. A delicate, pretty little woman met us at the door of the house, embraced Mr. Downing, and cordially welcomed his guests. This was Mrs. Downing. She seemed to be of a bird-like nature; and we shall get on and twitter together charmingly, because I too have something of that nature about me.

The Astor House and its splendid rooms, and social life and the "New World" steamer, with all its finery, were good specimens of the showy side of the life of the New World; and Mr. Downing said that it was quite as well that I should at once have seen something of it, that I might the better be able to form an opinion of the other side of life here—of that which belongs to the inward, more refined, peculiar, individual development. And I could not easily have a better specimen of this than in Mr. Downing himself and his home. He has built his house himself. It was himself who planted all the trees and flowers around it; and every thing seems to me to bear the stamp of a refined and earnest mind. It stands in the midst of romantic scenery, shadowy pathways, the prettiest little bits of detail and splendid views. Every thing

has been done with design—nothing by guess, nothing with formality. A soul has here felt, thought, arranged. Within the house there prevails a certain darkness of tone: all the wood-work of the furniture is brown; the daylight even is dusk, yet nevertheless clear, or, more properly, full of light—a sort of imprisoned sunshine, something warm and deep; it seemed to me like a reflection of the man's own brown eyes. In the forms, the furniture, and the arrangement prevails the finest taste; every thing is noble and quiet, and every thing equally comfortable as it is tasteful. The only things which are brilliant in the rooms are the beautiful flowers in lovely vases and baskets. For the rest, there are books, busts, and some pictures. Above small book-cases, in the form of Gothic windows, in the walls of Mr. Downing's parlor, stand busts of Linnæus, Franklin, Newton, and many other heroes of natural science. One sees in this habitation a decided and thorough individuality of character, which has impressed itself on all that surrounds it. And in this way ought every one to form himself and his own world. One feels here Mr. Downing's motto, "*Il buono è el bello.*" In food, in fruits, as well as in many small things, prevails a certain amount of luxury, but which does not make any outward show; it exists, as it were, concealed in the inward richness and exquisite selection of the thing itself. I did not expect to have met with this kind of home in the young New World.

Since I have been here, it has rained and blown incessantly, and I am quite appalled at the climate. It could hardly be worse with us in October. But not the less happy do I esteem myself for having come to so good a home. My room is in the upper story, and has a magnificent view over the Hudson and the hills on the other side of the river.

I thought that I should be here, for a time at least, free from visitors. But no! Last evening, as I sat with my

friends in their peaceful parlor, there came, amid the darkness, the storm, and the rain, Professor Hart, the editor of Sartain's "Union Magazine," in Philadelphia, who immediately, on the announcement of my arrival in the newspapers, had traveled from Philadelphia to New York, and from New York had followed me hither, merely, he said, to "monopolize" me for his magazine, begging me to write for it, and for none other, during my visit to America. So much for American enterprise in matters of business. For the rest, there was so much gentlemanly refinement in his manner, and a something so benevolently good and agreeable in his pale, delicate countenance, that I could not help taking a fancy to him, and giving him my word that if I should write any thing for publication in America I would leave it in his hands. But I doubt whether I shall write any thing here: here I have need to think and to learn.

Monday, the 8th of October. To-day the sun shines above the lordly Hudson, which flows at my feet; and I should feel myself happy with my thoughts and my American books, were not the stream of visitors again in motion, taking up my time and my attention. I must beg of the Downings to defend my forenoon hours, and during them not to allow me to be called from my cage; if not, I shall become a savage lion, instead of a tame lioness, as they would have me, and as is most becoming to my disposition. I feel myself particularly happy with the Downings, and I am able to learn very much from Mr. Downing, whose individuality of character strikes me more and more. There is something of a quiet melancholy in him, but he has an unusually observant glance, a critical, and rather sarcastic turn of mind, the result of a large comprehension. He is silent, but one of those silent persons from whom one seems to hear profound wisdom, though not a word is said. His mind is in a high degree receptive and discriminating, and the conversation of all is interesting

to him. His wife is a charming, merry, and amiable little creature, of a highly cultivated mind, and equal to her husband.

I have to-day, at the suggestion of Mr. Downing, written to Professor Bergfalk to invite him hither. Professor Bergfalk is at this time at Poughkeepsie, a few Swedish miles up the country, where he is perfecting himself in the use of the English language. I consider it is a particularly fortunate thing for me to be able now and then, during my stay here in this country, to meet and to converse with Bergfalk; and I wish him to make Mr. Downing's acquaintance, and for Mr. Downing to become acquainted with Bergfalk, that he may know how interesting a Swedish learned man can be.

Now receive a large, cordial embrace across the great ocean for mamma and you!

P.S.—I must tell you that among my invitations is one to a wedding in the neighborhood. I shall gladly accept it. I like to see brides and weddings.

In my next letter I shall speak of my plans and of my route for the future: at present they are not wholly decided; further than that I wish to spend the winter in Boston—the American Athens—and there, as far as I can, come to a knowledge of the intellectual movements in the life of the New World. In the first place, it is a good thing for me to spend about three weeks with the Downings, and to make excursions with them to some of their friends on the Hudson—"some of the best people in the country," as they say. Among these is Washington Irving, who, together with Fennimore Cooper, was the first who made us in Sweden somewhat at home in America. Miss Sedgwick is expected here in a few days. I shall be glad to see her, and thank her for the pleasure we have had in her "Redwood" and "Hope Leslie." If I could only have a little time for myself! The difficulty to me is to be able to receive all the kind people who hasten to me from far

and near, from different states and towns. But although I can but imperfectly respond to their good-will, yet I am not the less heartily grateful for it; and never shall I forget how, on the very first day of my arrival in New York, more than half a dozen homes were opened to me, where I might have been received as guest and member of the family; and the number of these homes increase daily. I have even had invitations from Quakers. Would that I could have accepted one fifth of these!

L E T T E R I I I .

On the Hudson, October 11th, 1849.

MY DEAR HEART!—We went to the wedding at nine o'clock in the morning. We drove to the house of the bride in pouring rain. All the guests, about a hundred in number, were already assembled. The bride's father, an elderly gentleman of a remarkably agreeable appearance, offered me his arm to lead me into the room where the marriage was to take place. It was the only daughter of the house who was to be married. The elder sister had been dead about a year, and that the mother still grieved for her loss might be seen by her pale, sorrowful countenance. The wedding company was very silent. One might rather have believed one's self in a house of mourning than at a joyful festival. And as the eldest daughter had died soon after her marriage, and in consequence of it, namely, when she was about to become a mother, it was not without cause that this festival was regarded with serious thoughts.

Ladies and gentlemen were introduced to me one after another, and then again the whole circle became silent. Presently it was whispered round that the marriage ceremony was about to commence. A door opened, and a young gentleman entered, leading in a young lady in her

bonnet and traveling dress. They took their places side by side at the bottom of the room, a venerable old clergyman stepped forward to the young couple, and—they were united in holy wedlock forever by a short prayer, a short admonition, and a short benediction. Friends and relations then came forward, and kissed and congratulated the new-married pair; I also went forward, leaning on the father's arm, kissed the bride, and shook hands with the young husband. He looked happy and perfectly self-satisfied. She also looked pleased, and, besides that, very pretty; nay, she would have appeared really handsome if she had been in bridal attire, and not dressed as for a journey, and that evidently less with regard to looking handsome than to the rainy weather in which the new-married couple would commence their journey through life; that is to say, immediately after the marriage ceremony they would set sail for Niagara, and must therefore hasten away to the steam-boat. Champagne and cake was handed round.

One saw the bridal presents arranged upon a table; they were looked at, and each wedding guest received a little pasteboard box, tied round with white ribbon, in which was a piece of bride-cake. After that every one set off, even the young couple, they to return, after a few weeks' pleasure tour, to reside with the parents. It all took place in the twinkling of an eye.

This marriage ceremony seemed to me characteristic of that haste and precipitation for which I have often heard the Americans reproached. Life is short, say they, and therefore they hurry along its path, dispensing with all needless forms and fashions which might impede the necessary business of life, and perform even this as rapidly as possible, making five minutes suffice to be married in, and receiving even the marriage benediction in traveling costume, that they may instantly set off on a journey—to Niagara, or somewhere else.

But I must acknowledge that on this occasion it was merely the *form* which was hurried. It was evident that earnestness lay at the bottom of every heart, and even the short marriage blessing bore the impression of deep and solemn earnestness. One could easily see that it was not a matter of jest, not a matter of passing interest, but one of great importance. Many persons were affected; some wept—they thought, probably, of the former marriage in this family. The old servant, a negro, who handed about refreshments, had one of those countenances in which may be read a whole volume of the inner life of the family, and which shows that it is a life of affection, in which the servant feels himself to be a member of the family.

Many people disapprove of these marriages in traveling attire, and at the moment of setting out for a journey, and insist on their being conducted with greater solemnity. Nor are they the only customary mode here. They have also evening marriages, when the bride is dressed pretty much as with us, and every thing is conducted with about the same solemnity, with the exception of exhibiting the bride to the people, surrounded by lights, marshals, and bridemaids, as is usual with us in Sweden, and I believe in Sweden alone.

Saturday, Oct. 20th. I have not now written for several days; the time having been occupied by many people, and many engrossing engagements. I shall now, however, note down the more important of the late occurrences.

Hitherto I have not received any letter. I long, I long, so much!

I have greatly enjoyed this period of my new life, and the Hesperian fruits; and whether it is the effect of these or of the New World's youthful, lively atmosphere (we have had for some time the most beautiful weather), or of the new impressions which daily flow in upon me, but I feel the strings of life vibrate, as it were, more strongly, and my pulse beat at times almost feverishly. I feel myself

to be drinking nectar spiritually and bodily; it is a divine drink, but almost too potent for a weak mortal, at least as an every-day beverage. The excess of social intercourse is also too exciting, however charming and agreeable it may be. Mr. and Mrs. Downing, who have no children, seem to live for the beautiful and the agreeable in life amid a select circle of friends and neighbors, who for the most part reside on the lovely banks of the Hudson, and a cheerful and unembarrassed social intercourse seems to characterize the life of this circle. They are continually visiting one another. The banks of the Hudson are now in all the pomp of autumn, and the foliage of the woods which clothe the shores and the heights, and which consist of a great variety of trees, is now brilliant with the most splendid variation of color, from light yellow to intense scarlet; but it is too gorgeous and chaotic a splendor to be truly agreeable to my eye, which requires more uniformity of color.

Of fruit there is here the greatest abundance; the most beautiful peaches, although their season is properly over; pears, plums, grapes—that is to say, hot-house grapes, and many other. The Downings' table is ornamented every day with a basket filled with the most glorious fruit—really Hesperian—and beautiful flowers arranged with the most exquisite taste. The breakfasts here, in the country, are much more substantial than with us in Sweden. Besides coffee and tea, the table is supplied with fish, fresh meat, buckwheat cakes, omelets, and so on. Besides which, here is bread of Indian corn, and a kind of sweet potato, which is peculiar to the country, and which is an extremely good and palatable fruit. It is long, soft, and mealy, yellow and very sweet. It is commonly brought to table unpeeled, and is eaten with butter. At dinner there is meat, in the same way as in England, together with various vegetables and fruit peculiar to America. In the afternoon but little is eaten; they have commonly

tea, and bread and butter or tea-bread, and after that preserved fruits, mostly peach, and cream. One custom, which appears to me to be especially excellent, is to place little tables beside the guests, one to each two persons, before the tea is handed round. In this way people place themselves together, two and two, and have the most delicious little *tete-à-tete*, and that you know I am very fond of. I can not converse well except when *tete-à-tete*.

My happiest hours here are those which I spend alone in the forenoon, in my own room, with American books which Mr. Downing lends me, and those passed in the evening with my host and hostess, sitting in the little darkened parlor with book-cases and busts around us, and the fire quietly glimmering in the large fireplace. There, by the evening lamp, Mr. Downing and his wife read to me by turns passages from their most esteemed American poets. The books I afterward carry with me up into my chamber; in this way I have become acquainted with Bryant, Lowell, and Emerson, all of them representatives, in however dissimilar a manner, of the life of the New World. Bryant sings especially of its natural life, of its woods, its prairies, its peculiar natural scenes and phenomena—and his song breathes the quiet, fresh inspiration of natural life. One feels the sap circulating through the growth of the tree, and the leaves shooting forth. His “Thaumatopsis,” or night song, is a largely conceived, although a short poem, in which the whole earth is regarded as a huge burial-place. Lowell is inspired by the great social questions of the New World, by the ideal life of the New World, which he calls forth into existence in his songs about freedom, about the bliss of a free and contented noble life, and about the honor and beauty of labor. Again and again I beg Mr. Downing to read to me that beautiful little poem, “The Poor Man’s Son,” which charms me by its melody, and by its impartial spirit—which is moral melody, and by that cheerful truth

which it utters in the prospects for the poor man's son on the soil of the New World. Would that I could translate for you that beautiful poem, and that Mr. Downing could read it to you with his musical voice! His little wife, Caroline, prefers reading a short epic poem, called "Sir Launfall's Vision." Lowell's ideas are purely moral, and a deep vein of religious feeling runs through them. One of his most beautiful songs, in which burns a strong and noble patriotism, is directed against a political measure in Congress favorable to the maintenance of slavery in the United States. By this and many anti-slavery songs has this young poet taken his place among the leaders of that great party in the country which calls itself Abolitionist, and which insists upon the abolition of slavery. He must express himself in verse—he does not make the verse, he sings it, and in his song there is that overflowing sentiment which makes the heart overflow, and the mind spread forth her wings.

Emerson, rather a philosopher than poet, yet poetical in his prose philosophical essays, strikes me as a new and peculiar character, the most unusual of the three. He seems to me as an American Thorild, who, by his own strong, powerful nature, would transform the world, seeking for law and inspiration merely within his own breast. Strong and pure, self-collected and calm, but at the same time fantastical, he puts forth from his transcendental point of view aphorisms on nature and history, on God (whom he does not regard as a personal God, but as a superior soul in harmony with laws) and on men, criticising men and their works from the ideal of the highest truth and the highest beauty. "The world," says Emerson, "has not seen a man," and he looks forward with longing to that man, the man of the New World, in whose advent he believes. What this new man shall really be, and what he is to do, is somewhat undecided—merely that he shall be true and beautiful, and further, I suspect,

he must be very handsome and tall of stature, if he is to find favor with Emerson, who is himself, they say, a man of singular beauty, and who regards any personal defect as a sort of crime. The new man regards no laws but those within his own breast; but there he finds the unfalsified wells of truth and beauty. The new man believes in himself alone; he demands every thing from himself, and does all for himself, reposes upon himself and in himself. The new man is a stoic, but not stern as such; he is beautiful and gentle. Wherever he comes, life blooms: in the circle of friends it becomes as a holy day; nectar and ambrosia pour forth at his approach; but he himself needs no friend. He needs none, not even God; he himself becomes god-like, inasmuch as that he does not need him. He conquers heaven, inasmuch as he says to heaven, "I desire thee not!" He descends down into nature as a restorer, governs and places it under the spell of his influence, and it—is his friend. In it he has that which suffices him; the divinities of the woods whisper to him their peace and their self-sufficingness; there is not a mole-hill which has not a star above it; there is no sorrow which the healing life of nature can not heal. He says farewell to the proud world; he tramples upon the greatness of Rome and Greece in this little rural home, where he in the trees can see God. Emerson's language is compressed and strong, simple, but singularly plastic. His turns of thought are original; old ideas are reproduced in so new and brilliant a manner, that one fancies them heard for the first time. The divining-rod of genius is in his hand. He is master in his own domain. His strength seems to me peculiarly to be that of the critic, a certain grand contempt and scorn of the mediocre of the weak and paltry wherever he sees it, and he sees it in much and in many things. He chastises it without mercy; but, at the same time, with wonderful address. Emerson's performances in this way are really quite regal. They remind me of our King Gustavus Adol-

phus the Great, when he took the criminal soldier by the hair and delivered him over to punishment, with the friendly words, "Come, my lad, it is better that thy body now suffer chastisement than that thy soul go to hell." Yet there is more in Emerson even than the intention of chastisement. The writings of this scorner of imperfection, of the mean and the paltry, this bold exacter of perfection in man, have for me a fascination which amounts almost to magic! I often object to him; I quarrel with him; I see that his stoicism is one-sidedness, his pantheism an imperfection, and I know that which is greater and more perfect, but I am under the influence of his magical power. I believe myself to have become greater through his greatness, stronger through his strength, and I breathe the air of a higher sphere in his world, which is indescribably refreshing to me. Emerson has more ideality than is common among thinkers of the English race, and one might say that in him the idealism of Germany is wedded to the realism of Britain.

I have as yet never gone a step to see a literary lion; but Emerson, this pioneer in the moral woods of the New World, who sets his ax to the roots of the old trees to hew them down, and to open the path for new planting—I would go a considerable way to see this man. And see him I will—him who, in a society as strictly evangelical as that of Massachusetts and Boston (Emerson was the minister of a Unitarian congregation in Boston), had the courage openly to resign his ministrations, his church, and the Christian faith, when he had come to doubt of its principal doctrines; who was noble enough, nevertheless, to retain universal esteem and old friends; and strong enough, while avoiding all polemical controversy and bitterness of speech, to withdraw into silence, to labor alone for that truth which he fully acknowledged, for those doctrines which the heathen and the Christian alike acknowledge. Emerson has a right to talk about strength and

truth, because he lives for these virtues. And it will benefit the world, which is slumbering in the Church from the lack of vital Christianity, to be roused up by such fresh winds from the Himalaya of heathenism. But how can Emerson overlook —— ? Yet I will not ask about it. Emerson is just and true. Would that many were like him !

But now I must tell you something of my late doings in society. Miss Catherine Sedgwick, the author of "Redwood," came here, together with her young niece, Susan, a few days after my arrival. Mr. Downing, who greatly esteems her, wished me to make her acquaintance. She is between fifty and sixty, and her countenance indicates a very sensible, kind, and benevolent character. Her figure is beautifully feminine, and her whole demeanor womanly, sincere, and frank, without a shadow of affectation. I felt my soul a little slumbrous while with her for the first few days ; but this feeling was, as it were, blown quite away in a moment by a touching and beautiful expression of cordiality on her side, which revealed us to each other ; and since then I have felt that I could live with her as with a heavenly soul, in which one has the most undoubting trust. I derived pleasure, also, from her highly sensible conversation, and from her truly womanly human sympathies. She has a true and gentle spirit ; and I feel that I could really depend upon her. Of late years she has written much for what I will call the people of lower degree in society ; because here, where almost every person works for their living, one can not properly speak of a working class, but quite correctly of people of small means and narrow circumstances—a class which has not yet worked itself up. Franklin, himself a workman, and one who worked himself upward, wrote for this class. Miss Sedgwick writes for the same ; and her little novels and stories are much liked, and produce a great deal of good. People praise, in particular, a story called

“Home,” which I shall endeavor to read. Miss Sedgwick was at this time occupied in preparing a new edition of her collected works. She consulted me about some proposed alterations in some of these works, and I told her that I, for my own part, never would alter any thing in the works which I had written long since, even where I saw their faults, and could easily correct them; because, where an author lives and writes through a long course of years, his or her works constitute a history of that author’s development, which ought to remain unaltered as a history in itself, alike instructive to him as to others. An author’s works are portions of an autobiography, which he must write whether he will or not.

Miss Sedgwick invited me to her house in Lenox, in the western part of Massachusetts, during the next summer, and promised to visit with me a Shaker establishment in New Lebanon, which lies at no great distance from her house.

While Miss Sedgwick has been here the Downings have made an excursion with us to the top of South Beacon, one of the highest hills in the highlands of this district. Mr. Downing drove me, and for this mountain road a skillful driver and a good horse were really needful, because the road was steep, and rather an apology for a road than any thing else. But we stumbled and struggled over stock and stone in our light carriage, until we had ascended about nine hundred feet, and from the top of the wood-covered hill looked down upon half the world, as it seemed to me, but which presented the appearance of a billowy chaos of wooded heights and valleys, in which human dwellings were visible merely as specks of light, scarcely discernible to the naked eye. Man, so great in his suffering, in his combat, vanished into nothing, seen from this material hilltop, and therefore I thought not about him. That which was most refreshing to me in this landscape was the view of the Hudson, which, like a clear

thought bursting from chaos, makes for itself a path through the woods, and flows brilliantly forth into the infinite. Our party was a little too large and a little too merry for me. I know not how it is that a thoughtful silence should always come over me in such gay parties amid natural scenes. And here I ought to have been alone with the magnificence of Nature. One little moment, partly alone and partly with Mr. Downing, who knows how to be gay and jocular with the gay, and silent with the silent, was to me the crowning luxury of the excursion, during which there was no lack of Champagne and joke, and more substantial fare yet for the palate, together with polite gentlemen and lovely ladies, both young and old. Yes, lovely ladies there certainly are here, but rather pretty and delicate than, properly speaking, beautiful. A really beautiful woman I have not yet seen here, but neither have I seen a single ill-favored countenance or deformed person. That which especially pleases me is the easy, unembarrassed, and yet modestly kind intercourse which exists between the young of both sexes.

Completely weary were we when, after our excursion to the hills, we reached home in the evening, and beautiful was rest in that lovely, quiet home with the kind Downings. That which my mind has retained of the excursion is the view of that bright river, bursting forth from the gloomy forests of earth. It gleams, as it were, within me.

I parted from Miss Sedgwick with a feeling that I should never like to part with her. Her niece, Susan, was an agreeable, well-educated girl. A young gentleman, who is said to be her lover, followed her hither.

A few days after our excursion to South Beacon, we went up the Hudson to visit a family of the name of D., who belong to the aristocracy of these shores. We set off in good time in the morning; the air was delicious; the wind still, and the shores shone out in the utmost splendor of their autumnal pomp beneath a somewhat subdued

sunshine. The sails on the river scarcely moved, and above the heights lay a sort of sunny mist, a light haze which is said to distinguish this period of the year, and that state of the atmosphere which is here called "the Indian Summer." It commences, they say, at the end of October, and extends often through the whole of November into December, and is considered one of the most beautiful parts of the year. And if I am to judge by these days, one can scarcely imagine more perfect weather; warm and calm, the purest, most delicious atmosphere, sunshine softened by that light haze which seems to cast a mystical, romantic veil over the landscape brilliant with the splendor of autumn. Whence comes this Egyptian veil of mist? "It comes from the Indians, who are now smoking their pipes at their great Pahaws," replied the cheerful Mrs. Downing; "I wish you to have an accurate idea of things here." The accurate truth, however, is that nobody can say what is the real cause of this smoke-like mist, or of this summer in the midst of autumn.

But to return to our excursion, which was charming. We left the Highlands of the Hudson; the shores now became lower and the river wider, embracing islands on its bosom. But soon we perceived in the distance a yet higher and more massive range of hills than I had hitherto seen, the magnificent thousand-foot-high Catskill Mountains, which are a portion of the great Alleghany chain, which divides North America from north to south.

The banks of the river, which were scattered with houses, appeared rich and well cultivated. There were no castles, no ruins here, but often very tasteful houses, with terraces and orchards, whole parks of peach-trees. The only historical legends of these shores are a few traditions of wars with the Indians. I did not seem to miss the ruins and the legends of the Rhine. I like these fresh, new scenes, which have a vast future. We have ruins enough in the Old World. Among the company on

board was a Shaker in drab clothes, and a hat with broad brim ; in countenance he looked like a cross old fellow, not at all a good representative of the Shaker establishment. After a sail of about three hours, we reached Blithewood, the beautiful seat of the D.'s, whither we were invited to a great breakfast. Here, as in many other places, I observed how they exclude the daylight from the rooms. This troubles me, who am accustomed to our light rooms in Sweden, and who love the light. But they say that the heat of the sun is too powerful here for the greater part of the year, and that they are obliged as much as possible to exclude its light from the rooms. A handsome, stately lady, whose figure was of remarkably beautiful proportions, and much rounder than is common among the ladies I have yet seen, received us kindly. This was Mrs. D. She is a Catholic, and is, I believe, of an Irish family, and her sisters are Calvinists. They manage, however, to agree together remarkably well, both in affection and good deeds—that central Church in which all sects may unite in the name of the same Lord.

We were conducted to our room, refreshed and dressed ourselves ; then came breakfast and all the neighbors, and I had to shake from sixty to seventy kindly-extended hands, which would not have been a difficult task if a deal of small talk had not followed, which, through the repetition of the same word and thing, became wearisome, and made me feel like a parrot. The assembly was beautiful and gay, and the breakfast, which was magnificent, was closed by a dance. It was a pleasure to me to see so many lovely and lively young girls—delicate figures, though deficient in strength. The ladies dress with taste ; have small hands and feet, and remind one of the French, but are more lovely than they. Something, however, is wanting in their countenances, but what I do not rightly know—I fancy it is *expression*. I was not quite in spirits, and felt to-day somewhat fatigued. When, however, in

the evening, I came forth into the open air, and, accompanied by the silent Mr. Downing, wandered quietly beside the glorious, calm river, and contemplated the masses of light and soft velvet-like shadow which lay on the majestic Catskill Mountains, behind which the sun sank in cloudless splendor; then did the heart expand itself, and breathe freely in that sublime and glorious landscape; then did I drink from the mountain springs; then did I live for the first time that day.

In the evening I enjoyed an unusual pleasure. Mrs. D. played on the harp and piano, and sang remarkably well, with extraordinary power, like a real musician, which I believe is a rare thing in this country. There were both words and expression in her singing, and so there is also in her demeanor; hers is a noble figure, with a free and independent carriage; "she sustains herself," as you would say. She neither sings nor talks by rote. She sings and talks out of her own independent, feeling, and thinking soul. Her eldest son, a boy of thirteen, has, it appears to me, a real genius for music, even though he broke off and was not able to sing to the end—and I believe that he really could not—a little fantastic song, the first notes of which, however, were sufficient to foretell a something beyond talent in the boy. He was not in the mood, and in that state he could not sing. Mrs. D. told me, during our conversation at table, that her son was to learn a handicraft trade, because, although they were now wealthy, the time might come when they would be so no longer, but when it might be necessary for him to earn his bread as a common workman—so uncertain is the stability of wealth in America; why so, I could not rightly understand.

The following day I again saw a crowd of people, who came to see the Swedish stranger. In the afternoon I visited two or three beautiful places in the neighborhood. On one of these, a point projecting into the river, has a

ruin been built, in which are placed various figures and fragments of walls and columns, which have been brought from the remarkable ruins lately discovered in Central America or Mexico. The countenances and the head-dresses resembled greatly those of Egyptian statues. I was struck in particular with a sphinx-like countenance, and a head similar to that of a priest of Isis. This ruin and its ornaments, in the midst of a wild, romantic, rocky, and wooded promontory, was a design in the best taste.

In the evening we left this beautiful Blithewood, its handsome mistress, and our friendly entertainers. We returned home in the night. The cabin in which we sat was close and very hot. Just beside us sat two young men, one of whom smoked and spat incessantly just before Mrs. Downing and myself. "That gentleman needs a Dickens!" said I softly to Mr. Downing. "But then," replied Mr. Downing, in the same under tone, "Dickens would have committed the mistake of supposing him to be a gentleman!"

Of my Blithewood visit I retain the Catskill Mountains and Mrs. D. I made a little sketch of her profile in my album (I took one also of Miss Sedgwick); and she gave me, at parting, a beautiful purse, made with an unusual kind of beads.

Another festivity at which I was present during this time was at Mrs. Downing's grandmother's. It was a family party, on the occasion of her ninetieth birth-day. She lives on the opposite shore; and there assembled this day in her honor children and grandchildren, and grandchildren's children, as well as other near connections, an assembly of from fifty to sixty persons. The little old lady of ninety was still lively and active, almost as much so as a young girl. We ate and drank, and some toasts were proposed. I gave one for "The Home" in America as well as in Sweden. In the afternoon we had a little music. I played Swedish polkas; and a young artist, a

Mr. C., properly a landscape painter, son-in-law of one of the sons or grand-daughters of the family, sang an Italian bravura aria so beautifully, and with such an exquisite voice, that it was really a refreshment to hear him, and one was sure that he had learned the art in Italy.

I have been entertained at two other houses on the Hudson, and saw in the one a beautiful, animated hostess, and many beautiful articles of luxury, but without that elegant arrangement which distinguishes the house of the Downings; and in the other an original old lady, who has been compared among the neighbors to "ma chère Mère" in "The Neighbors," and who really gives occasion for the comparison; besides which, we met there a remarkably excellent man, Dr. H., a firm Swedenborgian, and a more agreeable person to talk with than the generality of Swedenborgians whom I have met with. He has built a house for himself upon one of the terraces of the Hudson. A splendid lodge, of gray stone, is already complete, and people are a little curious to know whether a lady is not coming into the house; and it is maintained that the heart of an amiable young girl in the neighborhood is interested in the question.

N.B.—Dr. H. is very much esteemed and liked, especially by the ladies; but he has hitherto exhibited a heart of stone to their charms.

I have been much pleased at this moment by a visit from Bergfalk, as well as by witnessing his state of mind, and the fresh, unprejudiced view which he takes of the good and evil in this New World; and by his warm feeling for Sweden, and the strong hope which he entertains of her future development. He is fresh and vigorous, and has a pleasure in communicating his thoughts. And although his English is every now and then the most wonderful gibberish that ever was heard, yet his thoughts find their way through it, and by it, and sometimes in a brilliant manner. Thus, for example, last evening, when

characterizing the faults and the merits of Macaulay's historical work, this was so striking as to cause the otherwise undemonstrative Mr. Downing to exclaim, repeatedly, "Excellent! delightful!"

Mr. Downing was interested by Bergfalk in a high degree, and invited him to spend the night there; but he had already engaged rooms in the town. We accompanied him to his inn; and I gave him Lowell's and Emerson's works to bear him company.

To-day, Sunday the 21st, as I continue my letter, Bergfalk is again here, and with him a Swedish doctor, Uddenberg, living at Barthelemi, and who came to pay his respects to me. The morning has been intellectually rich to me in a conversation on Lowell's poem of "Prometheus," and the manner in which an American poet has treated this primeval subject of all ages and all poets. Bergfalk again distinguished himself by his power of discriminating the characteristics of the subjects; and nothing like this is ever thrown away upon Mr. Downing. At my request, he read that fine portion of Prometheus's defiance of the old tyrants, in which the poet of the New World properly stands forth in opposition to those of the Old World, because it is not, as in the Prometheus of Æschylus, the joy of hatred and revenge, in the consciousness that the power of the tyrant will one day come to an end; nor as in Shelley, merely the spirit of defiance, which will not yield, which knows itself to be mightier than Zeus in the strength of suffering and of will—no: it is not a selfish joy which gives power to the newly-created Prometheus; it is the certainty which defies the tyrant, and by his strength has prepared freedom and happiness for the human race. That threat with which he arms himself against his executioner, that defiance by which he feels that he can crush him, is prophetic of the ideal future of the New World of America; for much suffering has rendered keen his inner vision, and made of him a seer, and he beholds

"A sceptre and a throne ;
 The pipings of glad shepherds on the hills,
 Tending the flocks no more to bleed for thee ;
 The songs of maidens pressing with white feet
 The vintage, on thine altars poured no more ;
 The murmurous bliss of lovers underneath
 Dim grapevine bowers, whose rosy branches press
 Not half so close as their warm cheeks untouched
 By thoughts of thy brute lust ; the hive-like hum
 Of peaceful commonwealths, where sunburn'd toil
 Reaps for itself the rich earth made its own
 By its own labor, lightened with glad hymns
 To an omnipotence which thy mad bolts
 Would cope with as a spark with the vast sea—
 Even the spirit of free love and peace,
 Duty's own recompense through life and death ;
 These are such harvests as all master-spirits
 Reap, haply not on earth, but reap no less
 Because the sheaves are bound by hands not theirs ;
 These are the bloodless daggers wherewithal
 They stab fallen tyrants, this their high revenge
 For their best part of life on earth is when
 Long after death, prisoned and pent no more,
 Their thoughts, their wild dreams even, have become
 Part of the necessary air men breathe ;
 When, like the moon herself behind a cloud,
 They shed down light before us on life's sea,
 That cheers us to steer onward, still in hope ;
 Earth with her twining memories ivies o'er
 Their holy sepulchres ; the chainless sea,
 In tempest, or wide calm, repeats their thoughts,
 The lightning and the thunder, all free things
 Have legends of them for the ears of men.
 All other glories are as falling stars,
 But universal nature watches theirs :
 Such strength is won by love of human kind."

After this came Caroline Downing, with her favorite bard Bryant, the poet of nature. But Bryant's song also is warm with patriotism, with faith in the future of America, and in her sublime mission. Thus, in that beautiful epic poem, "The Prairies," in which he paints, as words can seldom paint, the illimitable Western fields, in their sunbright, solitary beauty and grandeur, billowy masses of verdure and flowers waving in the wind ; above these

the vagrant clouds ; and, higher still, the sunshine, gleaming above the vast scene, paradisaic, splendid, and rich, but silent and desolate as the desert. The silence, however, is broken. The poet hears a low humming. What is it ? It is a bee, which flies forth over the flowery plain and sucks the honey of the flowers. The busy bee becomes a prophet to the poet ; and in its humming flight and its quiet activity he hears the advancing industry of the human race, which will extend itself over the prairies, transform them into a new Paradise, and cause new and yet more beautiful flowers to spring up :

“ From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows.”

Last of all, I come to the poems of Emerson, small in dimensions, but great in their spirit and tone ; and read aloud a little dithyrambic poem, which is characteristic of the individuality of the poet. Other American poets speak to society ; Emerson always merely to the individual ; but they all are to me as a breeze from the life of the New World, in a certain illimitable vastness of life, in expectation, in demand, in faith, and hope—a something which makes me draw a deeper breath, and, as it were, in a larger, freer world. Thus says Emerson’s poem :

“ GIVE ALL TO LOVE.

“ Give all to love ;
Obey thy heart ;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good fame ;

“ Plans, credit, and the muse ;
Nothing refuse.

* * * *

For it is a god,
Knows its own path,
And the outlets of the sky.

“ ’Tis not for the mean ;
 It requireth courage stout,
 Souls above doubt,
 Valor unbending ;
 Such ’twill reward,
 They shall return
 More than they were,
 And ever ascending.

“ Yet hear me, yet
 One word more thy heart behooved,
 One pulse more of firm endeavor,
 Keep thee to-day,
 To-morrow, forever
 Free as an Arab
 Of thy beloved.

“ Cling with life to the maid ;
 But when the surprise,
 Vague shadow of surmise,
 Flits across her bosom young
 Of a joy apart from thee,
 Free be she, fancy free,
 Do not thou detain a hem,
 Nor the palest rose she flung
 From her summer diadem.

“ Though thou loved her as thyself,
 As a self of purer clay,
 Though her parting dims the day,
 Stealing grace from all alive,
 Heartily know,
 When half gods go
 The gods arrive.”

This is noble stoicism. Among Emerson’s poems are some which bear witness to a less noble spirit—to a self-consciousness which rejoices in its contempt of the world ; that knows itself to have enough, while the world perishes of hunger ; a something which reminds one of the answer of the ant to the grasshopper, in La Fontaine’s fable. But this shadow passes away, as do all clouds, from the clear heaven of the poet, having not there their abiding home. One strongly prominent feature in him is his love of the strong and the great. Thus he speaks in his poem, “ The World-Soul :”

"Thanks to the morning light,
 Thanks to the seething sea,
 To the uplands of New Hampshire,
 To the green-haired forest free ;
 Thanks to each man of courage,
 To the maids of holy mind,
 To the boy with his games undaunted
 Who never looks behind."

But nobler even than this is the song of our Geijer :

"I greet with love each field and grove,
 And thou, blue billowy sea, I love ;
 Life-giving light in depth and height,
 Thou heavenly sun, art my delight !
 But more than all earth's fair array,
 More than the blue waves' dancing play,
 Love I
 The dawning light of heavenly rest
 Within a trembling human breast !"

Of this light Emerson knows nothing. Emerson has, in other respects, many points of resemblance with Geijer, but he stands as much below him as heathenism stands below Christianity.

I can not, perhaps, do full justice to Emerson's poems by my translation ; I never was very clever at translation ; and I fancy it almost impossible to render the poetic element of Emerson into another tongue, because it is of so peculiar a kind, and has, like the character of the poet, its own extraordinary rhythm and spirit.

Longfellow, the author of "Evangeline," is perhaps the best read and the most popular of the poets of America ; but this is owing to qualities which are common alike to the elder poets of all countries, rather than to any peculiar characteristics of the New World's poets. Those sentiments, whether happy or sorrowful, which exist in the breast of every superior human being, are peculiarly his domain, and here he exercises his sway, and in particular in his delineation of the more delicate changes of feeling. In "Evangeline" alone has he dealt with an American subject, and described American scenery.

But enough now, my sweet sister, of this poesy of morning. We will now have our dinner. Men of the two countries are invited, and yet a third, namely, the Swedish consul, from Boston, Mr. Benzon, who is coming to see me.

In the Evening. The day is ended, with its changing scenes and impressions. If I could only take every thing more coolly! But I am too ardent, too easily excited. Every impression goes directly to my heart, and there it remains too strongly impressed. I am alone in my room, and see from my window, through the dark yet star-bright night, the steam-boats which pass along the Hudson, and send forth from their chimneys sulphur-blue and yellow flames.

To-morrow morning I am going with the Downings to visit some of their best friends, a family of the name of H., who live on the Hudson, in the neighborhood of Washington Irving; and next week I return to New York, there to begin my campaign, for which this little taste of rural life and society is merely a prelude.

Among the people who, during this time, have come to see me are, in particular, a married couple, Mr. and Mrs. S., who came hither with their little baby from New York solely to offer me their house as my home when there. They were so beautiful and so earnestly kind; there appeared to me to be something so pure, so single-minded about them; they seemed to speak so entirely from their own honest hearts, that I was glad to accept their invitation, and to arrange to go to them before I took up my quarters in any other homes, as I had promised to do for a time: among others, that of Miss Lynch. It seems as if I should scarcely be obliged to pay any thing for my living in this country, if I am to continue being thus entertained. But I must not expect that it will be thus every where. Besides, it has its disadvantages, as well as its advantages and its great pleasures.

Mr. and Mrs. S., who are of the class called Socialists

and Abolitionists, and who belong to the Liberal Movement party in the country, are universally acknowledged to be remarkably noble and estimable people. "From them," said Mr. Downing, "you will hear what is going forward in this party, and you will probably see at their house William Henry Channing, one of our most distinguished lecturers and extempore speakers, and through him you may become acquainted with Emerson."

I can not tell you, my Agatha, how fortunate I esteem myself, that, immediately at the commencement of my visit here, I have come into contact with so profoundly thinking and so universally comprehensive a mind as that of Mr. Downing, and who, besides, is so indescribably kind to me, and so careful that I shall derive every possible advantage from my journey, and see every thing, both good and bad, in their true light. He never dictates, never instructs me, but now and then, and as if by chance, he mentions to me the names of persons who are active for the future of the New World in one way or another, and makes me observant of what is going on in the country. I notice, among other things, with what precision all branches of intellectual labor seem to be carried on; and how easily ability and talent make their way, find their place and their sphere of action, become known and acknowledged.

Mr. Downing has mentioned to me Horace Mann, as one of the persons who have most effectually labored for the future, as an individual who has brought about, by his enthusiasm and determination, a great reform in the work of instruction, who has labored for the erection of beautiful new schools in all parts of the country, and has infused a new life into the organization of schools. It appears that the reformers and the lecturers who develop the spiritual and intellectual life in America, and call forth its ideal, come from the Northern States, from New England, and in particular from Massachusetts, the oldest home of the pilgrims and the Puritans.

Of that which he himself has done, Mr. Downing speaks with the utmost modesty; but I heard from Miss Sedgwick that few men in the United States are so universally known, or so generally influential as he. His works on architecture, on gardening, on flowers and fruits—and all of which are calculated to ennoble the taste, to make the purest productions in their branches of science and art accessible to every man—these works are to be found every where, and nobody, whether he be rich or poor, builds a house or lays out a garden without consulting Downing's works. Every young couple who sets up housekeeping buys them.

“It happens,” said Mr. Downing, modestly, “that I came at a time when people began universally to feel the necessity of information about building houses and laying out gardens.”

He is what people call here “a self-made man,” that is to say, a man who has less to thank education for what he is than his own endeavors. “He is one of our best men,” said Miss Sedgwick.

It will readily be supposed that it was painful to me to leave him and his truly sweet and kind little wife. Mr. Downing has drawn up for me a proposed route of travel—the plan of a journey for one year through the United States, as well as furnished me with letters to his friends in the different states. I still had a deal to say to you about my happiness in being here, my happiness in the new vitality which seems given to me, although I feel that the outer life is a little wearisome sometimes; and I expect to have to pay for it one of these days. But ah! how few there are who have to complain of having too many objects of interest, of experiencing too much goodwill! My beloved Agatha, think of me in thy prayers; and that I know thou dost, and thank God for me that He has so abundantly fulfilled my secret prayers, has satisfied my hunger and my thirst, and nourished me with His riches and His goodness!

In the Morning. Yet once more a greeting from the beautiful banks of the Hudson from the heights of Newburgh, before I leave them, perhaps forever. Mr. Downing says, indeed, that I must return to them next year; but it is long till then, and I must travel far and see very much.

Again a beautiful morning. The river is bright as a mirror; hundreds of little vessels glide softly, like swimming sea-gulls, on the bosom of the water between the lofty hills. I wonder how they are able to move. The wind seems to sleep. Over the river and the mountains, over the golden woods, which assume every day a yet more golden hue, over the white glittering villages with their church spires, and in the bosom of the wooded hills, rests the thin, white, misty veil of the Indian summer. It is a scene of which the character is grand and calmly romantic. I feel and see it, but not merely in external nature. This Indian summer, with its mystical life, its thin veil cast over the golden woods and mountains—I feel it in my soul. I look around me on nature, and ask, “Is it I who live in thee, or dost thou awaken this life in my soul?”

I see the beautiful, well-built little houses, with their orchards and grounds, which lie like pearls set in the emerald green frame of the river! How much is contained in them of that which is most valuable in the life of the New World! How beautiful and perfect seems here private life, engrafted as it is into public life; and what a pleasure it is to me that I have become acquainted with many of the families inhabiting these small homes on the banks of this great and glorious river!

Not far from Mr. Downing’s villa is a beautiful country seat, inhabited by four sisters, all unmarried. A good brother, who had become wealthy by trade, built this house, and bought the land around it for his sisters. Some years afterward, the brother fell into misfortunes: he lost

all that he was possessed of. The sisters now took upon themselves the education of his children—he has now his home with them. They are excellent and agreeable women, who know equally well how to converse seriously or merrily. On the other side of the river, a brickmaker has built himself a lovely villa. This honorable man—for so he seems to be, and so he really is—has been here two or three times to present me with flowers, and invite me to his villa. Mr. Downing has called my attention to a beautiful little house, a frame house, with green veranda and garden, just in this neighborhood. “It belongs,” said he, “to a man who in the day drives cart-loads of stone and rubbish for making the roads. In this is the working-man of the New World superior to him of the Old. He can here, by the hard labor of his hands, obtain the more refined pleasures of life, a beautiful home, and the advantages of education for his family, much more quickly. And here he *may* obtain these if he will. In Europe the greater number of work-people can not obtain them, do what they will.

At this moment an explosion thunders from the other side of the Hudson, and I see huge blocks of stone hurled into the air, and then fall into the water, which foams and boils in consequence: it is a rock which is being blasted with gunpowder on a line of rail-way now in progress along the banks of the river, and where the power of steam on land will compete with the power of steam on water. To hurl mountains out of the way; to bore through them; to form tunnels; to throw mountains into the water, as a foundation for roads in places where it is necessary for it to go over the water; all this these Americans regard as nothing. They have a faith to remove mountains.

Now come the steam-boats thundering like tempest in the mountains. Two or three chase each other like immense meteors; one among them comes along heavily,

laboring and puffing, dragging along a large fleet of larger and smaller craft. New York receives butter, and cheese, and cattle, and many other good things from the country; and the country, with its towns and rural abodes, receives coffee and tea, and wine, and wearing apparel, and many other things from New York, and, through New York, from Europe. The little town of Newburgh maintains alone, by its trade from the country and back, two or three steam-boats. When one sees the number and the magnificence of the steam-boats on the Hudson, one can scarcely believe the fact that it is not more than thirty years since Fulton made here his first experiment with steam power on the river, and that amid general distrust of the undertaking. He says himself, when speaking on this subject,

“When I was about to build my first steam-boat, the public of New York in part regarded it with indifference, in part with contempt, as an entirely foolish undertaking. My friends were polite, but they were shy of me. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a decided expression of disbelief in their countenances. As I went daily to and from the place where my boat was building, I often lingered unknown near the idle groups of strangers who were collected there, and listened to their remarks respecting the new locomotive. Their language was always that of scorn and persecution. People laughed aloud, and made jokes at my expense; and reckoned up the fallacy and loss of money on ‘Mr. Fulton’s Folly,’ as the undertaking was constantly called. Never did I meet with an encouraging remark, an animating hope, or a warm wish.

“At length came the day when the experiment was to be tried. To me it was a moment of the utmost importance. I had invited many of my friends to go on board and witness the first successful voyage. Many of these did me the kindness to come, but it was evident that they did so

reluctantly, and in the belief that they should become the witnesses of my humiliation, and not of my triumph; and I know very well that there was sufficient reason to doubt of my success. The machinery was new and ill made. A great portion of it was prepared by artisans unaccustomed to such work; and difficulties might easily arise, also, from other causes. The hour arrived at which the boat was to begin to move. My friends stood in groups on deck. Their looks indicated uneasiness, mingled with fear: they were silent and dejected. The signal was given, and the boat was put in motion; it advanced a short distance, then stopped, and became immovable. The former silence now gave place to murmurs, and displeasure, and disquiet whisperings, and shrugging of shoulders. I heard on all sides 'I said it would be so;' 'It is a foolish undertaking;' 'I wish we were all well out of it.'

"I mounted on the platform, and told my friends that I did not know what was the cause of the stoppage, but that if they would be calm, and give me half an hour's time, I would either continue the voyage or give it up entirely. I went down to the engine, and very soon discovered an unimportant oversight in the arrangement: this was put to rights. The boat began to move once more. We left New York; we passed through the Highlands; we arrived at Albany! But even then was mistrust stronger than positive proof. It was doubted whether the thing could be carried through, and if so, whether it would ever lead to any great advantage."

This was about thirty years since; and now half the human race flies over land and sea upon Fulton's wings! But even in the New World first discoveries have to contend with trouble and opposition.

The dew of morning lies upon the soft grass-plot before my window, and the beautiful groups of flowers and trees are glittering with it: among these is the little magnolia, with beautiful light-red seed-vessels; every thing is beau-

tiful and peaceful, and—that great, rich scene, the life upon the river below! I should like to live beside a large river like this. What great thoughts, what life is there not in it, from its commencement in the fountains of the clouds, in the cradle of the hills, and during its course through the valleys and the fields of earth, growing ever mightier as it advances!

As guests the affluent cities it inviteth,
And flowery meadows gather round its knees.—TEGNÉR.

It is a benefactor wherever it goes; it salutes and makes festive; confers benefits and blessings; but it takes no notice of this; it pauses not, neither rests.

Lands it baptizes with its name, and flows on;

A hero's life! Then hastens he onward to his goal, the ocean: there he finds rest—rest worthy of a heroic soul—peace in the infinite, the great: sufficient for all.

I would willingly live by the Hudson if I did not know a river yet dearer to me: it is called Götha River. Our Aersta is charming beside its salt waves. But I would rather have a little place beside the River Götha; and I fancy that you would be better there, on the western coast of Sweden, than on the eastern and the colder.

I must now leave you to write other letters. Mr. Downing will also write a few words to you and to mamma. I yesterday proposed a toast, your health, and we drank it in Champagne.

Kind greeting to relations and friends, and say something especially cordial to Beata Afzelius from me.

LETTER IV.

Brooklyn, November 5th, 1849.

MY SWEET SISTER,—Again in New York, or in that portion of the great city which is called Brooklyn, and which is separated from New York by the so-called East River,

and which will be a city of itself, and which has also a right to be so for its own sake. Brooklyn is as quiet as New York is bewildering and noisy: it is built upon the heights of Long Island; has glorious views over the wide harbor, and quiet, broad streets, planted on each side with alanthus-trees, a kind of Chinese-tree, and I believe of the acacia family, which has a leaf like our ash, only much broader, and which bears long pods. There is also another kind of tree, with a taller stem, which gives shade and a peaceful and rural character to the streets. It is said that the merchants of New York go over to Brooklyn, where they have their house and home, to sleep. The friend with whom I am living, Marcus S., has his place of business in New York, and his proper home here in Brooklyn, one of the very prettiest rural homes, by name "Rose Cottage," which he himself built, and around which he has himself planted trees, covered arbors with trailing vines, has sown the fields with maize and other vegetables, so that the place has the united character of park and garden. From this place he drives every morning to New York, and hither he returns every evening, but not merely to sleep, but to rest, and enjoy himself with wife, children, and friends. Rose Cottage lies just on the outskirts of the town (you must not imagine it a little town, but one which has a hundred thousand inhabitants, its own proper town-house, very magnificent, and from fifty to sixty churches), and the country, with wooded heights and green fields, may be seen therefrom on three sides. But houses are now building at various distances, and threaten soon to shut out the country. It may, however, be some years yet before Rose Cottage comes into the city. I shall now remain here a little while before I set off to Massachusetts and Boston.

Much, very much had I to tell you, but, alas! I have neither the time nor the necessary repose; and I must here give you my life more as a compendium than I did

in Denmark. My impressions of life here are more great, more massive, on a broader scale, so to say; I can not yet bring them under control, can not yet deal with them; I can not give them expression. I have a feeling of the forms in the block, but it will require time and labor to hew them out. This much, however, is certain: the effect of my American journey, as far as myself am concerned, is altogether quite different to what I expected. I came hither to breathe a new and fresher atmosphere of life; to observe the popular life, institutions, and circumstances of a new country; to become clearer in my own mind on certain questions connected with the development of nations and people; and, in particular, to study the women and the homes of the New World, and from the threshold of the home to obtain a view of the future of humanity, because, as the river is born from the springs of heaven, so is the life and the fate of a people born from the hidden life of the home.

I came, in a word, to occupy myself with public affairs; and it is private affairs, it is the individual which seizes upon my interest, my feelings, my thoughts. I came with a secret intention of breaking myself loose from fiction and its subjects, and of living with thinkers for other purposes; and I am compelled toward it more forcibly than ever; compelled involuntarily, both by thought and feeling, toward fiction; compelled to bring into life forms, scenes, and circumstances, which, as dim shadows, have for twenty years existed in the background of my soul. And in this so-called realist country, but which has more poetical life in it than people have any idea of in Europe, have I already *in pectus*, experienced and written more of the romance of life than I have done for many years. And I shall continue to do so during my residence here.

When I became aware that, from my waking in the morning, I was occupied in my innermost work-room, not with American affairs and things, but with my own ideal

creations, influenced by the interest which every thing that surrounded me, and which my new circumstances excited within me, I then gave up the thought of attempting to do any thing else but what God had given me to do. I must also here employ my talent, and follow my own vocation, and let fate and circumstances make of it what they must and will.

I shall, as hitherto, study the world of private life, but shall allow the air and life of the New World, that great world's life, to flow into it, and give to it greater effect. Thus would I always have it to be. I must work it out better hereafter. I have long had a presentiment of the romance of life, in its infinite greatness and depth of feeling. When it dawned before my glance, that first view of a transfigured world, never shall I forget that heavenly Aurora, which was, which is, which will continue forever to be a bright spot in my earthly life. For that I have to thank Sweden. Clouds, however, veiled it for a moment; I did not see it clearly, or, rather, I could no longer recall it in its first beauty. Now again I behold it; and I predict that for its perfect daybreak I shall have to thank—America. My life, also, in and with this New World, assumes a romantic form. It is not merely a new continent, a new form of things, with centuries for its future, which I have here to observe; it is a living soul, a great character, an individual mind, with which I must become acquainted, live and converse with during a profoundly earnest intercourse. How I desire to see its characteristic features, to listen to its revelations, its unconsciously oracular words regarding its life and its future! And that great, universal hospitality with which this great new world receives me, makes me feel that it is a heart, a living spirit which meets me in it.

Now for a little of the exterior of my life. I last left you when I was just about to pay a visit with Mr. Downing to Mr. H. and his family. As we came down to the

bridge at Newburgh two men were there, the one fat and the other lean, who were talking loudly, and with so much warmth, that they seemed to be in a state of anger with each other. "Every body who goes with this steam-boat is robbed!" exclaimed the one; "it is full of pickpockets and rogues!" "Let every one who is careful of his life," cried the other, "take care not to go in the boat he recommends: it has a cracked boiler, and will blow up before long!" "That is not true, but the greatest lie!" returned the first, and they cast terrible glances at each other from under their contracted eyebrows, while they continued to go on commending their own boats and abusing each other's.

"What is the meaning of this?" said I to Mr. Downing, who smiled quietly, and replied, "Here is an opposition. Two vessels are emulous for passengers, and these fellows are hired by the two parties to puff their boats. They act this part every day, and it means nothing at all."

I observed, also, that while they cast the most ferocious glances at each other, there was frequently a smile on their lips at the ready abuse which they poured out against each other's boats, probably alike innocent and alike safe, the one as the other; and the people around them laughed also, or did not trouble themselves the least about their contention. I saw that the whole thing was a comedy, and wondered only how they could endure to play it so often.

Mr. Downing had already made choice of his boat; and we had not long been on board before the captain sent to offer "Miss Bremer and her friends" free passage by the steamer as well as by the Hudson Rail-way. And thus, by means of my good name and American politeness, we sailed down the Hudson in the warm, calm summer air. But the brickmaker, Mr. A., who had already declared himself as my friend, had brought me beautiful flowers,

invited me to his villa by the Hudson, and discovered some good phrenological developments in my forehead, here seized upon me and conducted me to his wife, who introduced me to a poet whose verses she maintained I must have read; and the poet introduced three ladies, and the three ladies various other ladies and gentlemen. I became, as it were, walled in, felt as hot as if in an oven, and fled out of the saloon to my silent friend on deck, upbraiding him because he had given me up as a prey to the natives of the country. Nevertheless, I very much liked my friend the brickmaker, who is a broad, substantial, kind creature, with an open heart and countenance. I liked also the poet, who was evidently a lively and good-tempered person, only that I had not read his verses, and all these my new friends were too many for me. I was now able to sit silently on deck with the silent Mr. Downing; but yet, with the consciousness that I inwardly conversed with him, that his glance rested upon the same objects as mine, and that his mind received them and judged of them, if not as I did, yet in a manner which I could understand, because I understood him. Now and then a word was uttered, now and then a remark was made, and all was cheerful and amusing. How pleasant is such companionship!

When we left the steam-boat, we took our places on the Hudson Rail-way, the same which is in progress opposite to Newburgh, and along which we flew with arrow-like speed to Mr. H.'s villa, which lies upon a height by the river side. There we were soon in the midst of a beautiful home and domestic circle. The father of the family, Mr. H., is the son of the general of that name, the contemporary and friend of Washington, and one of the great men of the American War of Independence. Mr. H., his wife, a still handsome elderly lady, of quiet motherly appearance, a son, and three daughters, constitute the family. Mrs. S., the married daughter, whose praise as a

woman remarkably gifted both in heart and head, I had heard from many people, gave me an invitation to visit with her the schools and various other benevolent institutions of New York, which I gratefully accepted. The two younger, unmarried daughters, Mary and Angelica, seemed to me like types of the two female characters which are often introduced in Cooper's novels. Mary is of a lively, ardent character, full of energy; she has bright brown eyes, is witty and merry in conversation. Angelica is madonna-like, gentle and fair, a beautiful, noble, and, in mine and many other people's eyes, a most highly attractive being. I remarked in particular the charm of her voice and her movement, and how, without asking any questions, she could, even with ladies, set a conversation afloat, and keep it up with animation.

Mr. H., the father, took me out with him to visit various small farmers of the district, so that I might see something of their circumstances. At two of the houses we arrived just at dinner-time, and I saw the tables abundantly supplied with meat and cakes of Indian meal, vegetables, and fruit, as well as with the most beautiful white bread. The houses were for the most part "frame houses," that is to say, a sort of neatly-built wooden house; the rooms had large windows, which were light and clean. It was a real pleasure to me to converse with Mr. H., who is well acquainted with the country, and a warm friend of its free institutions, the excellence of which he has had an opportunity of testing during a long official life.

The day was beautiful, but a little cool in the wind—not a "well-mingled air," as you are accustomed to call it. And the air here has something so keen, so penetrating, that I am affected by it as I never was in Sweden.

There was a whole crowd of strangers to dinner, among whom was Washington Irving, a man of about sixty, with large, beautiful eyes, a large, well-formed nose, a countenance still handsome, in which youthful little dimples

and smiles bear witness to a youthfully fresh and humorous disposition and soul. He must be a man of an usually happy temperament, and of the most excellent heart. He has surrounded himself with a number of nieces (he says he can not conceive of what use boys are in the world), whom he makes happy, and who make him so by their affection. He says he has the peculiar faculty of liking every thing which he possesses, and every thing which seeks his protection. He is an optimist, but not a conceited one.

He was my neighbor at table, and I have to thank him for not becoming sleepy; nor should I have supposed, as people told me, that he was accustomed to be sleepy at great dinners, at which I certainly am not surprised. But the dinner to-day was not one of the long and tedious description, besides which he evidently endeavored to make the conversation interesting and agreeable; and I, too, did my best, as you may easily suppose.

In the afternoon I begged him to allow me to take a profile likeness of him; and, in order that he might not go quite asleep during the operation, I begged Angelica H. to sit just opposite to him and talk to him; and the plan succeeded excellently. The handsome old gentleman now became wide awake, loquacious and lively, and there was such vivacity in his smile, and so much fun in all the merry dimples of his countenance, that it is my own fault if I have not made one of the best and most characteristic portraits that has ever been taken of this universally beloved author. I am glad to have it to show to his friends and admirers in Sweden. Washington Irving invited me and my friends to his house for the following evening; but, as we were obliged to return home that day, we could not accept his invitation, but engaged to pay him a visit in the morning.

In the evening, the new married son of the family returned home from a journey. It was delightful to see

the handsome young man sitting between his father and mother, full of mirth and cordiality, endeavoring to divide himself, as it were, equally between them, replying to their questions, and acknowledging their tokens of affection.

Among other objects of interest which I saw here, and which I had also seen in a few other houses on the Hudson, was the "American Birds" of Audubon, a work of real genius and merit; for one does not merely see the various kinds of American birds, but also their characteristics, their life and history; how they build and feed themselves; their quarrels, perils, and joys. Some of the paintings seem to me to show a little eccentricity in design; but what can be more eccentric than nature herself in certain hours and humors?

Another interesting acquaintance which I made here was with Mr. Stephens, who discovered and has written upon the remains of Central America. What a rich field is there presented for American enterprise and love of investigation. And they ought not to rest, these Vikings of the present time, before all this is their own, and they have there free space to work in. At present there are great difficulties in the way of their advancing into these regions.

On the following morning, we had, among other good things for breakfast (they have only too many and too highly-seasoned dishes—cayenne pepper here spoils both meat and the stomach), we had honey from Hymettus, which had been sent by a friend of the family who had lately returned from his travels in Greece. This classical honey seemed to me not any better than the virgin honey of our Northern bees. Flowers and bees are pretty nearly alike all over the world, and are fed by the same heavenly honey-dew. I thought how our bees at Aërsta murmur their songs in autumn around the mignonette, and how thou thyself seest them now as thou movest like a little queen among thy subjects in the flower-garden, among beds of flowers which thou hast had

planted. Alas! but it is true that even now it is there the winter trance, and the bees have forgotten themselves in their hives! I forget here how the year goes on, because the Indian summer is a time of enchantment.

I went in the forenoon with Mary H. to Washington Irving's. His house or villa, which stands on the banks of the Hudson, resembles a peaceful idyll; thick masses of ivy clothe one portion of the white walls and garland the eaves. Fat cows fed in a meadow just before the window. Within, the room seemed full of summer warmth, and had a peaceful and cheerful aspect. One felt that a cordial spirit, full of the best sentiment of the soul, lived and worked there. Washington Irving, although possessed of the politeness of a man of the world, and with great natural good temper, has, nevertheless, somewhat of that nervous shyness which so easily attaches itself to the author, and in particular to him who is possessed of delicacy of feeling and refinement. The poetical mind, by its intercourse with the divine spheres, is often brought somewhat into disharmony with clumsy earthly realities. To these belong especially the visits of strangers and the forms of social intercourse, as we make them in good society on earth, and which are shells that must be cracked if one would get at the juice of either kernel or fruit. But that is a difficulty for which one often has not time. A portrait which hangs in Washington Irving's drawing-room, and which was painted many years since, represents him as a remarkably handsome man, with dark hair and eyes—a head which might have belonged to a Spaniard. When young, he must have been unusually handsome. He was engaged to a young lady of rare beauty and excellence; it would have been difficult to meet with a handsomer pair. But she died, and Washington Irving never again sought for another bride. He has been wise enough to content himself with the memory of a perfect love, and to live for literature,

friendship, and nature. He is a wise man, but without wrinkles and gray hair. Washington Irving was at this time occupied with his "Life of Mahomet," which will shortly be sent to press. Two ladies, the one elderly, the other younger, neither of them handsome, but with countenances full of intelligence and feeling, and near relations of his, were at his house.

Again at Mr. H.'s, I received a number of visitors, all handsome, and in manners kind and open-hearted. The ladies have, in general, fine figures, but they are somewhat too spare. After that we had music. Mary H. and I had just sat down, full of enthusiasm, to an overture for four hands, which we played so that they who heard us cried bravo! when Mr. Downing, with his melodious voice and decided manner, which makes him sometimes a sort of amiable despot, interrupted us with the words, "Now it is time," namely, time for us to take leave, and I hastened to the rail-way, which, as with an iron hand, had stopped the music of life. But it accompanied me, nevertheless, in the impression of that beautiful family life which I have again seen here; and to the rail-road, also, accompanied me that fine old gentleman, Mr. H., who during the whole time had shown me the greatest kindness, and now, at parting, begged me to regard him as a father, to consider his house as mine, and to come and remain there whenever I might find myself not so well off in any of the United States. And I know that this offer on his part is as equally sincere as is that of Mr. Downing, that I would regard him as a brother, and allow him to serve me whenever I might find occasion. "Bear that well in mind!" these were his words at parting, so that I have now both father and brother in this New World. That will do to begin with!

I sat silent in the rail-way carriage beside my silent friend, but the music of whose soul I am always conscious of, though he speak not a word; so that, after all, there was no interruption to the music.

We sailed up the Hudson on a gloomy but beautiful evening. The air was quite calm; now and then a steam-boat came thundering toward us with its flaming chimney, but the river was unusually quiet. From out the dark shadows which the lofty mountains threw upon the shores, gleamed here and there small red lights. "They are from the cottages of the laborers on the rail-way," said Mr. Downing.

"Not they," said I; "they are little dwarfs that are peeping out of the rocks, and that unclosethe the openings to the mountain halls within; we Scandinavians know all about it!"

Mr. Downing laughed, and allowed my explanation to pass. That which I seem to want here, if I think about a want at all, where so much new and affluent life presents itself, is that life of sagas and traditions which we possess every where in Sweden, and which converts it into a poetic soil full of symbolical runes, in forest, and mountain, and meadow, by the streams and the lakes, nay, which gives life to every stone, significance to every mound. In Sweden all these magnificent hills and mountains by the Hudson would have symbolical names and traditions. Here they have only historical traditions, mostly connected with the Indian times and wars, and the names are rather of a humorous than a poetic tendency. Thus a point of rock, somewhat nose-like in form, which runs out into the river, is called St. Anthony's Nose; and in sailing past it, I could not help thinking of a merry little poem which Mr. Downing read to me, in which St. Anthony is represented as preaching to the fishes, who came up out of the depths quite astonished and delighted to hear the zealous father of the Church preaching for their conversion. The end, however, is,

Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

And thus continued in their natural vices; and St. Anthony got—a long nose.

I spent yet a few Indian summer days with my friends by the Hudson—days rich in many things; intercourse with human beings, and with nature, and the enjoyment of beautiful paradisaical fruits: the new moon lit her torch, and gave a yet more highly romantic character to the summer veil on mountain and river—wonderfully beautiful days and scenes! and wonderfully beautiful was that day when, during a storm, I traveled with my friends down the Hudson to New York. Autumn had during its advance given uniformity of coloring to the woods. It varied now between copper and gold, and shone like an infinitely rich golden embroidery on the Indian veil of mist which rested upon the heights along the Hudson. The wind was so violent that at times the vessel was driven on the banks, and, as the evening advanced, the groups of people became more and more silent in the crowded saloon. Friend drew near to friend, husband to wife; mothers pressed their children closer to their breasts. My eye by chance fell on the tall figure of a man of energetic appearance; a little woman stood close beside him, and her hand was pressed to his heart. A speechless and passionate life prevailed there—prevailed throughout the atmosphere, that stormy, hot evening. This and some other scenes have inscribed themselves ineffaceably on my soul; thou shalt read them there some time—there or upon paper, for whatever I experience forcibly and deeply thou knowest that I must, sooner or later, give back either in word or form.

We arrived in storm and darkness at New York, but nevertheless reached the Astor House most comfortably, and very soon was I seated familiarly with my friends in a light and handsome room, drinking tea and the most delicious milk cooled with ice.

“In order that I may now show you proper respect,” said Mr. Downing, “as we are about to part, I believe that I must beg from you—an autograph!”

Thus he often good-humoredly teazes me, knowing, as he does, my abhorrence of the American autograph collectors. We spent the evening pleasantly reading by turns from our favorite poets, Lowell, Bryant, and Emerson. It was twelve o'clock when we separated, and I went to my room. But I remained up for some time, listening through the open window to the softly-plashing rain, drinking in the balsamic air, and allowing the breath of a new life to penetrate my very being.

I remained yet a few days at the Astor House with the Downings. During these we visited the Exhibition of the American Art Union in New York. Among the paintings of native artists, I saw none which indicated peculiar genius, with the exception of a large historical painting from the first Mexican war between the Spaniards and the Indians. A few pieces of sculpture gave me great pleasure, from their delicacy of expression and mastership in execution. Among these, in particular, was a marble bust of Proserpine, and a fisher-boy listening to the sound of the sea in a conch-shell, both the works of the American artist, Hiram Powers. One could almost wish for something greater and more national in subject, but greater beauty or more perfection in form would be impossible. Just opposite to the room of the American Art Union they have placed, with good judgment, as it seemed to me, the so-called Düsseldorf Gallery, a collection of paintings, principally of the German school, which has been opened for the benefit and instruction of American artists and lovers of art. But the want of time prevented me from visiting this gallery at the present moment.

Among other good things which awaited me here was an offer from a much-esteemed publisher of New York, Mr. George P. Putnam, the same who is bringing out the works of Miss Sedgwick, to publish a new and handsome edition of my writings, which have hitherto been printed and circulated here at a low price, and to allow me the

same pecuniary advantage as a native author. Mr. Downing was pleased with the proposal, because he knows Mr. Putnam to be a thoroughly honorable and trustworthy man.

It was not without pain that I parted from the Downings, with whom I had spent so richly intellectual and delightful a time (I will call it my honeymoon in the New World), and to whom I am really cordially attached. But I shall see them again; I have to thank Mr. Downing for many things; for the wisdom and the tact, as well as the brotherly earnestness with which he has assisted me to arrange my movements here in the New World, and as regarded invitations and other marks of friendliness which I have received. At parting, he admonished me with his beautiful smile, that I should on all occasions make use of a little inborn tact—(N.B., a thing which I was born without)—so as to know what I ought to do and to permit. I think, in the mean while, that I made good use of his advice, by immediately afterward declining the proposal of a young gentleman to climb a lofty church tower with him. Nothing strikes me so much as the youthfulness of this people—I might almost say childish fervor and love of adventure. They hesitate at nothing, and regard nothing as impossible. But I know myself to be too old to climb up church towers with young gentlemen.

When the Downings left me, I was intrusted to the kind care of Mr. Putnam, who was to conduct me to his villa on Staten Island. It was with difficulty that we drove through the throng of vehicles of all kinds which filled the streets leading to the harbor, in order to reach the steamboat in time. I can not help admiring the way in which the drivers here manage to get out of the way, and twist about and shoot between and disentangle themselves, without any misadventure from the really Gordian knot of carts and carriages. It is extraordinary, but it is not excellent. I sat all the time in expectation of seeing the

head of a horse come through the carriage window, or of the carriage being smashed to pieces. In the mean while, all went well; we reached the steam-boat in time, had a beautiful sail upon the calm waters of the extensive bay, where large and small steam-boats are incessantly passing and winding their way among the sailing craft. That is a scene of life!

At Mr. Putnam's beautiful house on one of the heights of Staten Island, I saw a most charming, cheerful, and agreeable little hostess and three pretty children, and in the evening a whole crowd of people from the neighborhood. I played Swedish polkas and ballads for them. The best thing of the evening was a comic song, sung by an excellent elderly gentleman.

I was frozen in my bed-room, because the weather is now cold, and they do not heat the bed-rooms in this country. It is here as in England, not as in our good Sweden; and I can hardly accustom myself to these cold bed-chambers. It was to me particularly hard to get up and to dress myself in that chilly room, with my fingers benumbed with cold. But I forgot both the numbness and the frost when I went down to breakfast, and saw the bright sun, and the lovely and kind hostess in that cheerful room, with its prospect over the bay, the city, and the island. In the forenoon Mr. Putnam drove me in a covered carriage to see the island, and to call upon various families. The rich, golden woods shone in their autumnal pomp of varied gold or brown—a coloring both warm and deep, like that of the soul's noblest sufferings. I indulged the emotion which it excited, and I drove through the woods as through a temple filled with symbolic inscriptions, and that which it presented to me I could read and decipher. Thus we advanced to the loftiest point of the island, whence the prospect was glorious, from its vast extent over land and water. The height was lost; and the eye hovered and circled, like the eagle,

in the air; but with no rock, no mountain-crag, on which to rest.

I saw also two handsome houses, with their gardens, and two handsome, kind ladies. One of them was really beautiful, but sorrowing: death had lately taken from her her heart's joy. In the second home joy and happiness were the dwellers; there was no mistake about that. I was obliged to promise to return there in the spring, and there to witness that lovely season. But I wonder how many breaches of promise I shall be guilty of in this country!

Mr. Putnam conveyed me back to New York, and to the kind Mrs. S., who now took charge of me, and with her I visited various public institutions, among which were a couple of large schools, where I saw hundreds of cheerful children, as well as young people. I remarked, in particular, the bright, animated, beautiful eyes of the children. The mode of instruction seemed to me especially calculated to keep the children awake and attentive. One building contained many, or all gradations of scholars. The lowest rooms are appropriated to the smallest children, of from four to six years old (each child having its little chair and detached desk standing before it), and with each story ascends the age of the pupils, and the branches of knowledge in which they are instructed. In the uppermost story they have advanced to nineteen or twenty, or even above (as well in the girls' school as the boys'), take diplomas, and go thence out into the world to live and teach according as they have learned here. I, however, did not gain much information. I wished to put questions, but they gave themselves little time to answer, and I saw that my visit was regarded not as for instruction, but for display. In the institution for the deaf and dumb, a young teacher indicated by signs to the pupils a long history, which they were to write upon the writing-tablets which hung around the walls. They did

it excellently; and I could not but marvel at their powers of memory, and their quickness of apprehension and expression.

The following day an excursion was proposed to one of the islands in the neighborhood of the city, where right-minded men have established a large institution for the reception and assistance of emigrants, who, in sickness or destitution, arrive in New York from Europe. The island is called "Ward's Island," the institution "the Emigrant's Asylum." One of its principal founders and supporters, Mr. Colden, formerly one of the chief lawyers of New York, and now a man of affluence, occupying himself solely and entirely with benevolent institutions, conducted Mrs. S. and myself, as well as Bergfalk, whom I persuaded to accompany us thither, in his carriage. Bergfalk is addicted to burying himself among law books and acts of Parliament, to living with the dead, and I must decoy him forth to breathe the fresh air with the living, and to live among them.

The day was glorious, and the sail in the boat upon that calm, fragrant water (I never knew water give forth a fragrance as it does here) in that warm autumnal sun, was one of the most agreeable imaginable. On Ward's Island people may form a slight idea of the difficult question which the Americans have to meet in the reception of the poor, and often most wretched population of Europe, and how they endeavor to meet it. Thousands who come clad in rags, and bowed down with sickness, are brought hither, succored, clothed, fed, and then sent out westward to the states of the Mississippi, in case they have no friends or relations to receive them at a less remote distance. Separate buildings have been erected for the sick of typhus fever; for those afflicted with diseases of the eye; for sick children; for the convalescent; for lying-in women. Several new houses were in progress of erection. Upon those verdant, open hills, fanned by the soft sea-

breezes, the sick must, if possible, regain health, and the weak become strong. We visited the sick; many hundreds were ill of typhus fever. We visited also the convalescent at their well-supplied dinner-table.

“But if,” said I to Mr. Colden, “they are supplied every day with such soup and such meat as this, how can you manage to get rid of them, at least of such as live only to eat?”

“With them we do as the Quaker did with his adversary,” replied Mr. Colden, smiling: “he took hold of him in a rough manner. ‘How now?’ said the enemy. ‘You are really not going to strike me: that is against your religious principles!’ ‘No,’ said the Quaker, ‘I shall not strike thee; but I shall keep hold of thee in a very uncomfortable manner.’”

Bergfalk was as much pleased as I was in seeing this noble, flourishing institution, which the people of the New World have established for the unfortunate children of the Old; and I enjoyed no less the peculiar individuality of Mr. Colden, one of those strong characters who sustain such institutions as easily as a mother her child upon her arm—a man strong of heart, soul, and body. For such men I feel an admiration which is akin to a child-like love; I would willingly serve them as a daughter. They have the magnetism which is ascribed to the mountain character.

I visited also with Mrs. S. the home established for the restoration of fallen women; it appeared to me excellent, and well arranged. Miss Sedgwick is one of the managers, and does a very great deal of good. She reads to the women stories which call forth their better nature, and talks to them cordially and wisely. She must be one of the most active supporters of this reformatory home.

Mrs. S., who is a gentle, motherly, and domestic woman, as well as a good citizen even beyond the sphere of her own house—and every noble woman ought to be the same—was an amiable hostess to me; and the only thing

which I lacked was, that I was unable to talk more with her. But these schools, asylums, etc., they are in the highest degree excellent and estimable; but ah! how they weary me! Mrs. S. conducted me to the house of Miss Lynch, where I saw a whole crowd of people, and among them Bryant the poet, who has a beautiful, characteristic head, with silvery locks.

From Miss Lynch's I was taken by a kind and respectable professor—Hackitt I believe he was called—to the Elysian Fields, a park-like tract near New York, and so called from their beautiful idyllian scenery; and they were beautiful as an idyll—and the day and the air—nay, my child, we have nothing like them in the Old World! at least, I have never felt any such. I drink in this air as I would drink nectar, and feel it almost like a pleasant intoxication; it must belong to this time of the year, and to the magic life of this Indian summer. I wandered in the Elysian Fields with really Elysian feelings, saw flocks of white sails coming down the Hudson, like winged birds of peace, and I allowed my thoughts to float up it to the friends there, the new and yet so dear; far from me, and yet so near. It was an enchanting day, that day in the Elysian Fields of the New World. My professor was good and wise, as Mentor in "Les Aventures de Télémaque," and I fancy wiser, because he did not talk, but followed me with fatherly kindness, and seemed to enjoy my pleasure. In the evening he conducted me across the East River to Rose Cottage, in that quiet Brooklyn; and there I shall rest some days, a little apart from the world.

Now a word about my new friends, Marcus and Rebecca. They are a very peculiar kind of people; they have a something about them remarkably simple and humane, serene, and beautiful, which seems to me of angelic purity. The first day that I dined at their house they called me by my name, and wished that I should call them the same; and now I live with them familiarly as with a

brother and a sister. They have been, and are indescribably kind to me. The first day I was there I was somewhat out of humor; I suffered from the cold, especially in my bed-room, and from having to place myself in new circumstances, to which I always have a repugnance. But they had a stove set in my chamber, made it warm and comfortable, and I soon felt myself at home with them, and happy.

Marcus is also what is called a self-made man. But I rather suspect that our Lord himself was of his kind, both in heart and head. His countenance reminds me of Sterne's expression about a face—"it resembles a blessing." His wife, Rebecca, comes of the race of Quakers, and has something about her of that quiet, inward light, and that reflectiveness which, it is said, belongs to this sect. Besides this, she has much talent and wit, and it is especially agreeable to hear her converse. Her exterior is pleasing, without being beautiful; her mouth remarkably fresh and cheerful, and her figure classically beautiful. Both husband and wife are true patriots and warm friends of humanity, loving the ideal in life, and living for it. They are people of affluence, and are able to do much good. They are interested in Socialism, but rather as amateurs than as the actually initiated. Yet Marcus has associated several of his clerks with him in his business. But he is one of that class who do not like to talk about what they do, or that others should busy themselves therewith. His wife and friends like to talk about him; and I do not wonder at it. The family consists of three children. Eddy, the eldest boy, twelve years old—and who might serve as a model either for a Cupid or for one of Raphael's angels—has a quiet, thoughtful demeanor, with great refinement of expression. Little Jenny, the only daughter, is a sweet little girl; and then comes "the baby," a yellow-haired little lad, with his father's brow and clear blue eyes; a delicate, but delightful child.

With Marcus I talk about what is going on both now and for hereafter in the country, whether afar off or near; with Rebecca about the history of the inward life; and thus learn much which both affects and interests me. Yes, my sister, there is here much more poetry, much more of the romance of life, than we have imagined. Life here is new youth. The climate, also, is youthful, but not always most agreeably so: it is very fickle. The first days I spent here at Brooklyn were so bitterly cold that I was frozen, both body and mind. Now, and for the last three days, it has been so warm, that I have lain at night with my window open, have seen the stars shining through the Venetian shutters, and been saluted in the crimson dawn by the mildest zephyrs, and that air, and that odor, which has in it something magical.

November 7th. I have not been able to write for several days. I am sorry for it, my sweet child, but I can not help it. I will some time, by word of mouth, fill up the gaps which remain in my letters. Many things which are flattering, and many things which are difficult, occur to me every day, which are not worth putting down on paper. My life is a daily warfare against kindness, and politeness, and curiosity, during which I often am weary and worn out; often, also, I feel the wafting influence of an extraordinary youthfulness and enjoyment gush through my soul. I felt this one day during a conversation with the noble, enthusiastic W. H. Channing—a character as ardent as it is pure, with a beaming eye, and a countenance as pure and regular as I could imagine that of a seraph to be. His figure, which is noble and elegant, is well suited for that of a public speaker. He is rather a critical admirer than an enthusiast as regards his country. He loves enthusiastically merely the ideal and the perfect, and knows that the reality falls short of this.

“We are very young, very young!” said he, speaking of the people of the United States. He spoke of Emerson

with admiration, but as of a remotely lofty spirit. "He is the best of us all!" said he.

"Is he your friend?" I inquired.

"No," replied he; "I can not flatter myself with such a relationship between us. He is, besides, too much apart, too—. But you ought to see him to be able to understand him."

I made some observation against Emerson's turn of mind. Channing did not make much reply to this, but continued mentally to look up to Emerson as one looks up to some star of the first magnitude. This man must have the power of fascination.

On Wednesday I go with Channing, and Marcus, and Rebecca to the North American Phalanstery in New Jersey, take a near view of that wonderful thing, and learn more about Christian Socialism. Bergfalk will go with us. After that I return here, where I remain to the end of the week. The following week I shall spend with Miss Lynch in New York, and give myself up to a life of society there. After that, I return here, and accompany my friends to Massachusetts, in order to celebrate with their relations there the great festival of Thanksgiving-day, as it is called. This day, which is fixed this year for the 26th of November, is celebrated with particular solemnity in the states of New England, where it first originated. After that, I shall visit the Lowells, the Emersons, and many others, to whom I am invited, and so on to Boston, where I think of spending the winter months, and whence my friends will return home.

In the evening, at sunset, I went out for a solitary walk in the road, half town, half country. I walked beneath the green trees; and by my side went the beautiful Eddy, quite silent. The evening sky glowed, and cast its warm reflections over meadow and wooded height. And when I turned my eyes from these to the beautiful boy at my side, I met his, as gentle and winning as an angel's glance

He seemed to see and to understand that which lived within my soul. • Thus walked we onward. But it began to grow dusk; and now a man on horseback rode up to us with a large box or package upon his arm: it was that good Marcus on his Dolly; and the package which he carried was for me, and was full of the most beautiful flowers from Mr. Downing; and with them a few words for me, still more beautiful than the flowers. Rebecca and I arranged the flowers in a beautiful alabaster vase, in the form of a lily, rising from its basin. Marcus and Channing assisted us with their eyes.

I am quite well, my little Agatha, spite of vagaries both of body and soul, and am infinitely thankful for what I here learn and experience, and for these good, cordial friends! That which I want is to hear good news both from you and from mamma. I hope to hear by this day's post, hope and long. I must now send off this letter, and set to work on many others. Kiss mamma for me, and greet all who wish for greetings

From your

FREDRIKA.

LETTER V.

Rose Cottage, November 12th, 1849.

At length, at length I have received letters from home, letters from mamma, and from you, my sweet Agatha! I kissed the letter for joy when it was put into my hand. But ah! how it grieved me to hear that you are again ill, and that without either rhyme or reason, so soon after leaving the baths of Marstrand, where I last saw you so well. I can now merely endeavor to console myself with the belief that by this indisposition you will get rid of all further indisposition for the year, and that you, therefore, will be in all the better health for the winter. Will you not? yes, we must next winter remove with you to some

warmer climate, to your beautiful Italy, to Rome, or to Palermo, and next summer you can make good use of sea-bathing again at Marstrand. And I will be with you, my dear heart, and talk and write beautiful things for you, because I shall be rich in such things, and we will inhale a new and beautiful life together. I have not yet received your letter to London, but I shall have it yet, or else E. L. deserves to—lose his head, if he have not already lost it, for he took it upon himself to receive this letter and send it on to me. But yet once more, thanks for the beautiful letters.

I must now tell you about our expedition to the Phalanstery. It was a charming morning when we set out. The air felt quite young—scarcely five years old. It was not a boy, it was a girl, full of animation, but shy—a veiled beauty. The sun was concealed by light clouds, the winds were still. As Marcus, Rebecca, and I were standing for a short time by the ferry at Brooklyn, waiting for the boat to take us over to New York, a Quakeress was also standing there, with a Roman nose, and a frank but grave countenance. I looked at her, and she looked at me. All at once her countenance brightened as if by a sunbeam. She came up to me, "Thou art Miss Bremer," said she. "Yes," said I, "and thou art ——" She mentioned her name, and we shook hands cordially. The inward light had illumined her in more than one way, and on such a morning I felt myself on the sweetly familiar terms of "thee and thou" with the whole world.

We crossed the river, Marcus, Rebecca, and I. The morning wind awoke, and the clouds began to move; sailing craft and steam-boats passed one another in the bay, and young lads sat in their boats fishing up large casks and planks which the current bore with it out to sea. The shores shone out green and gold. An hour afterward and we were on board the steam-boat which would convey us to New Jersey. Bergfalk had joined us

full of life and good-humor. Channing had come with his pure glance, clear as the light of a diamond, and with him Mr. H., a lover of flowers and of Channing. We steamed along amid sunshine and conversation on subjects of interest, the dialogue being principally between Channing and myself, the others putting in now and then a word, every one rather opposed to me, and I a little opposed to all, with the exception of Marcus, whose reason accorded with my views. By this time the clouds began to gather over us, and it soon began to rain.

We arrived in New Jersey amid rain, and in rain we reached the little town of Redbank. Here a wagon from the Phalanstery met us, which had been sent for the guests, as well as for potatoes, and in it we stowed ourselves, beneath a tilted cover of yellow oil-cloth, which sheltered us from the rain. A handsome young man, one of the people of the Phalanstery, drove the pair of fat horses which drew us, and after we had plowed the sand for a couple of hours, we arrived at the Phalanstery, a couple of large houses, with several lesser ones standing around them, without any thing remarkable in their style of architecture. The landscape around had a pleasant, park-like appearance; the fields and the trees were yet quite green. New Jersey is celebrated for its mild climate and its fine fruits. We were conducted into a hall and regaled with a dinner which could not have been better if it had been in Arcadia; it would have been impossible to have produced better milk, bread, or cheese. They had also meat here.

I here met with the family which had first invited me to the Phalanstery, and found them to be the sister and brother-in-law of Marcus, two earnest, spiritual-minded people, who have a profound faith in and love for the principle of association. He is the president of the institution at this place. Mr. A., who has not alone enthusiasm, but who is evidently a clever and straight-forward man of

business, gifted with the power of organization, was originally a minister, and devoted himself for a long time most beneficially as a missionary of the poor, "a minister at large," as they are called in this country; after which he lived for ten years as a farmer in one of the Western States, in the valley of the Mississippi, cultivating maize and fruit, and finding himself well off amid the affluent solitudes of nature. As his children, however, grew up, it appeared to him too solitary for them; the house became too small, and, for the sake of their education, and their moral and intellectual development, he removed again, and came nearer to the great world of man. But in so doing he resolved to unite himself with that portion of it which, as it appeared to him, came the nearest to his idea of a Christian community. He, and his wife and children, therefore, joined this association, which was established eight years before by a few married couples, all enthusiasts for this idea, and which now calls itself "the North American Phalanstery." Each member advanced the sum of one thousand dollars; land was purchased, and they began to labor together, according to laws which the society had laid down beforehand. Great difficulties met them in the commencement, in particular from their want of means to build, for the purchase of implements, and so on. It was beautiful and affecting to hear what fatigue and labor the women subjected themselves to—women who had been but little accustomed to any thing of this kind; how steadfastly and with what noble courage they endured it; and how the men, in the spirit of brotherhood, did their part in any kind of work as well as the women, merely looking at the honor and the necessity of the work, and never asking whether it was the fit employment for man or for woman. They had suffered much from calumny, but through it all they had become a stronger and more numerous body.

They had now overcome the worst, and the institution

was evidently improving. It was in contemplation at this time to build a new house, in particular a large eating-hall and place for social meeting, together with a cooking and wash house, provided with such machinery as should dispense with the most onerous hand-labor. The number of members was at this time somewhat above seventy. The establishment has its own peculiar income from mills and from tillage, as well as from its orchards. They cultivate peaches, melons, and tomatoes. In the mills they prepare hominy (ground maize), which is boiled into a sort of pudding, and eaten universally, especially for breakfast.

One evening a great portion of the members of the Phalanstery assembled in one of the sitting-rooms. Various individuals were introduced to me, and I saw a great number of very handsome young people; in particular, I remarked the niece and nephew of Marcus, Abby and her brother, as being beautiful according to one's ideal standard. Many among the men wore coarse clothes; but all were neat, and had a something of great earnestness and kindness in their whole demeanor.

Needle-work was brought in and laid upon a table. This was the making of small linen bags for containing hominy, and which, when filled and stamped with the name of the Phalanstery, are sent for sale to New York. I sewed one bag; Channing, also, made another, and maintained that he sewed quicker than I did; my opinion, however, is that my sewing was the best. After this I played Swedish dances and ballads for the young people, which excited them in a remarkable manner, especially the Nee's polka. I related also to them the legend of the Neck and the Priest, and the Wand which became verdant, a legend which shows that even the spirits of nature might be saved. This struck them very much, and the tears came into many eyes.

I had a little room to myself for the night, which some of the young girls had vacated for me. It was as small

as a prison cell; had four bare, white walls, but was neat and clean, and had a large window with a fine and beautiful prospect; and I was exceedingly comfortable in that little chamber, and slept well upon a good sofa-bed to the sound of the plashing rain, and in the mild atmosphere which entered through the half opened window. The bed-making sisters, two handsome, kind young girls, were the last which I saw in my room. I was awoke in the morning by the sound of labor throughout the house; people were going and coming, all full of business; it sounded earnest and industrious. I thought the "Essenes and the Pythagoreans began the day with a song, a consecration of the day's work to the service of the holy powers," and I sighed to think that the associations of the West were so far behind those of the East. I dressed myself and went down.

As there is always an impulse within me to enter body and soul into the life which at that time exists around me, so would I now live here as a true and earnest member of the Phalanstery, and therefore I entered as a worker into one of the bands of workers. I selected that in which cooking was going forward, because I consider that my genius has a bent in that direction. I was soon standing, therefore, by the fire with the excellent Mrs. A., who had the management of this department; and I baked a whole pile of buckwheat cakes, just as we bake cakes in Sweden, but upon a large iron plate, until breakfast, and had then the pleasure of serving Marcus and Channing with some of them quite hot for breakfast. I myself thought that I had been remarkably fortunate with my cakes. In my fervor of association, I labored also with hands and arms up to my very elbows in a great kneading-trough, but had very nearly stuck fast in the dough. It was quite too heavy for me, though I would not confess it; but they were kind enough to release me from the operation in the politest manner, and place it in abler hands

The rain had ceased, and the sun began to find his way through the clouds. I now, therefore, went out to look about me, accompanied by Mrs. A. and the lady of the president, the latter of whom wore a short dress and pantaloons, which were very becoming to her fine and picturesque figure, and besides which, were well calculated for walking through the wet fields and woods. We first paid a visit to the mills. Two handsome young girls, also in short dresses or blouses, girt with leathern bands, and with jaunty little caps on their heads, which were remarkably becoming, went, or rather danced along the foot-path before us, over hill and dale, as light and merrily as birds. They were going to assist at the hominy mills. I went through the mills, where every thing seemed excellent and well arranged, and where the little millers were already at their work.

Thence we went across the meadows to the potato-fields, where I shook hands with the chief, who, in his shirt-sleeves, was digging up potatoes among his senators. Both the chief and the other members looked clever and excellent people; and the potato crop promised this year to be remarkably rich. The land in New Jersey appears to be very good and fruitful. The sun shone pleasantly over the potato-field, the chief, and his laborers, among whom were many men of education and intelligence.

In my conversation with the two sensible women, my conductresses, I learned various particulars regarding the laws and life of the Phalanstery; among others, that they are wise enough not to allow the public to absorb private property. Each individual may invest as much as he likes in the association, and retain as much of his own property as he wishes. For that which he so invests he receives interest. The time required for labor is ten hours a day. All who work over hours are paid for such overwork. The women participate in all rights equally with the men; vote, and share in the administration of

law and justice. "But," said Mrs. A., "we have had so much to do with our domestic affairs, that we have hitherto troubled ourselves very little about these things."

Any one who makes known his desire to become a member may be received as such after a probation of one year in the Phalanstery, during which time he must have shown himself to be unwearied in labor, and steadfast in brotherly love and good-will. As regards his religion, rank, or his former mode of life, no questions are asked. The association makes a new experiment in social and economic life; it regards the active principle of love as the ruling power of life, and wishes to place every thing within the sphere of its influence; it will, so to say, begin life anew, and makes experimental researches into its laws; like those plants called exogens, it grows from the exterior inward, but has, it appears to me, its principle much less determinate than the vegetable.

Being asked in the evening my opinion of this community, I candidly confessed in what it appeared to be deficient; in particular, as regarded a profession of religion and public divine service—its being based merely upon a moral principle, the validity of which might be easily called in question, as they did not recognize a connection with a life existing eternally beyond earth and time with any eternally binding law, nor even with a divine Lawgiver.

"The serpent may one day enter your paradise, and then—how can you expel it?"

I told them also how I had felt that morning; how empty and dead a life of labor seemed to me which was not allied to the service of the Supreme, which did not admit of space for the holy and the beautiful.

An elderly gentleman who sat near me, with a very good and honest countenance, but who had a horrible trick of incessant spitting, was the person who, in particular, replied to my objections. But his reply and that of the others merely served to strengthen my impression of

the cloudy state in which the intellect here is at present. I therefore remained silent after I had given my opinion. But I and many others hoped that Channing would have spoken. He, however, did not, but sat listening, with his beautiful, speaking head, and his beaming glance turned toward the disputants. After that, Bergfalk and I began to talk with each other in Swedish, in order that they might hear that extraordinary foreign tongue. We placed ourselves opposite each other in the midst of the company, and conversed in Swedish for the edification of our very attentive audience.

I was again requested to play for the young people. The following day at noon we were to leave. In the morning, about half a dozen beautiful young girls seized upon me, and conducted me from one house to another, and I played to all the mothers and grandmothers in the Phalanstery, and upon every piano which was to be found there, six or seven in number; and the young creatures were so charmed and so excited with the marches, and the polkas, and the songs which I played to them, that they both laughed and cried. N.B.—Music as yet in the Phalanstery is merely a babe in swaddling-clothes; they regard at present their work as their play. It is true, nevertheless, that the children there are unusually cheerful; the very little ones were, in particular, most charming. Magnificent lads were the lads of the association, and not in the least bashful before the stranger. One saw in them the dawning spirit of the co-operatist.

I became, however, horribly weary of my part as associate sister, and was glad to sit down and play for the Phalanstery, and to kiss all the young girls (and glorious, warm-hearted girls they are), and shake hands with the associate brothers and sisters, and, leaving the Phalanstery with my friends, seat myself again quietly in the steamboat on my way back to New York.

Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way

I was like the fishes in St. Anthony's sermon, not a morsel more converted than they were. Because, although I should lose all regard for myself if I did not believe that I was inwardly associated with the interests of humanity in every various sentiment of my being, in my prayers as well as in my work—did not feel myself to be a worker in the great Phalanstery of the human race—yet is my nature altogether opposed to association when brought into too near a proximity, or in outward life. And I would rather live in a cottage on the bleakest granite mountain of Sweden, alone by myself, and live on bread, and water, and potatoes (which I would boil for myself), than in a Phalanstery on the most fertile soil, in the midst of associated brethren and sisters, even if they were as agreeable as they are at this place. But that belongs to my individual character; I can not live perfectly excepting in solitude. For the greater number of people, however, even the outward life of association is the happiest and the best. Association, in that form which it assumes, for example, in this Phalanstery, is evidently doing a justice to many individuals which would never be done to them in the great social system as it is usually constructed. Thus, for example, there was here a man who was possessed of considerable knowledge and a cultivated mind, but, in consequence of the weakness of his eyes, was incapacitated for maintaining himself by any means which required much eyesight. This man was poor, and without near connections. In the ordinary state of society he must either have taken refuge in some asylum for indigence, where his life, physical and spiritual, would have been scantily supplied, or he must have sunk into the coarse working class, who merely labor for the life of the body. As a member of the Phalanstery, this man gave his bodily labor ten hours in the day, and on the other hand was entitled to all the nobler enjoyments of cultivated life, intercourse with superior and educated people, good meals

partaken in cheerful company, always a kind welcome and every evening, when the work of the day was over, if he were so inclined, rest and refreshment in society, in a large, light room, with agreeable women, handsome children, music, books, opportunities for conversation on the highest interests of life in connection with the interests of the association. After all, I believe that I begin to love this association while I write about it, and while I think upon the noble justice which it does to this individual, and to many others like him. Is there not something great and beautiful when a community thus receives into its bosom even the meanest human being, who will not be useless, and which allows him to become participant of its enlightened life, so long as he takes part in its life of labor? And that it is which Christian Socialism aims at. And well may it, in the consciousness thereof, courageously bear the derision and contempt which the world at large casts upon it, and with its countenance turned toward the eternal light say consolingly, as Mr. A. (the preacher and the farmer) said to me at our departure, "We know that we have not trodden any man under foot."

But my doubt as to the want of solid construction in this particular case returned nevertheless; and on the steam-boat, in quiet conversation with my friends, we examined the question still further. I repeated my objections against this building without foundation. Channing was certain about it, in the belief that the more profound laws of reason and of life necessarily become developed from human nature when it is left to test and to experimentize itself. "That which I require in the Phalanstery," said Channing, "will yet come, and come in a new way, and with deeper conviction." I believe, as Channing does, that it must come, because human nature possesses these seeds of eternal ideas within its own breast, and has developed them in all ages. All historical religions and modes of philosophy, religious associations, and so on, bear witness to this

truth. But I continue to demand from the Socialists, why not take up that work which is already begun and continue it? Why not accept the consciousness which the human race universally possesses of itself, its life, and its aims? Why attempt to undertake a work which has already been given up? That is to waste time and strength which might be turned to better account. But perhaps there may be something new here which I have not clearly seen—the principle of a new beginning. It is evident to me, however, in the mean time, that neither do the others see it very clearly. They go *en tâtonnement*; but they are perhaps guided by an instinct which is clairvoyant.

I shall return to this institution and to these subjects. This Phalanstery is for the present the only one on this plan existing in the United States. Many others have been founded, but all have failed and gone to pieces from the difficulty of winning the interest of the members and their steadfast co-operation for the principle of the institution and for the common weal. The enthusiasts have done the work, the sluggish-spirited have lived upon them; the former have done every thing, the latter nothing. Fourier's theory about the attraction of labor has been effectually refuted by many sluggish natures. The advocates of the theory maintain, indeed, that it has never yet been fully proved, because mankind has not been educated to consider labor attractive. But we shall see.

At home at Rose Cottage, in the quiet, affectionate family circle there, how pleasant was rest after the Phalanstery expedition! There, also, my most beautiful hours are passed in the society of the husband and wife, in conversation with them, and in reading together the poets of America. Here, also, is Lowell a favorite, and it is a pleasure to hear Rebecca read him and other poets, because she reads remarkably well. Marcus leaves the house generally immediately after breakfast, but during that meal he often finds time to read us something import-

ant either in the newspaper or from books for the most part having reference to social questions and improvement. He is now busied with a scheme for the erection of baths and wash-houses on a large scale, for the benefit of the poor of New York, and with collecting subscriptions for that purpose.

I must now tell you something about W. H. Channing, because he is one of the most intimate friends of the family, and is connected with them and with the spiritual life of the country in a remarkable manner. He was some years ago the minister of a Unitarian congregation in Cincinnati, but the room, that is to say, Unitarianism, became too small for him; he could not breathe freely forth heart and soul in it, and "he therefore resigned an office which he could no longer hold with an easy conscience," although his congregation, which was very much attached to him, did all they could to induce him to remain, and although he knew not how henceforth he was to maintain himself, his wife, and his two children. But he thought like the old patriarch, strong in faith, when he obeyed the summons of the Supreme, "the Lord indeed regards sacrifice!" And the Lord did so. Some of his friends took the subject under consideration, and wrote a letter to Channing, the contents of which were, "Come to us; become our friend and spiritual shepherd; but in perfect freedom; follow your own inspiration: preach, talk to us how and when it appears best to you. We undertake to provide for your pecuniary wants. Live free from anxiety, and happy how and where you will; teach us how we should live and work; our homes and our hearts are open to you."

Channing's answer to this letter proved the nobility and the earnestness of his heart. He came. And since that time he has lived conformably with the invitation which enabled him to visit prisons, to become one in religious and social festivals and societies, or to lecture on social

questions in New York, Boston, and other towns; following the dictates of his inspiration, and by his genial and beautifully-gifted character awakening the soul and warming the heart; producing "revivals" of a higher life, scattering the seed of eternal life, and fanning up the feeble flames of the true life wherever he came.

He visits his friends whenever he likes, often unexpectedly, but he is always wished for and warmly welcomed; always finds in every house a room prepared for W. H. Channing. The good Marcus has such respect for intellectual and spiritual gifts, and in particular such devotion to Channing, that he has a peculiar pleasure in serving him. He and Rebecca, and some other friends, entertain the thought of building him a house near the Phalanstery. The thought of this and of Channing's satisfaction, made Rebecca quite happy. Ah, Agatha! to live among such people! It is worth the fatigue of crossing the world's sea merely to become acquainted with them.

Next Sunday Channing will deliver a lecture in New York, and I, as well as my friends, shall go to hear him. I am well off here in Brooklyn, in this home, with this married pair and their beautiful children. Here, too, it is quiet and beautiful. I can wander about alone and in silence, take long walks by myself in the neighborhood. I observe among the trees here splendid weeping-willows, actually colossal trees. They are still quite green. The grapes ripen in the open air. Marcus has only to put his hand outside the garden porch, around which the vine-branches form a leafy bower, to gather whole handfuls of beautiful bunches, with which he comes in and regales us. And I often walk in a long, pleached alley covered with vines, where I gather and eat. The grapes are of a pale lilac color, small, very sweet and agreeable, but have always a little lump inside which is rather sour and unripe. This may be peculiar to grapes in this country. The veranda which ornaments the front of the house is

now splendid with the most beautiful chrysanthemum. In summer, they tell me, numbers of humming-birds hover around the roses.

New York, Ninth Street.

Thursday, November 15th. Again an interruption of several days. My dear child! life is to me like a rushing river, and I must be borne on with it, taking only care that I don't lose life. The more detailed account of the career and its adventures I must leave till we meet.

Last Sunday morning I went to church with my friends—to a beautiful church with painted windows, which give a somewhat gloomy appearance to the church; people here are so afraid of sunshine. The building was fine, but the sermon, by a Unitarian preacher, was of the most meagre description. In the afternoon we drove to New York to hear Channing. There is always such a crowd and such a bustle on the New York side of the East River, that I always feel as if one must there fight for life and limb. Yet it is very seldom that any accident occurs. I was glad to be able to hear Channing, of whose extraordinary ability as an extempore speaker I had heard so much. The room in which the lecture was to be delivered, and which might hold about five hundred persons, was quite full. It was built as an amphitheatre, in an oval half circle. Channing entered, and commenced by prayer, standing the while with his face turned to the assembly. After this he addressed them, but with downcast eyes, and in a careless and almost indifferent manner. The subject which he besought the audience, as well as himself, to consider, was “the assembly of the saints.” Some beautiful observations there were, but the whole was so devoid of any deep coherence, so undeveloped and without application, so wanting in life and warmth, that I was amazed in the highest degree. “Is this,” thought I, “American eloquence? Is this the richly-gifted orator of

whom I have heard so much praise? And those downcast looks, that immovability—how can it be?" But now I heard Rebecca whisper to her husband, "What is amiss with Channing? He must be ill! He is not like himself!"

This consoled me, because I now perceived that this was an unusual state with Channing. He was actually not like himself. That inspired expression of countenance which I had so often seen in him had vanished. Several times he stopped and seemed endeavoring to collect himself. But the discourse could not proceed. It was painful to see that it could not, and at length Channing brought it to a sudden close. And then, with a fine, almost hectic flush mantling his cheek, he advanced a step or two, and said,

"I feel it to be necessary to offer an excuse to the assembly for the unsatisfactory manner in which I have treated my subject, and which has arisen from a total want of spiritual life in myself this evening, and of which I was unconscious when I entered the hall."

The undisguised and noble candor with which this explanation was given refreshed my spirit, as did also the manner in which his friends bore the disappointment of the evening. One could see that they thought, "it is of no importance, for Channing will make it up to us another time. No matter."

A little circle of his friends surrounded him, while the rest of the numerous assembly quietly left the hall. Afterward he told Marcus and Rebecca that he could not explain the weight which seemed, like a bewitchment, to have enchained his powers of mind that evening. He had come to New York from his house on the Hudson full of life, excited by the beautiful, star-bright evening, and full of a desire to speak. But when he entered the hall, he had become like a person deprived of the use of his limbs, and he could not shake off the heavy, cramping fetters,

which he was disposed to ascribe to the magic influence of some opposing evil spirit.

When, however, I see at times the glance of Channing's eye, the fine, clear crimson of his cheek, I can not help asking myself whether these times of exaltation are not the contents of a dangerous chalice which, while they enhance life, bring death all the nearer: the Prometheus spirit which steals the fire of heaven is compelled to pay for it with days of imprisonment and sorrow. But who could or who would prevent the bird from seeking the mountain even though he become the prey of the fowler, or the silk-worm from spinning, although she spins her own tomb? From the very threads that she spins, the human race, after all, make their holiday attire.

On Monday my good hosts took me to Miss Lynch, who lives in one of the quiet and fashionable quarters of New York. And for a little time I took leave of this couple, so pure-hearted, so happy in each other, so infinitely kind to me. But I shall return to them; with them I shall have my headquarters, and my home whenever I return into this neighborhood; such was the agreement between us before we parted.

On Tuesday I dined with Mrs. Kirkland, the author of that excellent and amusing book, "A New Home in the West," and saw in the evening from sixty to seventy of her friends. Among these was a remarkably agreeable gentleman from Illinois, who invited me to his house there, and who promised to be my cicerone in that part of the Great West. Mrs. Kirkland is one of the strong women of the country, with much *à plomb*, but with also much womanliness both of heart and soul, kind as a mother, a friend, and fellow-citizen; one whom I like, and of a character to which I feel myself attracted; her beautiful smile, and the flash of her brown eye when she becomes animated, betray the spirit which lives in her book of the "New Home," but over which the misfortunes and burden of life seem afterward to have cast a veil.

On Wednesday I was taken to a lady's academy, called "Rutger's Institute," from the name of the founder, and here I saw four hundred and sixty young girls, and some excellent arrangements for their instruction and cultivation. I also heard and read several compositions by the young girls, both in prose and verse; and I could not but admire the perspicuity of thought, the perfection of the language, and, above all, the living and beautiful feeling for life which these productions displayed. Genius, properly so called, I did not find in them; and I question the wisdom of that publicity which is given to such youthful efforts. I fear that it may awaken ambition and an inclination to give importance to literary activity, which befools many young minds, while so few are possessed of the divine gift of genius which alone makes literature, as well as authors, good for any thing. I fear that it causes them to forget, for a mere show of life, the beauty of that life of which Byron speaks in these glorious lines:

Many are poets, but without the name;
 Many are poets who have never penned
 Their inspirations, and perchance the best;
 They felt, and loved, and died. * * *

They compressed
 The god within them, and regained the stars,
 Unlaurelled upon earth, but far more blessed
 Than those who are degraded by the jars
 Of passion and their frailties linked to fame,
 Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.

I have also taken the liberty of expressing this in a little preface which I have been asked to write for these productions, which are about being published. And in any case, these words of Goethe, in "Faust," apply to all writers:

First we should live; we afterward may write.

These young girls may be said as yet scarcely to have lived, known, thought enough to write of their own experience, their own faith and conviction. They write, as

people sing, by the ear. It is good, it is excellent that every one should early learn to disentangle their thoughts, to express themselves well and clearly, and for this purpose are these trials of authorship commendable. But the publicity, the having them printed, the trumpeting them abroad, the rewarding them, and so on, can that also be good for the young, for any one, or for any thing?

True genius will, in its own way and its own time, make for itself a path to praise and renown,

For it is a god ;
Its own course it knoweth,
And the paths through the clouds.

After having gone through the Institute, and taken breakfast with the family whose name it bears, and which seems to belong to the wealthy and fashionable class of the city, I dined with the N.'s, whom you may remember were with us at Aersta, and who had now kindly invited me to their house. They wished, also, to take me to the opera this evening, but Miss Lyneh was going to have a large party, where I was to be introduced to people, and people were to be introduced to me, and I drove, therefore, to the house to act the parrot in a great crowd of people till toward midnight. These introductions are very wearisome ; because I must for a hundred times reply to the same questions, and these for the most part of an unmeaning and trivial character, just as people would put to a parrot, whose answers are known beforehand ; for example : Had you a good passage from England ? How do you like New York ? How do you like America ? How long have you been here ? How long do you think of remaining ? Where are you going to from here ? and such like.

It is true that numbers of really kind and good-hearted people come to see me, and I am not mistaken in the feeling which brings many others ; but there are too many. It is an actual whirl of presentations and scraps of con-

versation, which serves no other purpose than to make the soul empty and the body weary. A good earnest conversation with an earnest person would be a refreshment. But scarcely could I have begun such an one before I must turn round my head again to reply to the question, Had you a good passage? or What do you think of New York? or How do you like America?

Such fêtes as these are one's ruin! And, in the mean time, I am taken up with visits, letters, and notes, invitations, autographs, so that I have no time for myself. I had this morning a charming visit from a little lady doctor, that is to say, a lady who practices the healing art, a Miss H. H., "female physician," as she calls herself, from Boston, who invited me to her house there, insisted upon it that I *must* come, would not let me escape till I had promised, and was all the time so full of animation, and so irresistibly merry, that we, she, and I, and the whole company, burst into one peal of laughter after another. There was besides so much that was excellent and really sensible in what she said, and I felt that there was so much heart in the zealous little creature, that I could not help liking her, and made her the promise as she wished. With her was another lady, as quiet as she was active, a female professor of phrenology, who wished to get hold of my head. But my poor head has now enough to do to hold itself up in the whirl of company life.

I have passed the forenoon in making visits with Mrs. Kirkland, and at six o'clock I went to dine with Consul Habicht, our Swedish consul in New York, who is very agreeable and polite, but who dines so horribly late. In the morning I shall be taken by a lively lady, Mrs. L., to her country seat on the Hudson, and on Saturday I return to see a great number of people at Miss Lynch's. And thus is every day occupied for the whole time.

Sunday the 18th. And now, for a short time before going to church, let me converse a little with my Agatha.

Do you know that it is really remarkable what I have gone through, both as regards people and things. I am beginning to have an esteem for myself. But it is really necessary to be strong as a stranger and a guest in this country.

The day before yesterday, Mrs. L. (an excellent type of the exuberantly youthful life of the people of the New World) fetched me and Miss Lynch to her villa on the Hudson. But firstly, we had to pay a morning visit to a rich lady, who had a morning reception, then to a little Quaker lady eighty-four years old, the handsomest little old woman I ever saw, and who, in her delicate, white Quaker garments and muslin, seemed to me like a living holiday. I made a sketch of her head in my album, to Mrs. L.'s great delight, who desired people to come and look at the old lady, and at me as I sketched her.

After this we drove to a great lunatic asylum, Bloomingdale, as it is called. And here I was delighted—delighted by the affectionate consideration for the patient which is shown in every thing, and which treats these, the earth's most unfortunate beings, as the children of the family. Music is heard in many of the rooms, for there are a considerable number of pianos in the establishment; and the feeble mind seemed especially to enjoy the relaxation it thus obtained. Without, flowers were cultivated and planted in garden beds (within, the ladies also made flowers.) There was also a museum of minerals, shells, stuffed birds, and other animals, besides a library and other things: all calculated to awaken an interest in the diseased mind, and to turn it from its morbid self-observation to the observation of other objects, and to occupy it therewith. The park which surrounds the house is large and beautiful; and the patients may wander undisturbed in its many alleys, enjoy the beauty of the country, and rest on the benches under the trees. The flowers were a real luxury here, and on all hands one met with agreeable

objects, with the exception, of course, of the poor lunatics themselves. Nay, even in them also, for in them one sees objects of much merey—merey which produces the most beautiful results, because the method which is universally adopted in the United States for the treatment of the insane operates so beneficially that their recovery belongs to the rule, incurable insanity forming the exception; that is to say, if on the commencement of the disease the patient has been immediately placed in one of these excellent asylums.

From this asylum we continued our way into the country; our hostess continually, as we drove along, springing out of the carriage, now to fetch a basket with cakes and other things for her housekeeping, now for bouquets for Miss Lynch and myself. At length we came to the beautiful villa on the Hudson, where we found a large family party assembled, and where Mr. L., a kind old gentleman and a Quaker, just as quiet in body and mind as his wife was restless, was waiting dinner for us—a substantial and delicious dinner, as were all the dinners I saw in this country. In the evening we had a party of about sixty persons. It was more agreeable than I expected, and fatigued me less. But ah! how these Americans, and in particular these lady Americans, do ask question upon question! My gay hostess—a sort of Amelia A., but with yet higher “spirits”—refreshed and amused me. She was so full of unaffectedly fresh life. Thus, for example, she sung, and very well too; but there was a part of the song which was evidently too high for her voice, and when she came to this a second time, she stopped short, just as if the notes had stuck fast in her throat, rose up and left the piano, as much untroubled as if she had been singing alone to herself, and went and chatted and laughed with various people in the company. This was all very sweet and fresh. Mr. L. is a handsome, fatherly old gentleman, whom I like much. He is his wife’s second husband;

and beneath this family life there is a romantic love-story, more beautiful and noble than one generally finds in written romances.

I slept well, and awoke by seeing a strong red light shining through the Venetian shutters of my window. I thought of fire, and sprang up. But it was the crimson light of sunrise which glowed with pale red flames in the eastern heavens, above the green heights, above the calm mirror-like river, and the white sails quietly sleeping, and which now, as it were, shook off sleep, awoke by its splendor. It was enchantingly beautiful. I, too, shook off sleep, both of body and mind, at this glorious spectacle; this Aurora which kissed and transfigured every thing, living or dead! For such sights and such scenes is King David's song of praise alone available. "Sing to the Lord a new song! Sing to the Lord all the earth!"

That beautiful morning hour passed by, and I went down to breakfast. Then began the torment of the day, with company both in doors and out, and the eternal questions, which did not leave me a moment's peace, and which interrupted every dawning sentiment of delight in the lovely landscape. Some handsome young girls, in particular, drove me almost to desperation by their "Miss Bremer, have you seen the telegraph there, on the other side of the river?" "Miss Bremer, do you see the railway down there?" "Miss Bremer, do you see the splendid foliage on the river banks?" And "Miss Bremer, have you such in Sweden?"

To hear and to have to answer such questions as these two or three times, is quite too much; but if they are repeated six or seven times, and one does not see any end to it! At length, quite worn out by it, I told Mrs. L. that I could not bear company in the morning, but that during this time I must be a little alone; she took it well and kindly—mentioned it to the young girls, who also were very amiable about it, and left me in peace. But

I fear that the young have lived with Nature as if they heard her not, and forgot her for rail-roads and outward, glittering things, and see not in her an instructress and a friend. If it were not so, they would talk less and listen more, or have a little more reflection. But it is not their fault.

In the forenoon I drove round in the carriage with my hostess, Bancroft the historian, and Anne Lynch, to call on several of the neighbors. I saw in their beautiful villas a vast amount of comfort, and even the exquisite luxury of pictures and statues; met in one place with a horrible lion-hunter, who tormented us with talk, albums, the desire for autographs and subscriptions, and so on, and persecuted us even to our carriage, whither we had betaken ourselves, calling after Mr. Bancroft to know where he lived. "Drive, drive!" cried we, laughing, and so drove as fast as we could to the so-called "High Bridge," where a glorious natural scene met our eyes. Yes, the scenery of this New World seems to me rich and beautiful, if one could only see it in peace, and with time for reflection! But here, in the neighborhood of New York, people seem obliged every moment to turn their heads or their attention to the Croton Aqueduct, which conveys water from Croton to New York, a magnificent and excellent work, invaluable to the great city, but which gave me a deal of trouble! But now to proceed on our drive. Our hostess talked, and laughed, and joked the whole time, in her overflowing animation and merriment. The carriage jumped over stock and stone along the bad road, like a leaping calf. I sat silent and patient, out of sheer fatigue. Thus drove we round the country and shore, and at length back to dinner, to see company, write autographs, and so on; then drove at full gallop to New York, where the Downings were to meet me and a great party at Miss Lynch's. To this house on the Hudson, also, and to this lady, did I promise to return next summer, to go with her to her fa-

ther's large farm, where she was brought up, and where her father and sisters still lived. Yes, we were to do a deal together. But ah! the exuberantly ardent lady, who I think might prevent the Hudson from freezing, I feel myself like a feeble fly beside her, and can not but remember the story of "*Le pot de fer et le pot de terre.*"

The Downings were already in Miss Lynch's parlor when I arrived. I was so glad to see them, and to be able to pour out my heart to them in full freedom, that all at once I felt myself rested. And if you had seen me a few hours later in a company of about a hundred people, you would not have imagined that a few hours before I had been weary and completely knocked up. Only to see the Downings revived me, to say nothing of various beautiful acts of kindness on their part. Mr. Downing looked so well this evening, that he attracted the attention of many people by his remarkable and distinguished appearance, as he wandered among the crowd with his reserved demeanor, his deep and speaking eye, his half shy, half proud expression. The company at Miss Lynch's this evening was remarkably handsome: I saw some splendid toilets and some splendid figures among the ladies. The men, in a general way, are not handsome; but they have a manly appearance—have good foreheads, bright eyes, a cheerful and determined manner. The hostess herself, in an elegant white dress, exactly suited to her slender and well-made figure, and with a white flower in her hair, ornamenting that simply beautiful and graceful head, was one of the most agreeable forms in the company, moving about lightly and freely as a bird, introducing people to one another, mingling them in conversation in such a manner as always gave pleasure, with those happy words and expressions which some people can never hit upon, let them seek ever so much, but which others can hit upon without seeking for; and Anne Lynch is one of these.

I distinguished myself peculiarly as a flower-distribu-

ter. I had received a great number of flowers to-day, and I was thus enabled to give a little bouquet of flowers to one and another lady in company. This flower-distribution pleased me greatly, because it furnished me with an opportunity of saying, or, at all events, of looking a little kindness to many a one. And this is nearly the only thing I can return for all the kindness which I receive here.

Among the guests of the evening I remember, in particular, an agreeable Mrs. Osgood, one of the best poetesses of the United States, not only for her beautiful, speaking eyes, her manner and style of expression, both so full of soul, but also because she placed in my hands her fan, saying that it must remind me of "Fanny." All the ladies in this country use fans, and flutter and maneuver a great deal with them; but I as yet had not furnished myself with one. I remember also, in particular, a gentleman with splendid eyes, and frank, cordial manner, whom I wished I could have had more conversation with, for there was evidently both genius and heart in him. He is one of the most celebrated preachers of the Episcopal Church of New York, and is named Hawks. This was as yet the most entertaining evening party I had been to in this country.

Later. I have now been to church with Mrs. Kirkland, and have heard one of the best sermons I ever heard: no narrow-minded sectarian view of religion and life, but one in which the church—a regular cathedral church—arched itself over life, as the dome of heaven arches itself over earth and all its creatures; a large-minded sermon, such as properly befits the New World, that great new home for all the people, and all the races of the world. Bergfalk was also among the audience, and was as much struck as I was with the sermon and the preacher, Mr. Bellows.

I am now going to dine with my friends, the Downings, at the Astor House; and the evening I spend with a family of the name of S. To-morrow I go to a grand dinner, and in the evening to the opera.

Thursday. Is there in this world any thing more wearisome, more dismal, more intolerable, more indigestible, more stupefying, more unbearable, any thing more calculated to kill both soul and body, than a great dinner at New York? For my part, I do not believe there is. People sit down to table at half-past five or six o'clock; they are sitting at table at nine o'clock, sitting and being served with the one course after another, with the one indigestible dish after another, eating and being silent. I have never heard such a silence as at these great dinners. In order not to go to sleep, I am obliged to eat, to eat without being hungry, and dishes, too, which do not agree with me. And all the while I feel such an emotion of impatience and wrath at this mode of wasting time and God's good gifts, and that in so stupidly wearisome a manner, that I am just ready to fling dish and plate on the floor, and repay hospitality by a sermon of rebuke, if I only had courage enough. But I am silent, and suffer, and grumble, and scold in silence. Not quite beautiful this; but I can not help it! I was yesterday at one of these great dinners—a horrible feast! Two elderly gentlemen, lawyers, sat opposite me, sat and dozed while they opened their mouths to put in the delicacies which were offered to them. At our peasant-weddings, where people also sit three hours at table, there are, nevertheless, talk and toasts, and gifts for the bride and bridegroom, and fiddlers to play in every dish; but here one has nothing but the meat. And the dinners in Denmark! I can not but think of them, with their few but excellent dishes, and animated, cheerful guests, who merely were sometimes too loud in their zeal for talking, and making themselves heard; the wit, the joke, the stories, the toasts, the conversations, that merry, free, lively *laisser aller*, which distinguishes Danish social life; in truth, it was Champagne—Champagne for soul and body at the entertainments there!—the last at which I was present in Eu-

rope before I came hither. But these entertainments here! they are destined to hell, as Heiberg says, in "A Soul after Death," and they are called "*the tiresome.*" And they ought to be introduced into the Litany. On this occasion, however, Fortune was kind to me, and placed by my side the interesting clergyman, Dr. Hawks, who during dinner explained to me, with his beautiful voice, and in his lucid and excellent manner, his ideas regarding the remains in Central America, and his hypothesis of the union of the two continents of America and Asia in a very remote age. It was interesting to hear him, and interesting would it be to me to see and hear more of this man, whose character and manner attract me. He also is among those who have invited me to his house and home, but whose invitation I am obliged to decline, and in this ease I feel that it is a renunciation and loss.

As he led me from the dinner-table, I proposed to him to preach against such dinners. But he shook his head, and said, with a smile, "Not against dinners, Miss Bremer!"

Gentlemen, even the best of them, are decidedly too fond of eating.

When at night I went home with Anne Lynch, the air was delicious, and the walk through this night air and in the quiet streets—the causeways here are broad, and as smooth as a house floor—very agreeable. The starry heavens—God's town—stood with streets and groups of glittering dwellings in quiet grandeur and silence above us. And here, in that quiet, starlight night, Anne Lynch unfolded all her soul to me, and I saw an earnest and profound depth, bright with stars, such as I scarcely expected in this gay being, who, butterfly-like, flutters through the life of society as in its proper element. I had always thought her uncommonly agreeable, had admired the ability with which she, without affluence, and who, alone by her talents and personal endowments, had made for herself and

for her estimable mother, an independence, and by which she had become the gathering point for the literary and the most cultivated society of New York, who assembled once a week in her drawing-room. I had admired also her inoffensive wit, her child-like gayety and good humor, and especially liked a certain expression in her eye, as if it were seeking for something, "something a long, long way off," even in her apparently dissipated, worldly life; in a word, I had liked her, had a deep interest in her—now I loved her. She is one of the birds of Paradise which skims over the world without soiling its wings with its dust. Anne Lynch, with her individuality, and her position in society, is one of the peculiar figures of the New World.

The evening and night parties which I see here, are, for the rest, not to compare with the most beautiful of the kind which I have seen in Sweden and Denmark. Here there is not space, nor yet flowers enough, nor air enough. Above every thing, I lack costume, character in dress. The ladies are handsome, are well and tastefully dressed, but they are too much like one another. The gentlemen are all dressed alike. This can not here be otherwise, and it is good and right at the bottom. But it is not good for picturesque effect. Nor does it seem to me that the mental individuality is sufficiently marked to produce an outward impression. But to this subject I must return.

At the opera this evening, I saw a large and handsome building; splendid toilets in the boxes, and on the stage a prima donna, as Desdemona, against whom I have nothing to object, excepting that she could love such a disagreeable Othello. The music, the singing, and the scenery all tolerably good (with the exception of Othello), but nothing very good. One might say, *Ce n'est pas ça!* but there was nothing which would make one think *C'est ça!* like a tone, a glance, a gesture of Jenny Lind.

A lecture was delivered last Sunday evening, in the same hall where I had heard Channing, on Christian So-

cialism, by Mr. Henry James, a wealthy, and, as it is said, a good man. His doctrine was that which recognizes no right but that of involuntary attraction, no law of duty but that of the artist's worship of beauty, no God but that of the pantheist, every where and yet nowhere—a doctrine of which there is no lack of preachers either in Sweden. After the conclusion of the discourse, which was given extempore, with accordant life and flashing vivacity, Channing arose and said, that “if the doctrine which we had just heard enunciated were Christian Socialism, then he did not agree with it; that the subject ought to be searched to the bottom; that he considered the views of the speaker to be erroneous, and that on the following Sunday he would take up the question in that place, and show them in what the errors of these views consisted.”

The thing has excited attention, because both speakers are fellow-laborers in a newspaper called “The Spirit of the Age,” and both are men of distinguished talent. I am glad, as I shall thus have an opportunity of hearing Channing before I leave New York, and that on one of the most interesting subjects of the day and period.

The next letter which you will receive from me will be from the homes of New England. Next Monday I set off with the S.'s. One of the first homes in which I shall rest after the festival of Thanksgiving-day, will be that of the excellent and noble poet Lowell. The invitation came to me from himself and his wife, while I was with the Downings. As yet I have scarcely done any thing but go from one house to another, interesting, but troublesome, for one must always be charged, if not exactly with genius, at least with good-humor and strength to see company, and to be agreeable, when one often feels one's self so weary as not to be good for any thing else than to sit in a corner and be silent—or spin. But, thank God for all that is good and joy-giving! And how much more joyfully should I spin this life of festivals and living impressions

if I did but know that you, my little Agatha, were joyful and a little better. We can not, however, expect very much at this time of the year. I kiss mamma's hand, and thank her for that dear letter, and embrace you across the great waters.

LETTER VI.

Westborough, December 2d, 1849.

MY DEAR LITTLE AGATHA,—I now write to you from a little town near Boston, while waiting for the rail-way train, which at five o'clock will take us, that is to say, myself, Mr. and Mrs. S., their little son Eddy, and Professor Bergfalk, whom I induced to come with us. He must not begin here to bury himself among books as he did in Sweden: he must go abroad, and see a little of life and mankind here to begin with, and celebrate the festival of Thanksgiving—one of the really national festivals of the Americans—in the heart of the state where it arose, and where it still is cordially maintained. When winter comes, he may read to his heart's content in his beloved books. The truth is, Bergfalk was not hard to persuade, but came willingly and with pleasure.

I wrote to you last in New York during my warfare there. It was very troublesome to me, and did not mend at Brooklyn. Strangers came from morning to evening, and, though many amiable people were among them, I longed many a time merely to lie down and sleep. I must, however, tell you of the occasions when the interest of the moment chased away all drowsiness and fatigue, and made me more awake than ever. Among these stands foremost the evening of Channing's improvised lecture. Last Sunday evening Channing was fully himself, and his discourse poured forth like a clear, rushing river, logical, perspicuous, glorious in subject and in elaboration.

It was to me a spiritual feast. He started with the idea of a personal God in opposition to that of the pantheist, every where and nowhere; developing from that divine personality the thence derived doctrine of duty, of social law, of beauty, of immortality as applicable to every man, to every human society, and proved how merely upon this ground Christian Socialism, or Christian community, could become stable, could advance humanity to its highest purpose. Channing did not this time interrupt himself once; he did not replace a single word, carried along by a continued inspiration, sustained by an enthusiasm without extravagance, without passion, never violating the law of beauty, and with a polemical creed which never wounded the divine law. He merely once said, in a somewhat sharper tone, that the "person who did not in his own breast become conscious of the duality of human nature, who did not combat with a lower self, is either without humanity, or is deeply to be pitied."

The hall was quite full of people, and the profoundest attention prevailed. At the close of the oration a circle of congratulating friends gathered around Channing. I saw even the speaker of the former evening, Mr. H. James, go forward to Channing, lay his hand upon his shoulder, as if caressingly, as he said "You have done me an injustice; you have misunderstood me!" He seemed pale and agitated, but perfectly kind.

I went in a little carriage alone with Channing from Brooklyn to New York this evening, and remarked how desirous he seemed of dissipating his thoughts and occupying them with subjects foreign to that of the lecture. Now, as he took me back to the carriage, and we were about to separate (he was to remain in New York, and I was returning to Brooklyn), I could not avoid saying to him, "How happy you must have felt this evening!"

"Yes, oh yes!" he replied, with a half sigh; "but then I have wounded Mr. James!"

Afterward he extended to me his hand, with his beaming smile, and said,

“ We shall meet in the morning !”

But when comes that morning ? We have now parted for a long time. But it is true, that if one ever meets a spirit like that of Channing, it must be felt like a meeting in the morning.

I recollect one evening party at the S.'s with especial pleasure. There were a sufficiency of space, air, flowers, and some remarkably agreeable people. A noble, handsome Miss S. recited a poem with much pathos of voice, but otherwise altogether quietly. She and her handsome sister wore real chrysanthemums in their hair. One most charming young girl played on the piano one of her own compositions, full of sweet feeling. Young C. sang. They danced also. It was a gay, agreeable party, where each performed some social duty, and where all seemed to enjoy life, and each other's society.

On Monday morning we set off, taking our way through Connecticut. I left New York and Brooklyn with many an unanswered letter of invitation, many unvisited schools and institutions coming speeding after me, as if to lay hold upon me ! I had a bad conscience. I actually ran away from the battle of people. I could not do otherwise. If I had been two people, I could not have answered all the invitations, calls, etc., and I am only one ! But I shall return to New York. I must yet see something more of its best and of its worst ; among the latter, that portion of the city which is called “ Five Points,” from five streets coming together at one place, and where the lowest and the most dangerous population of the city has its abode. I asked Mr. D., in joke, whether he would go through the “ Five Points” with me. He answered decidedly, “ No.” Ah ! *Il bello è il buono* is not there to be met with. But beyond the beautiful and the good seek I for truth and for reality in every thing and every where. I must

also make myself somewhat better acquainted with the five points in the refined life of New York; for I know that there, as in all great cities, is also to be found in the life of the higher class the five ugly and dangerous points. As the first point, I reckon the long and tiresome dinners.

New York appears to me outwardly a plodding and busy city, without beauty and interest. There are beautiful and quiet parts, with beautiful streets and dwellings; but there the life in the streets is dead. On Broadway, again, there is an endless tumult and stir, crowd and bustle, and in the city proper people crowd as if for dear life, and the most detestable fumes poison the air. New York is the last city in the world in which I would live. But it is also to be regarded merely as a vast hotel, a caravan-serai both for America and Europe. Besides, it is true that I always felt myself there in such a state of combat and so fatigued, that I had not time to look around for any thing beautiful. But, thank Heaven! I know Brooklyn, and there I could both live and sleep.

And now let us proceed on our way through the valleys of Connecticut to the small homes of New England, the home-land of the earliest pilgrims.

In the afternoon we reached Hartford. We were invited for the evening to Mrs. Sigourney's, the author of "Pleasant Memories from Pleasant Lands;" and here I shook hands with the whole town, I believe—from the bishop, a handsome old prelate, to the school-girl, and played my usual part in society. Mrs. Sigourney, a very kind little sentimentalist, but a very agreeable lady, dressed in green, about fifty years old, with a good motherly demeanor, would perforce keep me with her all night, and I could not go back to my excellent chamber at the hotel, which I would so gladly have done, where I might rest and have been silent. In the morning, however, I forgot the little annoyance in breakfast and conversation with my kind hostess and her agreeable, only daughter

The sun shone into the room, and the whole had the character of a good home made warm by love. In such homes I always do well, and I should have liked to have stayed longer with Mrs. Sigourney had it been possible. At parting, she presented me with a handsome volume of her collected poetical works, and therein I read a poem called "Our Country," for which I could have kissed her hand, so beautiful was it, and so noble and so truly feminine is the spirit it breathes. As coming from a woman and a mother, there is great beauty in the following address to her native land :

Ah, beautiful and glorious! thou dost wrap
 The robes of Liberty around thy breast,
 And as a matron watch thy little ones
 Who from their cradle seek the village school,
 Bearing the baptism on their infant brow
 Of Christian faith and knowledge; like the bud
 That, at the bursting of its sheath, doth feel
 Pure dews, and heavenward turn.

There is thy strength,
 In thy young children, and in those who lead
 Their souls to righteousness. The mother's prayer
 With her sweet lisper ere it sinks to rest—
 The faithful teacher 'mid a plastic group—
 The classic halls, the hamlet's slender spire,
 From whence, as from the solemn gothic pile
 That crowns the city's pomp, ascendeth sweet
 Jehovah's praise; these are thy strength, my land!
 These are thy hope.

Oh, lonely ark, that rid'st
 A tossing deluge, dark with history's wrecks,
 And paved with dead that made not heaven their help,
 God keep thee perfect in thy many parts,
 Bound in one living whole.

After those pleasant morning hours I was obliged again to see people, and was therefore taken out by my hostess in a carriage to see the town, which appears to me to be well built and well situated. The public buildings are the largest and the most ornamented of any in the town. But every thing, both within and without, testifies of

affluence and prosperity. About noon I took leave of my friends at Hartford, and promised to come back.

It was rather late when we reached Worcester, where we had an invitation from the mayor, and who this evening kept open house in our honor. As soon, therefore, as we had arrived, we were obliged to dress ourselves and go to a grand party. As there was a great gathering in the town of the schools and the teachers of the district, the house was so crowded that we could scarcely move in the rooms, and my host himself did not know the names of many persons whom he presented to me. But it was all the same to me, because it is very seldom that those foreign names fix themselves in my memory; and kind people are all alike welcome to a friendly hand-shaking with me. We were received, also, with beautiful and cordial songs of welcome, and with gifts of flowers from handsome girls and young men. I played the Neck's polka to them, and Rebecca S. related to them, in my stead, the legend of the Neck and the Priest, the profound sentiment of which never fails to impress the mind of the hearer, and which is an excellent specimen of the popular poetry of Scandinavia.

Among the guests in company was the celebrated blacksmith and linguist, Elihu Burrit, a very tall and strong-limbed man, with an unusually lofty forehead, large, beautiful eyes, and, above all, handsome and strong features—a man who would excite attention in any company whatever, as well for his appearance as for the expression of singular mildness and human love which marks his countenance. He had lately arrived here from the Peace Congress, I believe in Paris, and talked about peace principles, of which much is said and taught in these the oldest lands of the Pilgrim Fathers. I declared myself to be a friend of war, of a good, righteous war, when, at least, peace can not have a great and prolonged life on earth. But what is now the state of the world during a long

peace? Do not thousands of little dwarfs stick up their heads and fight with pins or pen-points, sticking and scratching from right to left, calling up petty-mindedness, selfishness, bitterness, causing petty affronts, wretched gratification, idle tales, and endless vexation in every quarter? Is not society broken up into a thousand little quarrels and little contentions? If now a serious, honorable war occurred, like the giants who crush the dwarfs, people would then forget their petty contentions for great common interests. In these they would again become brothers; and after the giants come the gods, and with them the renovation of life.* Mankind must evidently grow in heart and in intelligence; and the community must perfect its work before they talk about universal peace. This must proceed from within.

Among the questions which were this evening put to me was this: "What do you think of so many people coming to see you?" "I wish that I were handsomer!" replied I, simply, and with truth.

Our host was a man of agreeable person, frank and kind as a true American; his wife was a graceful, agreeable woman, with the stamp of peacefulness and refinement, which I have frequently observed in the Quaker women, and which makes them particularly charming to me. She had lost an only child, and had now adopted as her own a little boy, who loved her as a mother, and who scarcely could be happy when away from her.

We spent the forenoon of the following day in visiting several small homes, many of them belonging to families of Quakers, which were all distinguished by their order and neatness; but also, at the same time, I fancied by a something of stiffness and emptiness which would be oppressive to me. After this, we continued our way to Uxbridge, where we were to keep the Thanksgiving festival.

* As translator, I beg to dissent considerably from these views of Miss Bremer.—M. H.

I saw from the rail-road the paternal home of Marcus S., that country house and home where he had been brought up with many brothers and sisters, and to which his looks were now directed with affection. The moon arose and shone upon the waters of the Blackstone River, along which the rail-road runs. Lights glimmered from the factories on the other side of the river. I saw this landscape, as in a dream, hour after hour, and rather saw than felt its beauty, because the motion and the rattle of the rail-way carriage produced a fatiguing and deafening effect.

We took up our quarters with a newly-married couple, a physician and his little wife, the eldest niece of Marcus S. They had built their house according to one of Mr. Downing's designs, and laid out their garden also after his plan; and here they lived without a servant, the wife herself performing all the in-doors work. This is very much the custom in the small homes of the New England States, partly from economic causes, and partly from the difficulty there is in getting good servants. I slept in a little chamber without a fire-place, according to the custom of the country; but the night was so very cold that I could not sleep a wink; besides which, I was visited during the long night by some not very pleasing doubts as to how, in the long run, I should be able to get on in this country, where there is so much that I am unaccustomed to. When the sun, however, rose, it shone upon a little white church, which, with its taper spire rising out of a pine wood upon a height just before my window, and the whole landscape lit up by the morning sun, presented so fresh, so Northern, so *Swedish* an aspect, that it warmed my very heart, and I saluted Thanksgiving-day with right thankful feelings. The whole scene, with its hills and its valleys now brightened by the morning sun, actually resembled the scenery around us, and I thought of the Christmas morning at our church, with its burning

candles ; the pine wood, and the lit-up cottages within it, the peasants, the sledges with their little bells, and all the cheerful life of the sacred Christmas time ! But our little red-painted cottages were changed into small white houses, which looked much more affluent.

My hands were so benumbed with cold, that I had difficulty in dressing, and was all in a shiver when I went down to breakfast in that little room, where, on the contrary, it was stiflingly hot from an iron stove. The breakfast, as is usual in the country, was abundant and excellent ; but I can not believe that these abundant, hot breakfasts are wholesome.

After breakfast we went to church, for this day is regarded as sacred throughout the country. The preacher enumerated all the causes for thankfulness which his community had had, as well publicly as privately, all the good which they had experienced since the Thanksgiving festival of the foregoing year ; and although he was evidently not of a practical mind, and the history of the year was given rather in the style of a chronicle, "on this solemn and interesting occasion," yet, from its subject and purpose, it was calculated to engage the mind. Why have not we—why have not all people such a festival in the year ? It has grown out of the necessities of the nobler popular heart ; it is the ascribing of our highest earthly blessings to their heavenly Giver. We have many publicly appointed days for prayer, but none for thanksgiving : it is not right and noble.

I have inquired from many persons here the origin of this festival in America ; but it is remarkable how little people are able to throw light upon its historical commencement. They know merely that it arose in the "earliest times of the Pilgrim Fathers in America," and that it has since established itself in the Church as the expression of the higher popular feeling. I have, nevertheless, heard it said—and it does not seem to me improb-

able—that it arose at the commencement of the colony, when, at a time of great scarcity, and in the prospect of approaching famine, five ships laden with wheat arrived from England; that, therefore, it was for a long time the custom in Massachusetts to lay, at this festival, five grains of corn upon the dinner-plate of each guest, which custom is retained to this day in certain of the parts of the state.

The weather was splendid, but cold, as after church we walked through the rural city, with its small houses and gardens, and saw the well-dressed inhabitants returning home from church. Every thing testified of order and of easy circumstances, without show and luxury. We dined in a large company, the dinner being at once abundant yet frugal, at the house of one of Marcus S.'s relations. We spent the evening with his sister and her family, who own and cultivate a large farm near Uxbridge, the mother of our doctor's little wife; and here all the relations were assembled. The mistress of the house, a quiet, agreeable, motherly woman, "lady-like" in her manners, as was her sister at the Phalanstery, and that from nobility and refinement of soul, pleased me extremely, as did all the simple, cordial people of this neighborhood; they were much more hearty, and much less given to asking questions than the people I had met with in the great city parties. We had a great supper, with the two indispensable Thanksgiving-day dishes, roast turkey and pumpkin pudding. It is asserted that the turkeys in the states of New England always look dejected as the time of Thanksgiving approaches, because then there is a great slaughter among them. The clergyman who had preached in the morning asked a blessing, which would have appeared too long had it not been for its excellence.

After supper the young people danced. I taught them the Swedish dance called "Väfa Wallmar," and played the music for them, which excited general applause. To-

ward midnight we returned to our little home, Marcus and Rebecca occupying my former cold chamber, and a bed being made up for me in the pretty parlor, where I had a bright coal fire and a letter from the Downings, which made me still warmer than the fire—it was almost too many good things! Marcus and Rebecca said that they liked a cold sleeping-room, and that they were accustomed to it; and it may be so; but yet it was very kind! In the morning my little hostess brought me a cup of coffee, which she herself had made, and waited upon me in the most sweet and kind manner. I was thankful, but rather ashamed; nor would I have permitted it had I been younger and stronger than I am.

Bergfalk had also suffered much from the cold, although lodged in excellent quarters with Marcus's sister.

Friday forenoon we drove to Hopedale Community, a little Socialist settlement a few miles from Uxbridge, where also my friends have relatives and acquaintances. The day was mild and the air soft, and the drive through the yet verdant meadows agreeable. One of Marcus's nephews drove us.

Hopedale Community is a small settlement altogether founded upon Christian principles, and with a patriarchal basis. The patriarch and head of the establishment, Adin Ballou, a handsome old gentleman, received us, surrounded by a numerous family. Each family has here its separate house and garden. The greater number of the people are handcraftsmen and agriculturists. Here, also, were we received with songs of welcome and flowers. Here, also, I remarked in the young people a singularly joyous and fresh life, and it was delightful to see the happy groups passing to and fro in the sunshine from one comfortable home to another. The church of the little community, as well as its school-house, struck me as remarkably unchurch-like. Various moral aphorisms, such as "Hope on, hope ever;" "Try again," and such like,

might be read upon the naked walls. For the rest, it was evident that the poetic element had much more vitality here than among the community of New Jersey. The moral element constituted, nevertheless, the kernel even here, the poetic was merely an addition—the sugar in the moral cake.

We dined in an excellent little home. They asked no questions of the guests, merely entertained them well and kindly. A negro and his wife came hither wishing to be received as members of the community. Hopedale Community would suit me better than the North American Phalanstery, partly from the separate dwellings, and partly from the recognition of the Christian faith, as well as for the sake of the patriarch, who has the appearance of a man in whom one might place the most heartfelt confidence. The little community has been in existence about seven years, and consists of about thirty families, comprising in all one hundred and seventy souls. Every member pledges himself to “the Christian faith, non-resistance, and temperance.” Adin Ballou has published a work on the right understanding of these subjects, which he gave me.

Taking one thing with another, it seemed to me as if life in this home, and in this community, was deficient in gayety, had but few enjoyments for the intellect, or the sense of the beautiful; but it was at the same time most truly estimable, earnest, God-fearing, industrious; upon the whole, an excellent foundation for a strong popular life. From these small homes must proceed earnest men and women, people who take life seriously, and have early learned to labor and to pray. Hopedale Community simply describes its object to be, “a beginning upon a small scale of those industrial armies which shall go forth to subdue, to render fruitful and to beautify the barren fields of the earth, and to make of them worthy dwelling-places for practical Christian communities, and the wider exten-

sion of general improvement for the best interests of mankind." Practical Christianity is the watch-word of these peaceful conquerors. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall inherit the earth."

I shall for the present write no more about my campaign. Although often amused and interested, I wonder continually whether I shall ever again have any rest. There seems no prospect of it, however. The cold is now also come here, and it is a hard master to strive against. To-day it is a regular tempest. I wonder how it is with you, my darling, and whether you find yourself warm and comfortable in our quiet home in Stockholm. May you be so, my beloved Agatha, and may the winter not be too severe for you!

Boston, December 2d

Here I am now, my dear child, in the midst of severe cold, but in a warm and handsome room in Revere House, with a glowing fire to bear me company. Here I am installed by Marcus and Rebecca, who merely exhorted me to be comfortable, and not to want for any thing.

In the forenoon I went with them to church, and heard a singular kind of sermon from Theodore Parker, a man of powerful character, and richly gifted as a speaker, who, with a strong and fearless spirit, applies the morality of Christianity to the political and social questions of the day and the country. He has a Socratic head, large, well-formed hands, and his whole being, expression, gestures, struck me as purely original—the expression of a determined and powerful nature.

I shall go in the evening to a Socialist meeting; that is to say, if I do not prefer remaining in my own room, and enjoying an evening's peace; and if I had requested this of my friends, I should have done so. But I allow myself to be borne along with the stream as long as I am able.

In the morning we go to Emerson's, who lives in a

little city called Concord, at about an hour's distance by rail-way from Boston; and the next day, or the day following that, I go to the Lowells, at the University of Cambridge, a few miles from this place, where I remain some days, and where I shall more exactly determine my stay in Boston. I have had various invitations to different families, but as yet have not accepted any. It will be a painful thing to me to part from these excellent people, Marcus and Rebecca. They belong to the best kind of people, and are infinitely agreeable to live with.

My dear Agatha! I write very imperfectly to you about both things and people here; but neither things nor people here allow me any time in which to write about them. So much the more, however, shall we have to talk about, and so much the more shall I sometime have to write about; for people and circumstances affect me powerfully, and in a manner which astonishes and excites me greatly. I feel every day how altogether necessary for my whole life, and for the development of my moral and intellectual being, is this American journey.

Tuesday, December 4th. Just returned from my little journey with the S——s and Bergfalk to Concord, the oldest town in Massachusetts, and the residence of Ralph Waldo Emerson. We drove there, and arrived in the midst of a regular snow-storm. But the rail-way carriages are well warmed, and one sits there in beautiful ease and comfort, excepting that one gets well shook, for the rail-roads here are much more uneven than those on which I have traveled in Europe.

Emerson came to meet us, walking down the little avenue of spruce firs which leads from his house bare-headed amid the falling snow. He is a quiet, nobly grave figure, his complexion pale, with strongly marked features, and dark hair. He seemed to me a younger man, but not so handsome as I had imagined him; his exterior less fascinating, but more significant. He occupied him-

self with us, however, and with me in particular, as a lady and a foreigner, kindly and agreeably. He is a very peculiar character, but too cold and hypercritical to please me entirely; a strong, clear eye, always looking out for an ideal, which he never finds realized on earth; discovering wants, short-comings, imperfections; and too strong and healthy himself to understand other people's weaknesses and sufferings, for he even despises suffering as a weakness unworthy of higher natures. This singularity of character leads one to suppose that he has never been ill: sorrows, however, he has had, and has felt them deeply, as some of his most beautiful poems prove; nevertheless, he has only allowed himself to be bowed for a short time by these griefs—the deaths of two beautiful and beloved brothers, as well as that of a beautiful little boy, his eldest son. He has also lost his first wife, after having been married scarcely a year.

Emerson is now married for the second time, and has three children. His pretty little boy, the youngest of his children, seems to be, in particular, dear to him. Mrs. Emerson has beautiful eyes, full of feeling, but she appears delicate, and is in character very different to her husband. He interested me without warming me. That critical, crystalline, and cold nature may be very estimable, quite healthy, and, in its way, beneficial for those who possess it, and also for others who allow themselves to be measured and criticised by it; but—for me—David's heart with David's songs!

I shall return to this home in consequence of a very kind invitation to do so from Emerson and his wife, and in order that I may see more of this sphinx-like individual.

From the worshiper of nature, Emerson—who does not belong to any church, and who will not permit his children to be baptized, because he considers the nature of a child purer than is commonly that of a full-grown, sinful

man—we went to sleep at the house of a stern old Puritan, where we had long prayers, kneeling with our faces to the wall. Elizabeth H., the only daughter of the family, is still beautiful, although no longer young, and a very noble and agreeable woman. She was engaged to be married to Emerson's best-beloved brother, and, after his death, declined all other matrimonial offers. She is evidently a noble creature, gifted with fine and estimable qualities, and her friendship for Emerson seems to me something very pure and perfect. I also hope to see her again in the course of the winter.

It looked like a true Swedish winter morning, in the pretty little Idyllian city of Concord. Miss H. went out with me, and we visited the monument erected over the first victim who fell in the American war of Independence, for here he fell when the first bloody contest occurred. It was now nearly snowed up, and ice and snow covered, also, the little river which beautifies the city, and which was called by the Indians Musketaquid, "the Grassy River." Emerson has given that name to one of the freshest and sweetest of his poems. Wandering in that pure winter atmosphere, beneath trees covered with glittering snow, and by the side of Elizabeth H., whose atmosphere is to me as inspiriting as the pure, sunny air, made me cheerful, both soul and body. On we rambled; we met Bergfalk, who came quite warm in heart and joyful from a ladies' school in the city, where he had heard the young girls solve mathematical problems, which he had been requested to give them—and solve them easily and well too. He was quite charmed with the young girls and their teacher, a lady in the highest degree gentlewoman-like, as he described her. Bergfalk had made a little speech to express his pleasure, and the estimable and agreeable clergyman, who had accompanied Bergfalk, was no less warm in his praise, declaring that every girls' school would be delighted in the highest degree with "the

Professor," as he was called here, and every where during our journey, for people scarcely attempted to pronounce his name, as if they considered it quite impossible.

I visited, also, several of those small homes, which are very comfortable, although the family waits upon itself, and does all the business of the house without a servant. This is a thing to be esteemed, but not to be loved, and I am not comfortable with it.

We left Concord in the afternoon, without having again seen Emerson.

As to the Socialist meeting this evening, I must tell you that I saw there a great number of respectable-looking people, and heard theories for the future, as to how human beings—instead of going to heaven, as now, by the thorny path—will wander thither on roses, and more of the same kind. I heard, also, various beautiful plans for the accomplishing of this, but they all were remarkable for their want of basis in possibility and in human nature, such as it really is. In general, it seems to me that the Socialists fail by not taking into consideration the dualism of human nature. They do not see the evil, and they believe that every thing can become right in this world by outward institutions. I have during their discussions a feeling of wandering among the clouds, or of being lost in a great wood. The humane side of their theories, of their endeavors for the best interests of humanity, can not be doubted.

The Swedish consul in Boston, Mr. Benzon, who was with us, made me, through Rebecca, an offer of his house, as my home during the winter, which was agreeable to me, although I do not know whether I shall be able to accept it. But I have received many kind and beautiful invitations.

And now, my dear heart, I must tell you that I am losing all patience with the incessant knocking at my door, and with visiting cards and letters, and am quite

annoyed at being continually obliged to say "Come in," when I would say. "Go away!" Ah! ah! I am quite fatigued by the welcome here, which will not leave me at peace! I have, in the mean time, not yet received any one, but say I shall be at home in the evening.

In the morning I leave for Cambridge. A horrible murder has just been committed here by one professor on another, and the whole university and city are in a state of excitement about it. It is an unheard-of occurrence, and as the accused has many acquaintances and friends, and has been known as a good husband, and in particular as a good father, many maintain his innocence. He is, in the mean time, conveyed to prison. People talk now about scarcely any thing else.

I must yet add that I am perfectly well amid all my vagaries, and shall so manage during my stay in Boston as to have more repose. I shall have one or two reception-days during the week, and arrange so that I may have time for myself; I know that I require it. Bergfalk is well and lively, and liked by every one; and he sends cordial greetings to mamma and to you. Greet cordially from me Hagbeg, Maria, and Christine, our servants and friends.

P.S.—I must yet tell you that I am not sure that I have judged rightly of Emerson. I confess that I was a little staggered by the depreciating manner in which he expressed himself about things and persons whom I admired. I am not certain whether a steadfastness and pride so little akin to my own did not tempt me to act the fox and the grapes. Certain it is that Emerson's behavior and manner made upon me an impression unlike that which other haughty natures produce, and which it is easy for me to condemn as such, or as such to despise. Not so with Emerson; he ought not to be acquitted so easily. He may be unjust or unreasonable, but it certainly is not from selfish motives: there is a higher nature in this man; and I must see more

of him, and understand him better. For the rest, this acquaintance may end as it will; I shall be calm. "If we are kindred, we shall meet!" and if not—the time is long since past when I wished very much to please men. I have passed through the desert of life; I have by my own efforts fought, through much difficulty, my way up to that Horeb from whose summit I behold the promised land; and this long-suffering and this great joy have made, for all time, the splendid figures of this world, its crowns, its laurels, and its roses, pale before my eyes. I may be fascinated or charmed by them for a moment, but it is soon over; that which they give makes me no richer; that which they take away no poorer; and many a time can I say to them as Diogenes to Alexander—"Go out of my sunshine!" I should not even desire to come to this proud magi, Emerson, and to see the stars in his heaven, if I had not my own heaven and stars, and sun, the glory of which he can scarcely understand.

LETTER VII.

Harvard College, Cambridge, December 15th.

I CAN NOW, my beloved child, have a little talk with you in peace. By this time mamma and you must know of my arrival in this country—of my first experience in it, and how well all goes on with me; but I again have such a craving for letters from home, and am so grieved to have had but one since I came hither, and to have no knowledge of how you have recovered from your illness, and how mamma is, and all the rest at home. I must, however, soon hear, and God grant that all may be well.

I wrote lately to you from Boston. I remained there several days with my friends, the S——s, amid an incessant shower both of visits and engagements, which sometimes amused me, and sometimes drove me half to des-

peration, and left me scarcely time to breathe. A few of these days and hours I shall always remember with pleasure. Among the foremost of these, is a morning when I saw around me the most noble men of Massachusetts: Alcott, the Platonic idealist, with a remarkably beautiful silver-haired head; the brothers Clarke; the philanthropist, Mr. Barnard; the poet, Longfellow; the young, true American poet, Lowell (a perfect Apollo in appearance), and many others. Emerson came also, with a sunbeam in his strong countenance; and people more beautiful, more perfect in form (almost all tall and well-proportioned), it would not be easy to find.

Another forenoon I saw the distinguished lawyer, Wendell Phillips, and Charles Sumner, a young giant in person; Garrison, one of the principal champions of the Abolitionist cause, and who, therefore, at a time of excitement, was dragged by the mob through the streets—of Boston, I believe—with a halter round his neck as a malefactor. One sees in his beautiful countenance and clear, eagle-eye, that resolute spirit which makes the martyr. Speaking with him, I told him candidly that I thought the extravagance in the proceedings of the Abolitionists, their want of moderation, and the violent tone of their attacks could not benefit, but rather must damage their cause. He replied, with good temper, “We must demand the whole loaf, if we would hope to get one half of it!”

He expressed himself mildly regarding the Southern slaveholders, said that he valued many of them personally, but that he hated slavery, and would continue to combat with it as with the greatest enemy of America. And a man who had endured the maltreatment of a mob—who had borne the halter and disgrace, and has still stood firmly as before, combating fearlessly as before; the resolution and character of such a man deserve esteem. This gentleman brought to us two lately escaped slaves, William and Ellen Craft. She was almost white; her

countenance, which was rather sallow, had the features of the white; and though not handsome, a very intelligent expression. They had escaped by means of her being dressed as a man; he acting as her servant. In order to avoid the necessity of signing her name in the travelers' books, for she could not write, she carried her right arm in a sling, under the plea of having injured it. Thus they had succeeded in traveling by rail-way from the South to the Free States of the North. They appeared to be sincerely happy.

"Why did you escape from your masters?" I asked; "did they treat you with severity?"

"No," replied she; "they always treated me well; but I fled from them because they would not give me my rights as a human being. I could never learn any thing, neither to read nor to write."

I remarked in her the desire for learning peculiar to the white race.

"How is it," said some one in company to the negro, "that the assertions of the anti-slavery party regarding the treatment of the slaves, that they are often flogged and severely beaten, are declared to be false? Travelers come to the North who have long resided among the plantations of the South, and have never seen any thing of the kind."

William smiled, and said, with a keen expression, "Nor are children whipped in the presence of strangers; this is done when they do not see."

Neither of these escaped slaves complained of their masters. And though, like every other thinking Christian, I must condemn slavery as a system and institution, I wait to pass judgment on American slaveholders and slavery in America until I have seen it nearer. I am, from experience, suspicious of party spirit and its blindness, and whenever I see this in activity I can not accede to it, but, on the contrary, feel myself inclined to opposi-

tion. I will, at all events, see and hear for and against the question before I join either party. Justice and moderation before every thing!

I was two evenings at the theatre, and saw Miss Charlotte Cushman—the principal actress in the United States—in two characters, in which she produced a great effect, both here and in England, namely, Meg Merrilies and Lady Macbeth. Miss Cushman, immediately on my arrival in New York, had written very kindly to me, offering to be any use to me in her power. Here, in Boston, she placed a box at the theatre at my service, which was very agreeable to me, as I could thus invite my friends to accompany me. Miss Cushman is a powerful actress; she possesses great energy, but is deficient in feminine grace, and wants more color in her acting, especially of the softer tone. This has reference principally to her Meg Merrilies, which is a fearful creation. Miss Cushman has represented in her merely the witch, merely the horrible in nature. But even the most horrible nature has moments and traits of beauty; it has sun, repose, dew, and the song of birds. Her Meg Merrilies is a wild rock in the sea, around which tempests are incessantly roaring, and which unceasingly contend with clouds and waves. She was also too hard and masculine for Lady Macbeth. It was merely in the night scene that her acting struck me as beautiful, and that deploring cry so full of anguish which she utters when she can not wash the blood from her hands, that—I feel I shall *never* forget. It thrilled through my whole being, and I can still hear it; I can hear it in gloomy moments and scenes.

I like Miss Cushman personally very much. One sees evidently in her an honest, earnest, and powerful soul, which regards life and her vocation with a noble earnestness. She has, through great difficulties, made her own way to the position which, by universal recognition and with universal esteem, she now occupies. She belongs to

an old Puritanic family, and after her father's misfortune, she supported by her talent, for some years, her mother and her younger sister. She looks almost better in private than on the stage; the frank blue eye, the strong, clever forehead, and the honest, sensible expression of her whole demeanor and conversation make one like to be with her.

I experienced much kindness and warm good-will in Boston, of which I can not now speak. Ah! there is no want of warm-heartedness here, my little Agatha, and the youthful spirit of the people makes it very perceptible. But the misfortune is, that I am but *one* against many, and that I have not the strength nor the disposition to struggle with and against that kindness which I feel to be so beautiful and so genial to my heart. The only quiet hours which I had in Boston were when I was driving along the streets in a carriage to visit institutions or to pay visits; these days were also agreeable from many things in themselves, and from intercourse with my friends, the estimable S——s; they too enjoyed them, and were gay. Agreeable things occurred, and agreeable people came daily and hourly, with fresh plans for fresh pleasures, and from day to day was deferred their return to New York and my separation from them. My little female physician, Miss H., had a chase after me every day, to catch me and take me home with her. The Lowells came to fetch me to Cambridge, but we, my friends and myself, were grown reckless, setting at naught all principles of ordinary promise-keeping and propriety, and had, just out of merriment and a little innocent foolhardiness, determined to persevere in our unprincipled conduct, and still remain together a few days longer in Boston under our pleasant devil-may-care system, when two telegraphic dispatches came one after the other, first to Marcus, then to Rebecca, containing the words, "Your baby is very sick."

With this was an end to all "frolic." Rebecca, bathed in tears of anguish, Marcus with trouble in his good counte-

nance, immediately got every thing ready for their departure, so that they might set off by rail-way a few hours afterward, and early the following morning reach their home, where Rebecca expected to find their little boy dead.

At the same time that they left, I was to take up my quarters at the house of the Swedish consul, Benzon. I could not part with them without shedding tears; I had been so happy with them. They are such excellent people, and I was now so sorry for them, although it was impossible for any one to bear a sorrow more beautifully than they did this. And besides, they had been so inexpressibly kind to me! I can not describe it in a letter, and neither can I think of it without emotion. To the last I had to strive with them, but in vain, that I might be allowed to pay my expenses in Boston. They maintained that I was their guest, and thus I paid not the slightest sum for my expensive and splendid living at the Revere House for three several days. And their manner of doing me this kindness, as "an honor and a pleasure to themselves"—nay, my Agatha, I have never seen its equal before!

I took it almost as a certainty that my friends would find their little boy—"the baby"—dead, so violent had been the convulsions into which he had been thrown, for he was teething; and Rebecca expected to hear at the door of her home the words, "He is not here! he has arisen!" The day after their arrival, however, came to me a telegraphic message, with the words,

"Dear Friend! Rejoice with us. Baby better. Danger nearly over. MARCUS."

What heartfelt pleasure this afforded me!

In the evening I went with Benzon and Bergfalk, together with a young Mr. K., an agreeable and witty man, a friend of the S——s, to a concert given by the "Musical Fund Society," and was admitted by a free ticket, which

would admit myself and my friends during the whole of the winter. And there I heard Beethoven's Fourth Symphony excellently performed by a numerous orchestra. The second adagio in this seized upon me with extraordinary power. Ah! who taught this man thus to understand the inmost life of the heart, its strivings upward, its depressions and reascendings, its final conflict, resolute endeavor, and ultimate victory! No instrumental music makes upon me a more profound impression than this glorious adagio. Its tones were to me like the history of my own soul.

On Sunday I again heard Theodore Parker preach. He made a full and free confession of his faith, and I was rejoiced to see his honesty and courage, although I could not rejoice at the confession of faith in itself, which was a very imperfect recognition of the Christian revelation, and which acknowledged in Christ merely a human and moral teacher, although, as such, the model and the ideal of humanity. Parker belongs to the Unitarian body, and to that section of it which denies miracles, and every thing that requires supernatural agency in the sacred history. That which really displeased me was, that Parker asserted that he regarded Christ as standing in no other relationship to God than did all mankind, and that he merely was mentioned in history as "a modest young man from Galilee." How can a lover of truth read the sacred history, and expressions such as these, "He who has seen me has seen the Father;" "The Father is in me, and I in Him," and many others of a similar kind, and yet make such an assertion?

After the sermon, some ladies, who were unknown to me, came up, and, accosting me with much warmth and kindness, said they hoped that I was pleased—that I was satisfied, &c. I replied, that I was not wholly so! and declined to be introduced to the preacher, as, according to custom here, immediately after service introductions take

place in the churches, and conversation is carried on, which is not only unpleasant, but quite out of place.

In the afternoon, Benzon read aloud to Mr. K., Berg-falk, and myself, an "Essay on the American Mind," by a Mr. Whipple; it is written in a lively manner, takes broad views, and is not without marks of genius. It has been very much talked about, and furnished us also with matter for conversation.

In the evening I had a visit from Theodore Parker. I am so great a lover of courage in all forms, and of every unreserved expression of opinion and belief, that I extended my hand to Parker, thanking him cordially for his candor. But I, nevertheless, told him frankly my objections to his Christology, and we had a good deal of quiet controversy. I found Parker extremely agreeable to converse with, willing to listen, gentle, earnest, and cordial. I stated to him, also, my objections against the Unitarian point of view in general, because from it many of the greatest and most important questions as regards God, humanity, and life must be left unsolved, and never can be solved. Parker heard me with much kindness and seriousness, and conceded various things; conceded, among others, the reasonableness of miracles, when regarded as produced by a power in nature, but not out of it—the law of nature on a larger scale.

As I said before, Parker has a Socratic head; he has a pure and strongly moral mind; he is, like Emerson, captivated by the moral ideal; and this he places before his hearers in words full of a strong vitality, and produces by them a higher love for truth and justice in the human breast. Parker, however, as a theologian, is not powerful; nor can he talk well upon the most sublime and most holy doctrines of revelation, because he does not understand them. In his outbursts against the petrified orthodoxy and the petrified church, he is often happy and true. But I think that people may say of him as somebody said

about a greater man, Luther, "*Il a bien critiqué mais pauvrement doctriné.*" Parker, however, investigates earnestly, and speaks out his thoughts honestly, and that is always a great merit. More we can hardly desire of a man. Beyond this he teaches to be very good, to do much good; and I believe that from his kind and beautiful eyes. In short, I like the man.

The next day Benzon accompanied me to Cambridge to the Lowells, from whom, as I have already said, I had received an invitation through Mr. Downing, who had written to the poet of the pleasure which his writings had given me.

There I have now been a week, and shall remain yet a week longer; they will have me stay, and I am quite willing to stay, because I am well off to my heart's content in this excellent and agreeable home. The house, and a small quantity of land which surrounds it, belong to the father of the poet, old Dr. Lowell, a handsome old man, universally beloved and respected, and the oldest minister in Massachusetts. He planted all the trees round the house, among which are many beautiful Northern pines. The whole family assembles every day for morning and evening prayer around the venerable old man; and he it is who blesses every meal. His prayers, which are always extempore, are full of the true and inward life, and I felt them as a pleasant, refreshing dew upon my head, and seldom arose from my knees with dry eyes. With him live his youngest son, the poet, and his wife; such a handsome and happy young couple as one can hardly imagine. He is full of life and youthful ardor, she as gentle, as delicate, and as fair as a lily, and one of the most lovable women that I have seen in this country, because her beauty is full of soul and grace, as is every thing which she does or says. This young couple belong to the class of those of whom one can be quite sure; one could not for an hour, nay, not for half an hour, be doubtful about them. She,

like him, has a poetical tendency, and has also written anonymously some poems, remarkable for their deep and tender feeling, especially maternal, but her mind has more philosophical depth than his. Singularly enough, I did not discern in him that deeply earnest spirit which charmed me in many of his poems. He seems to me occasionally to be brilliant, witty, gay, especially in the evening, when he has what he calls his "evening fever," and his talk is then like an incessant play of fire-works. I find him very agreeable and amiable; he seems to have many friends, mostly young men. Among his poems, the witty and satirical are the most popular; as, for example, his "Fable for Critics," in which, in a good-humored way, he has made himself merry with the poets and poetesses of New England, only one of whom, Margaret Fuller, is severely handled. His satirical, political, fugitive pieces have been very successful. As one of his merits, I reckon his being so fascinated by his little wife, because I am so myself. There is a trace of beauty and taste in every thing she touches, whether of mind or body; and, above all, she beautifies life. Among other beautiful things which she has created around her in her home, I have remarked a little basin full of beautiful stones and shells, which she herself collected; they lie glittering in water clear as crystal, and round them is a border of coral. Pity it is that this much-loved young wife seems to have delicate lungs. Her low, weak voice tells of this. Two lovely little girls, Mabel and Rose, the latter yet at the mother's breast, and an elder sister of the poet, one of the worthy and the good, constitute the remainder of the family.

I saw here some gentlemen of the university who interested me; among them Mr. Everett, a man of learning and of rank, formerly ambassador to the British court; the natural historian, Professor Agassiz, who has an unusually agreeable appearance and manner (and who presented his betrothed to me, a tall, blonde young American

lady); as well as the astronomer, Professor Holmes (I believe that is his name), whose head is singularly beautiful, and who brought with him two handsome daughters. I have also paid some visits.

The general topic of conversation for the time is the murder of Professor Parkman by Mr. Webster, the Professor of Chemistry. People talk for and against. One friend of the accused, a lawyer of high standing, Judge T., says that he is perfectly persuaded of his innocence. So also a pleasant and sensible woman, Mrs. F., who saw a good deal of him, and for the last time a few days after the supposed murder, when he spent an evening at her house, played at whist, and was more cheerful and agreeable than usual. Young Lowell, on the contrary, believes Webster to be guilty, from various things which he lately heard of his character and associates as a young man. He has for a long time lived beyond his means, and the occasion of the murder was a small sum of money, a few hundred dollars which he had borrowed from Professor Parkman, who let him have no peace, so urgent was he for their repayment. This Parkman must have been a very singular man. Rich though he was, he would literally persecute and torment poor people to whom he had lent money, until it was repaid by them, or they allowed him interest. Yet would he the very next day send money to these same people as a gift, or under some pretense or other, never, however, as from himself, but as from some one else. He wished before men to appear as an unsparing judge.

In this way he not long since persecuted Webster, until the latter, under pretense of settling with him, decoyed him into the chemical laboratory in Boston, where he made an end of him, in what manner is not yet known. They have merely found fragments of the body, which Webster had endeavored partly to burn and partly to conceal. Webster boldly denies the deed, but having made

an attempt to poison himself in prison, the suspicion against him is greatly increased.

At the end of next week I shall leave the Lowells, and remain for a few days with my little lady physician; after that, I remain at Benzon's house, probably until I leave Boston. Benzon arranged with Rebecca that she was to persuade me to this; and as they proposed to settle the whole thing, it is both advisable and agreeable to me. Benzon himself is unmarried; but as the wife of his associate, Mr. K., superintends his house, I can be boarded with her after Benzon has left for Europe, which will be about the beginning of January. This is highly agreeable to me, also, in an economic point of view. Benzon is a very good man, of a noble mind and refined education, refined and delicate in his manners, so that one can accept such a kindness at his hands, and besides that have pleasure in his society. And, moreover, I can be more free in his house, and have much more quiet than I could any where else, at least in any of those families which have kindly been opened to me; for there the duties of society would be incumbent upon me, which they will not be here. So that I believe it could not be better arranged for me than it now is.

December 16th. Good-morning, my little Agatha; this bright, rather windy and cold day, I saw the sun rise in the morning and shine into my bed through the fir-trees before my window; and Sweden and my beloved ones were so near to me in this salutation of the sun through the pine-trees, that I saluted that new sun for them as well as for myself, and saluted this New World, which gave and gives me so much of life and interest.

I have now spent some quiet days in Cambridge, the quietest days which I have spent since I came into this country. I now see company and receive visits only in the evenings. Bergfalk is now also in Cambridge, and happy in the company of a library of 14,000 volumes, and

of various lawyers, who embrace him warmly. With him and my young host, I one day lately visited the several buildings of the university and the library. In the latter I was surprised to find one portion of the Swedish literature not badly represented here. This is owing to the poet, Professor Longfellow, who having himself traveled in Sweden, sent hither these books. He has also written about Sweden, and has translated several of Tegnér's poems. I found also the Eddas among the Swedish books. Bergfalk laid his hands on the Westgötha laws, which he treated as an old friend, and in which he showed some of the gentlemen who accompanied us, an example of that alliteration which was so much in vogue in the writings of our forefathers, and about which the gentlemen found much to say. I saw also Audubon's large and really magnificent work on the American birds, a work of genius, besides.

Among the visitors whom I have seen and who have interested me, are a Mrs. R. and her daughter Ida. Ida was born in Sweden, where her father was *chargé d'affaires* many years ago, and although she left the country as a child, she has retained an affection for Sweden and the Swedes. She is a handsome and agreeable young lady. Her mother looks like goodness itself.

"I can not promise you much that is entertaining," said she, in inviting me to her house, "but I will nurse you!"

I could not but embrace her for this motherly good-will; but ah! that which I need is not continually ranging and flitting about from house to house, but to be quiet for a while. I promised, nevertheless, to go to them (they live in the country, some miles on the other side of Boston) on Christmas-eve, which they will keep in a Northern fashion, with Christmas pine-twigs, Christmas-candles, and Christmas-boxes, and, as I perceive, great ceremony. But more than all the Christmas-candles and the Christmas-boxes do I need—a little rest.

23d. I have been this week to several dinner parties—one very excellent at the house of Professor Longfellow and his handsome and agreeable wife. Their house is handsome, and there we met Miss Charlotte Cushman and Miss Hays, a young English lady of interesting appearance, very quiet and of noble deportment, who travels with her and is her friend, Charles Sumner, and a couple of other gentlemen. Longfellow is an agreeable host, and gave us American wines, sherry and Champagne. The latter I thought especially good; it is made from the Catawba grape at Cincinnati. We dined also at the house of the pleasing and lively Mrs. F., whose husband is a martyr to neuralgia, which makes many martyrs in this country. I could scarcely avoid shedding tears when I saw him, he looked so suffering, yet so perfectly patient, as he sat there quite lame in his wheeled chair.

Farther, we dined at Professor P.'s, a Swedenborgian, who showed me much kindness; and, farther still, I have been at a—Bee! And if you would know what the creature is in the life of society here—then, behold! Is a family reduced to poverty by sickness or fire, and the children are in want of clothes, or whatever else it may be, immediately a number of ladies of the neighborhood, who are in good circumstances, meet together at one place to sew for them. Such a sewing assembly as this is called a *Bee*!

And now there was a Bee at the house of Mrs. S., the lady of the president of the university, to sew for a family who had lost all their clothing by fire, and I was invited to be present at it. The bee-hive was excellent, and busy, and cheerful, and had—if not honey—remarkably good milk and cake to offer the working bees, among whom I took my place, but not to do very much myself.

A merry little man, Professor K., a Dane by birth, and a true Dane in naïveté and loquacity, has visited and amused us many times. He has associated himself with

a Polish professor, one as large and stately as the Dane is little and lively, and the two are always together disputing and making speeches—singing each his own songs in so amazingly contrasting a manner, that Maria Lowell and myself kept this evening continually bursting into fits of laughter.

Professor Desor, a Swiss and naturalist, has interested me greatly by his anecdotes of natural history and his friendly attentions.

In the evenings, when I and my young friends are alone, we read; Maria reads her husband's poetry charmingly well, or I relate to them some little romantic passage, or a Swedish love or ghost story, or I beg of them to relate such to me. In this way I soon become at home in a family.

But the New World is too young, and has too few old houses and old rubbish for ghosts to thrive there; and as to love-stories, they do not seem to be remarkable enough to become historical, except in the homes and the hearts where they live in silence. But still, every home in which I have yet lived gives me its love-history, as its best flower, before I have left it; it always amuses me very much, and I am filled with manifold admiration of the blind, or, rather, the clairvoyant god's devices for making one out of two.

I go out every day, either with my young friends or alone. With them I visited, to-day, Mount Auburn, the great burial-place of Boston, a romantic, park-like district, with hills, and valleys, and beautiful trees. Elms seem to be the favorite trees of Massachusetts. I never saw such large and beautiful elms as here. They shoot aloft, palm-like, with branching trunks, and spread forth their crowns, bending down their branches in the most pliant and graceful manner. In their branches, now leafless, I often see a little, well-built bird's-nest hang, swinging in the wind. It is a small and very delicate bird, called the oriole, which thus builds a cradle for its young, and its

bed must be very pleasant. It has thus built in the branches of an immense elm at Cambridge, called Washington's elm.

The weather is for the most part beautiful and sunny, and the color of the sky wonderfully clear and bright. Its beauty and the transparency of the atmosphere charms me. The weather was enchanting yesterday; it was like a spring day. I frequently go alone to a tract of land where the road soon ceases, but where the view is extensive over the grassy fields; the ridge of the lofty horizon is clothed with pine woods, and every where, both near and afar off, are seen small clusters of white houses and churches. The grass is now withered and yellow, but when the wind sweeps over it, it bears with it—I know not what extraordinarily agreeable odor, which produces a wonderful effect upon me—memories, pleasant and affecting, beloved countenances, glances, voices come to me in it; a thousand feelings, thoughts, presentiments; life becomes too full; the heart overflows, and my eyes swim with tears: how is it? I feel myself less strong than formerly, and I often have a sensation of fever. I need rest. Many also say the same, but not many wish it for me. We shall see—we shall see whether I am able to go to Milton Hill (to the R.'s), and keep Christmas. I wish it, intend it, but—

December 25th. Ah! no, my child. The journey has not taken place. I had already begun to pack my portmanteau, but I could not manage it, and my courage failed. I wrote to say it was impossible (by a young gentleman who was going to the festivity), and thus I passed Christmas-eve quite alone with Maria Lowell. I sewed, and she read aloud to me her husband's new work which had been published the day before. Thus we conversed quietly and inwardly from the open heart and soul—even as we may converse in heaven. All the rest of the family were gone to an entertainment at Boston.

The Christmas-eve of the year before I had spent in Denmark with the beautiful and excellent Queen Caroline Amalia. The year before that with you at Aersta, with Christmas branches, and cheer, and dance for our country children, a merry company! then to the Christmas matins the next morning. And now this evening in another hemisphere, alone with a beloved young wife—beautiful, dissimilar pictures of life!

In the morning I shall leave this family and Cambridge. I have visited many homes in this neighborhood; all are alike in the internal construction, neatness, arrangement, and comfort; in some there is a little more, in others a little less beauty; in that lies the principal difference. Longfellow's is among the most beautiful and the most artistic homes I have seen here. One beautiful decoration which I have seen in the homes here, as well as in the other small houses of New England which I have visited is a large bouquet, a regularly gigantic bouquet of the beautiful grasses of the country, and which, if we are to judge by these specimens, are of gigantic growth. These are placed as decorations in vases in the parlor, and used also in other ways. One often sees little humming-birds, not, of course, alive, fluttering among the grasses. I have seen also groups of the beautiful birds of the country, and shells, used for the decoration of rooms, and these seem to me excellent and in the best taste. We, even in Sweden might have such, if we would set more store on that which is our own—through the gift and favor of God.

I can not tell you how kind the Lowells were and are to me. I have sketches of them in my album and in my heart, and you shall see them in both.

I must now say farewell, and kiss you and mamma in spirit. I always fancy myself writing to both at once. May I only soon receive good letters from my dear ones. That would be the best Christmas-box that I could receive.

I had almost forgotten—and that I ought not to do—to tell you of a visit I have had this evening from the Quaker and poet Whittier, one of the purest and most gifted of the poetical minds of the Northern States, glowing for freedom, truth, and justice, combating for them in his songs, and against their enemies in the social life of the New World—one of those Puritans who will not bend to or endure injustice in any form. He has a good exterior, in figure is slender and tall, a beautiful head with refined features, black eyes full of fire, dark complexion, a fine smile, and lively, but very nervous manner. Both soul and spirit have overstrained the nervous chords and wasted the body. He belongs to those natures who would advance with firmness and joy to martyrdom in a good cause, and yet who are never comfortable in society, and who look as if they would run out of the door every moment. He lives with his mother and sister in a country-house, to which I have promised to go. I feel that I should enjoy myself with Whittier, and could make him feel at ease with me. I know from my own experience what this nervous bashfulness, caused by the over-exertion of the brain, requires, and how persons who suffer therefrom ought to be met and treated.

I have had a little botanic conversation with the distinguished professor of botany here, Asa Gray, who came and presented me with a bouquet of fragrant violets. He gave me also out of his herbarium some specimens of the American *Linnea borealis*, which resembles our Swedish, but is considerably less, and has somewhat different leaves. I thought that I should botanize a great deal in this country, but God knows how it is! The good Downings sent me to-day a large basket, a gigantic basketful of the most magnificent apples, alike splendid as excellent, and I had the pleasure of being able to treat my young friends with them. The Downings and the S——s are incomparably kind to me.

Among the curiosities of my stay in Cambridge, I set down an invitation I had one evening to go and take a walk in Paradise with Adam and Eve. The gentleman from whom it came, first in writing, and then by word of mouth (I fancy he exhibits some sort of a wax-work show), gave me a hint that several gentlemen of the Academic State would avail themselves of this opportunity of making my acquaintance—in Paradise—in company with Adam and Eve. You may very well imagine what was my answer. Beautiful company!

In conclusion, I ought, indeed, to say a word or two about Cambridge, an excellent little city of small white houses, with small courts and gardens, and beautiful, lofty trees, regular and ornamental, but monotonous. I should, in the end, be tempted to sing here, "The same and same always would make our lives sour!" Variety beautifies the whole of nature.

Here, also, was I shown several very handsome houses, belonging, the one to a bricklayer, the other to a carpenter, a third to a cabinet-maker, and so on: thus universally do common handcraft trades lead to honor and to property in this country.

The university is attended by about five hundred students yearly. It is wholly a Unitarian establishment, and belongs to the Unitarian Church. All branches of natural history are much studied here. Now, however, people say that the example of the chemical professor, Webster, proves that they do not produce much sanctity. The history of this murder continues to be the topic of general conversation, and proofs of Webster's guilt accumulate more and more. He, however, continues to deny it. An event of this kind is without parallel in this community, and seems to every one almost incredible.

LETTER VIII.

Boston, January 1st, 1850.

A GOOD New Year to all the beloved ones at home!

Thanks, my dearest little Agatha, for your letter! It was a heart-felt joy and refreshment to me; for although there was here and there a joyless shadow in it, yet a cheerful spirit breathed through the letter, which told me that you were sound, both soul and body. And how amusing it was to see you go out to dine with the relations right and left! And all the little news of home; of the new servant, for instance, who stands so assiduously, so riveted, to the back of your chair, and then darts in the way before you, out of sheer respect and zeal to open the doors; ah, how amusing is all this to read about, and how amusing it seems at several thousand miles' distance! And that mamma should be looking so well, and Charlotte so much better, and Hagbert be so pleased amid his activity in the country, is very inspiring.

I now again write to you in the house of Benzon, sitting in a handsome little parlor furnished with green velvet, and with beautiful pictures and engravings on the walls; and I can not tell you how glad I am to be here at rest for a time, a month at least, because I require repose both for soul and body, and I can not possibly have more quiet, freedom, and comfort than I have here. I have not been so well for some time; for all that moving about, and that life of visiting, with its incessant demands both on soul and body, were too much for me; and all the time I was losing sleep and freshness of mind. But, thank God! both one and the other promises to return with giant strides after a few days' rest, and the benefit of a sort of Chinese decoction, given me by my little lady physician, and—"Hakon Jarl is still alive!" But people live quite differently here to what they do in Europe. Climate

and food are different, and I do not believe that the latter is suitable to the climate.

It was not without pain that I left the Lowells. They are extremely estimable people, and I have really a sisterly affection for them. Miss H. seized upon me with all her might. I had not much inclination for the visit, but it turned out much better than I expected. In the first place, it was amusing to become more nearly acquainted with this very peculiar individual. People may have better manners, more tact, and so on, but it would be impossible to have a better heart; one more warm for the best interests of mankind, and, upon the whole, more practical sagacity. She is of a Quaker family, and with that determined will and energy which belongs to the Quaker temperament, she early resolved to open both for herself and her sex a path which she conceived it important that women should pursue, and toward which she felt herself drawn in an especial manner. She therefore, together with a younger sister, took private instruction from a clever and well-disposed physician; and she has now, for her sister is married, been in practice twelve years as a physician of women and children, acquiring the public confidence, and laying up property (as, for instance, the house in which she lives, a frugally furnished, but excellent house, is her own), and aiding, as I heard from many, great numbers of ladies in sickness, and in diseases peculiar to their sex. In especial has she been a benefactor to the women of the lower working classes, delivering to them also lectures on physiology, which have been attended by hundreds of women. She read them to me; and the first I heard, or rather the introductory lecture, gave me a high opinion of the little doctor and her powers of mind. I was really delighted with her, and now for the first time fully saw the importance of women devoting themselves to the medical profession. The view she took of the human body, and of its value, had a thoroughly re-

ligious tendency, and when she laid it upon the woman's heart to value her own and her child's physical frame, to understand them aright, and to estimate them aright, it was because their destination was lofty, because they are the habitations of the soul and the temples of God. There was an earnestness, a simplicity; and an honesty in her representations, integrity and purity in every word; the style was of the highest class, and these lectures could not but operate powerfully upon every poor human heart, and in particular on the heart of every mother. And when one reflects how important for future generations is the proper estimation of the woman and the child, how much depends upon diet, upon that fostering which lies beyond the sphere of the physician and his oversight, and which women alone can rightly understand, who can doubt of the importance of the female physician, in whose case science steps in to aid the natural sense, and to constitute her the best helper and counselor of women and children? That women have a natural feeling and talent for the vocation of physician, is proved by innumerable instances, from the experience of all ages and people; and it is a shame and a pity that men have not hitherto permitted these to be developed by science. How much good, for instance, might be done, especially in the country among the peasantry, if the midwife, besides the knowledge which is requisite to bring a child into the world, united also to this the requisite knowledge for helping the mother and child to a life of health. But man has neglected this, and still neglects it, and it avenges itself upon thousands of sickly mothers and sickly children. If, then, woman possesses naturally a religious tendency of mind, and the disposition to regard life and all things from a central, sanctifying point of view inclines her to treat even the smallest thing as of importance looked at from this point of view; if she is gifted by nature with the mother's heart and the mother's love, how well it suits

her to become a priestess of the temple in which the child should be sanctified to God—to the God of health and holiness! How sacred is her right to be there consecrated!

In the old times the physician was also the priest, and consecrated to holy mysteries. The descendants of Æsculapius were a holy race, and among them were also women; the daughter of Æsculapius, Hygeia, one of them, was called the goddess of Health. Of this race came Hippocrates. We now talk about Hygeia, but we only talk. She must be recalled to earth; she must have room given to her, and justice done to her, if she is to present the earth with a new Hippocrates.

But to return to my little human doctress, who is not without those sparks of the divine life which prove her to belong to the family of Æsculapius. One sees this in her eye and hears it in her words. But the round, short figure has wholly and entirely an earthly character, and nothing in it indicates the higher ideal of life, excepting a pair of small, beautiful, and white hands, as soft as silk—almost too soft, and, as I already said, a glance peculiarly sagacious and penetrating.

With her I saw several of the “emancipated ladies,” as they are called; such, for instance, as deliver public lectures, speak in public at anti-slavery meetings, etc. One of these struck me from the picturesque beauty of her figure and head, her pale noble countenance and rich golden hair, together with the perfect gentleness and womanliness of her whole demeanor and conversation, united to manly force of will and conviction. She is a Mrs. Paulina Davis, from Providence, and has for many years delivered, with great success, lectures on physiology, which are much attended by the working classes. She and my little doctress are warm friends. I saw also her husband, Mr. Davis; he seems to be a sensible man, and perfectly approves his wife’s views and activity. I promised to visit this couple in Providence.

I heard here many things about the Shakers and their community, as my little doctor is physician of some of them; I also read several letters of some of their elders, in which occurred beautiful, pious thoughts and feelings but in a very narrow sphere. I received an invitation to visit the Shaker establishment at Harvard, near Boston, and where there is a garden of medicinal plants. I shall be glad to become better acquainted with these extraordinary people. I saw here various new kinds of people and strangers, because my little doctor has a large circle of acquaintances. Every evening, at the close of the day, she read her Bible aloud, and we had prayers in the old Puritanic style.

My visit, and the new pictures of life which I saw here were really refreshing to me; but I was glad, nevertheless, to return to the repose of Mr. Benzon's house, where Mrs. K. does not say three words during the day, and yet is kind and agreeable, and where a respectable, good-tempered German, Christine, takes care both of the house and of me, and where I can be alone a great portion of the day, because Benzon is occupied at his office out of the house. When he returns in the evening, he is an extremely pleasant companion, reading to me, or conversing in an entertaining manner. I have hitherto neither received visits nor accepted invitations, but have so arranged that Mondays are my reception days. Thus I shall now begin to breathe in peace, and to read and write a little. To-day, however, Benzon will accompany me to the Lowells, whom I wish to surprise with a few little matters, which I hope will give them pleasure. One feels one's self so poor if always receiving kindness.

December 8th. And now, my dear child, I have received your second letter. And your letters—do you hear?—you are not to despise. To be able to see by them exactly how things are at home, that is my wish whether it be cloudy or bright, and your letters can give

me nothing more precious than the simple truth--than the reality as it is. And my little Agatha, bear in mind, as much as possible, that spring and summer will return—that the sun is behind the cloud, and will come forth in his due time. That is an old song, but I have often experienced its truth, and I do so now.

We have here a perfectly Swedish winter, and to-day it is as gray and cold as we ever could have it at Stockholm. And it is a little satisfaction to me not to have it better than my friends in Sweden. I am most excellently well off at Benzon's house, and it is a satisfaction to pay something toward my living, though that is not done till Mr. Benzon leaves for Europe, which he will do on Wednesday. He will not, however, reach Stockholm before May or June. He will then call on mamma and you, and convey greetings from me.

Yesterday forenoon I had my reception, between twelve and four o'clock, and saw a whole crowd of people, and received a great number of invitations. Among these was one from a lady, with whom I would gladly become more intimate: this was a Mrs. B., a young and affluent widow with one child, a splendid little girl. She looked so good, so very much like a gentlewoman, was so agreeable, and so unspeakably amiable toward me; she wished merely, she said, that I should be benefited by her, that she might drive me out, and endeavor to give me all the pleasure she could in the most delicate and agreeable manner. I should like it: in her nothing repels, but much pleases me. We could sit side by side in the carriage and be silent, and of that I am very fond.

I have also been present at one of the "Conversations" of Alcott, the Transcendentalist, and have even taken some part in the conversation. There were present from forty to fifty people, all seated on benches. Alcott sits in a pulpit, with his face toward the people, and begins the conversation by reading something aloud. On this occa-

sion, it was from the writings of Pythagoras. He is a handsome man, of gentle manners, but a dreamer, whose Pythagorean wisdom will hardly make people wiser nowadays. He himself has lived for many years only on bread, fruits, vegetables, and water; and this is what he wishes all other people to do; and, thus fed, they would become, according to his theory, beautiful, good, and happy beings. Sin is to be driven out by diet; and the sacred flood of enthusiasm would constantly flow in the human being purified and beautified by diet. Both the proposition and the conversation were in the clouds, although I made a few attempts to draw them forth. Alcott drank water, and we drank—fog. He has paid me a few visits, and has interested me as a study. He passed last evening with me and Benzon, and entertained us with various portions of his doctrine. Every bland and blue-eyed person, according to him, belongs to the nations of light, to the realm of light and goodness. I should think Lowell would be Alcott's ideal of a son of light; all persons, however, with dark eyes and hair are of the night and evil. I mentioned Wilberforce, and other champions of the light with dark hair. But the good Alcott hears an objection as if he heard it not, and his conversations consist in his talking and teaching himself. We drank tea, and I endeavored to persuade Alcott to drink at least a glass of milk. But that was too much akin to animal food. He would not take any thing but a glass of water and a piece of bread. He is, at all events, a Transcendentalist who lives as he teaches.

I have accepted some invitations for this week. I am to dine on Sunday with Laura Bridgeman at the house of her second creator, the director of the Deaf and Dumb Institution in Boston, Dr. Howe. His agreeable wife came here herself with the invitation.

9th. I shall now close my letter, because Benzon is about to set out on his journey. I shall miss him, for

he has been indescribably kind and agreeable to me, and has arranged every thing beforehand so admirably, that it could not be better or more convenient.

To-day I shall dine and spend the evening out. So also to-morrow; and to-morrow in the forenoon I shall visit several public institutions in company with Charles Sumner, the young giant and lawyer. I begin now to rattle about again. If one could only do it in moderation. But there are difficulties here in this country.

Bergfalk is again in New York. We shall probably hardly meet again, as his ways are not my ways, excepting in our common goal and object—Sweden.

L E T T E R I X.

Boston, January 22d.

I SHALL now, my sweet child, have a little chat with you, and this chat I shall send by post. I can hardly conceive that I have not written to you for all these fourteen days; but one engagement succeeded another, and people, and letter-writing, and many things occupied the time, and the days went on—I know not how.

I have also been a little out of sorts again, and not able to do much. The good allopathists here—and I have had one of the first physicians in Boston—did not understand my malady, and prescribed merely for the stomach. I therefore took refuge with homeopathy.

But I must tell you how it happened. I went one day—although I felt very miserably unwell—to visit several public institutions, accompanied, or rather taken there by Charles Sumner. First to the House of Correction for women, where I admired the order and arrangement of every thing; after that, we went to the Lunatic Asylum for the poor. It was clean and well-ordered; but, ah! it was deficient in all the comfort and beauty which had

distinguished the Asylum for the wealthy insane at Bloomingdale. One woman conceived a violent friendship for me, embraced and blessed me continually, and desired the others to bless me also.

"Say, 'Bless her!'" said she to Mr. Sumner. He was engaged in conversation with the superintendent, and did not attend to her request. She repeated it, and said, finally, in a wild, threatening voice, "Say, 'Bless her!'"

"Yes, God bless her!" said Sumner, now kindly, in his deep, beautiful voice; and with this my friend laughed, and was very much pleased.

Among the men were two with whom Sumner was acquainted; they were two of his college companions; men with good heads, and who had been before him in mathematics. Now their high-arched foreheads appeared not to harbor a sensible thought. One of them recognized his former comrade, but the recognition seemed to grieve and embarrass him.

From this asylum I was obliged to go out to dine, and after that to a Swedenborgian meeting at the Swedenborgian church, where I shook hands with about one hundred Swedenborgians.

It was half past ten when at length I reached home, and for the first time in the day I experienced a feeling of comfort and satisfaction. Every feeling of annoyance had vanished, and I enjoyed half an hour of rest with a female friend who had accompanied me home. But at this moment came my physician, and would of necessity take me with him to a large party.

I prayed to be excused; I said, "Now for the first time am I enjoying rest to-day; for the first time to-day am I feeling pretty well. You are doing now what so many others do; you say I must have rest, and yet you at the same time compel me to go into company!"

It was of no use. I could not gainsay my physician; go I must, and that to a party given by one of the most

elegant ladies of Boston, at about twelve o'clock at night. It was too much! And that is the way they kill strangers in this country. They have no mercy on the poor lion, who must make a show and whisk his tail about as long as there is any life left in him. One must really be downright obstinate and stern, if one would be at peace here. And I feel as if I should become so. It is said that Spurzheim was regularly killed with kindness by the Bostonians.

But to return to my evening. That nervous depression again returned, and I passed two distressing hours, and envied the Indians and all free people who lived in the open, wild woods. When again at home, I was seized by the dread of one of my sleepless nights, and of the wretched day which was certain to succeed it, when life would seem to be the heaviest of burdens, although I might not be otherwise ill. When, therefore, I now felt my hands burning as in fever, I recollected some homeopathic globules which my friend Downing, who is himself a homeopathist, had given me when I was very much excited, and which had calmed me wonderfully. Of these I took a few, and—I slept better that night than I had done for many weeks. As early, therefore, as possible the following day I went out among my acquaintance in Boston, inquiring after a homeopathic physician. A kind, handsome, elderly lady, Mrs. C. (the mother of three tall sons), promised to send her physician to me. Accordingly, when about noon, having returned from a walk, I entered my sitting-room, I beheld there a tall old gentleman, with a pale and strongly-marked countenance, high forehead, bald temples, silver-gray hair, and a pair of deep-set, blue eyes, full of feeling and fervor. He stood there silent and dressed in black, in the middle of the room, with the appearance almost of a clergyman, and with his penetrating, earnest eyes riveted upon me. I do not know how it was, but it was so, that from the first moment I saw him I felt confidence in and affection toward him. I advanced toward

him, took his hand between both mine, looked up in his pale, grave countenance, and said, "Help me!" Thus helpless, feeble, and poor, had I now for some time felt myself to be, under the power, as it were, of a strange suffering, which crippled me both in soul and body, and alone, too, in a strange land, without any other support than the powers of my own soul and body to sustain me through the work which I had undertaken!

He replied in a deep bass voice, speaking slowly, as if with difficulty—but, ah! my child, it seems like vanity in me to say what he replied; but let me seem vain for this once—he said, "Miss Bremer, no one can have read your *Neighbors*, and not wish to help you! And I hope to be able to help you!"

I wept; I kissed the thin, bony hands which I held as I would have kissed those of a fatherly benefactor; I felt myself also like a child.

He gave me a little white powder, which looked like nothing, and which I was to take before I went to bed. I took it; slept excellently, and the next day—ah! what feelings. All malady was gone. I felt myself as if sustained by spirit-wings; a nameless sensation of peace and health pervaded my whole being. I went out. I did not feel my body. I rejoiced in the blueness of heaven, in the leaping of the billows. I could see that the world was beautiful. I had not felt thus for a long time, and the certainty that I had now a remedy which would support my still vigorous power and will made me unspeakably happy. I thanked God; and not merely for my own sake, but for yours, because I am convinced that nothing would suit you and your weakness so well as these airy, light, almost spiritual, and wonderfully effective medicines. These little white nothings of powders and globules, which taste like nothing, look like nothing, operate powerfully and quickly, often within half or a quarter of an hour. And, finally, I beg of you to make the trial of

them, if this winter, as is generally the case with you in the winter, you find yourself out of health, both body and mind; make the trial of them, and throw all other medicine out of the window. Pay attention also to diet, and that you do not eat any thing which disagrees with you. My doctor maintains that my disorder proceeds from the stomach, and is of the kind very common in this country, and which is called dyspepsy. He has prescribed for me a very exact diet; that I am not to eat fat or greasy meat, nor roast meat, nor highly seasoned, no preserves, nor many other things. I was for a long time obstinate, and insisted upon it that my stomach was the best part about me. I have, however, since then remarked, to my astonishment, that certain food operates upon my condition; that, for instance, I wake in the morning with a sensation of misery if I eat preserves in the evening; and that, on the contrary, I am quite well in the morning when I eat nothing sweet or fat in the evening. The difficulty is for me, here in this country, to adhere to any fixed regimen; but I am becoming more and more convinced that the diet here is unwholesome, and is not suited to the climate, which is hot and stimulating. They eat hot bread for breakfast, as well as many fat and heating dishes, besides roast pork, sausages, omelets, and such like. In the evening, especially at all suppers, they eat oysters stewed, or as salad, and peach-preserve or peach-ice. Oysters, cooked in every possible way, are very much eaten by all, and precisely these, and the other articles which I have mentioned, are difficult of digestion, and highly injurious to weak stomachs.

And now adieu to this food, physic, and stomach chapter, but which has a great interest for me and many others, and which ought to be seriously taken into consideration here.

As to my doctor, I must tell you that his name is David Osgood, that he visits me every day, and treats me with

the greatest tenderness, and that he has promised to make me quite cheerful and strong before I leave Boston. He is of an old Puritan family, and is himself a real original; he has a rough exterior, but the most gentle and the best of hearts, as may be seen by his eyes. There are certain eyes which certainly can never die. They must remain in heaven as they are on earth. That which I remember most clearly about my friends, is always their eyes, their glance. I am sure that at the resurrection I shall recognize my friends by their eyes.

I must now tell you about Concord, and the sphinx in Concord, Waldo Emerson, because I went to Concord five days ago, attended by—"himself." I was wretchedly unwell; I do not know what it was that I had eaten the day before, or whether it was merely the removal and the journey to a new home which had caused me to have no sleep the preceding night. Whatever the cause might be, I sat, weak with fever and dejected in mind, by the side of the strong man, silent and without being able to say a single word, merely mechanically turning my head as he pointed out to me a few remarkable places which we passed. And he perfectly understood what was amiss with me, and let me be silent. I was weak with fever, and oppressed with a feeling as if I should fall to pieces during the first four-and-twenty hours that I was in Emerson's house; but after that, whether it was the little white nothing-powder, or the pure snow-refreshed atmosphere (we had a regularly beautiful Swedish winter at Concord), or whether it was the presence of that strong and strength-giving spirit in whose home I found myself, or whether it was all these together, I can not say, but I became quite right again, and felt myself light and well.

And during the four days that I remained in Emerson's house, I had a real enjoyment in the study of this strong, noble, eagle-like nature. Any near approximation was, as it were, imperfect, because our characters and views

are fundamentally dissimilar, and that secret antagonism which exists in me toward him, spite of my admiration, would at times awake, and this easily called forth his icy-alp nature, repulsive and chilling. But this is not the original nature of the man; he does not rightly thrive in it, and he gladly throws it off, if he can, and is much happier, as one can see, in a mild and sunny atmosphere, where the natural beauty of his being may breathe freely and expand into blossom, touched by that of others as by a living breeze. I enjoyed the contemplation of him, in his demeanor, his expression, his mode of talking, and his every-day life, as I enjoy contemplating the calm flow of a river bearing along, and between flowery shores, large and small vessels—as I love to see the eagle circling in the clouds, resting upon them and its pinions. In this calm elevation Emerson allows nothing to reach him, neither great nor small; neither prosperity nor adversity.

Pantheistic as Emerson is in his philosophy, in the moral view with which he regards the world and life, he is in a high degree pure, noble, and severe, demanding as much from himself as he demands from others. His words are severe, his judgment often keen and merciless, but his demeanor is alike noble and pleasing, and his voice beautiful. One may quarrel with Emerson's thoughts, with his judgment, but not with himself. That which struck me most, as distinguishing him from most other human beings, is *nobility*. He is a born nobleman. I have seen before two other men born with this stamp upon them. His Excellency W——r, in Sweden, and —— is the second, Emerson the third, which has it, and perhaps in a yet higher degree. And added thereto that deep intonation of voice, that expression, so mild, yet so elevated at the same time. I could not but think of Maria Lowell's words, "If he merely mentions my name I feel myself ennobled."

I enjoyed Emerson's conversation, which flowed as calm-

ly and easily as a deep and placid river. It was animating to me both when I agreed and when I dissented; there is always something important in what he says, and he listens well and comprehends, and replies well also. But whether it was the weariness of the spirit, or whether a feeling of esteem for his peace and freedom, I know not, but I did not invite his conversation. When it came it was good; when it did not come, it was good also, especially if he were in the room. His presence was agreeable to me. He was amiable in his attention to me, and in his mode of entertaining me as a stranger and guest in his house.

He read to me one afternoon some portions of his Observations on England (in manuscript), and scraps from his conversations with Thomas Carlyle (the only man of whom I heard Emerson speak with any thing like admiration), about "the young America," as well as the narrative of his journey with him to Stonchenge. There are some of these things which I can never forget. In proportion as the critical bent of Emerson's mind is strong, and as he finds a great want in human beings, and in things generally—measuring them by his ideal standard, is his faith strong in the power of good, and its ultimate triumph in the arrangement of the world. And he understands perfectly what constitutes noble republicanism and Americanism, and what a nobly-framed community and social intercourse. But the principle, the vitalizing, the strengthening source—yes, that Emerson sees merely in the pure consciousness of man himself! He believes in the original purity and glory of this source, and will cleanse away every thing which impedes or sullies it—all conventionality, untruth, and paltriness.

I said to an amiable woman, a sincere friend of Emerson's, and one who, at the same time, is possessed of a deeply religious mind, "How can you love him so deeply when he does not love nor put faith in the Highest, which we love?"

“He is so faultless,” replied she, “and then he is lovely!”

Lovable he is, also, as one sees him in his home and amid his domestic relations. But you shall hear more about him when we meet, and you shall see his strong, beautiful head in my album, among many American acquaintances. I feel that my intercourse with him will leave a deep trace in my soul. I could desire in him warmer sympathies, larger interest in such social questions as touch upon the well-being of mankind, and more feeling for the suffering and the sorrow of earth. But what right, indeed, has the flower, which vibrates with every breath of wind, to quarrel with the granite rock because it is differently made. In the breast of such lie strong metals. Let the brook be silent, and rejoice that it can reflect the rock, the flowers, the firmament, and the stars, and grow and be strengthened by the invisible fountains, which are nourished by the mountain tops.

But I must give you a specimen or two of Emerson's style, and of his manner of seeing and feeling, which most please me. I will make two extracts from his “Essays,” which are applicable to all mankind, to all countries, and to all times, and which are portions of, or drops from that vein of iron ore which runs through every thing that Emerson says or writes, because it is the life of his life.

In his lecture on self-reliance, he says :

“To believe your own thought—to believe that which is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for always the inmost becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the last judgment. The highest merit which we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that which every man recognizes as the voice of his own soul, is that they set books and traditions at naught, and spoke not what men, but what they thought. A man should

learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our own spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility, then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else, to-morrow, a stranger will say, with masterly good sense, precisely what we have thought and felt the whole time, and we shall be forced to take our own opinion from another.

* * * *

“Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place which the Divine Providence has found for you; the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves, childlike, to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and, not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay, plastic under the Almighty effort, let us advance and advance on Chaos the Dark.

* * * *

“Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world.

* * * *

“A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen, and philosophers, and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. Speak out what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict every thing you said to-day. Ah! then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood. Misunderstood? It is a right fool’s word. Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood; and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

“I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes and Himalaya are insignificant in the curve of the sphere. We pass for what we are.

* * * *

“Fear never but you shall be consistent in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour.

“One tendency unites them all.

* * * *

“Perception is not whimsical, but fatal. If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time all mankind—although it may chance that no one has seen it before me. My perception of it is as much a fact as the sun.

“The relations of the soul to the Divine Spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It must be, that when God speaketh, He should communicate not one thing, but all things, and new-create the whole. Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away—means, teachers, texts, temples fall; all things are made sacred by relation to it—one thing as much as another.

* * * *

“ Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God himself, unless He speak the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul.

* * * *

“ If we live truly, we shall see truly. When we have new perceptions, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its inward treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

* * * *

“ This is the ultimate fact which we so quickly reach on this as on every topic, the resolution of all into the Ever-blessed One. Virtue is the governor, the creator, the reality. All things real are so by so much of virtue as they contain.

* * * *

“ Let us not rove ; let us sit at home with the cause. Let us shun and astonish the intruding rabble of men, and books, and institutions by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid them take the shoes off their feet, for God is here within. Let our simplicity judge them, and our docility to our own law demonstrate the poverty of nature and fortune, beside our native rulers.

* * * *

“ We must go alone. I like the silent church before the service begins better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary. So let us always sit.
* * But your isolation must not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be devotion. * * The power which men possess to annoy me I give them by a weak curiosity. No man can come near me but through my own act. What we desire, that we have ; but by desire we bereave ourselves of the love.

“ If we can not at once rise to the sanctities of obedience

and faith, let us at least resist our temptations; let us enter into the state of war, and wake Thor and Wodin, courage and constancy, in our breast. This is to be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth. Check this lying hospitality and lying affection. Live no longer to the expectation of those deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, O father! O mother! O wife! O brother! O friend! I have lived with you after appearances hitherto. Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. I shall endeavor to nourish my parents, to support my family, to be the chaste husband of one wife; but these relations I must fill after a new and unprecedented way. I appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I can not break myself any longer for you, or you. If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. If you can not, I will still seek to deserve that you should. I must be myself. I will not hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust that what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me and my heart appoints. If you are noble, I will love you; if you are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypocritical attentions. If you are true, but not in the same truth with me, cleave to your companions; I will seek my own. I do this not selfishly, but humbly and truly. It is alike your interest, and mine, and all men's, however long we have dwelt in lies, to live in truth. Does this sound harsh to say? You will soon love what is dictated by your nature as well as mine; and if we follow the truth it will bring us out safe at last. But so you may give these friends pain. Yes; but I can not sell my liberty to save their sensibility. Besides, all persons have their moments of reason, when they look out into the region of absolute truth; then will they justify me, and do the same thing.

“The populace think that your rejection of popular

standards is a rejection of all standard, and the bold sensualist will use the same philosophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciousness abides. There are two confessionals, in one or the other of which we *must* be shriven. You may fulfill your round of duties by clearing yourself in the *direct* or in the *reflex* way. Consider whether you have satisfied your relations to father, cousin, neighbor, town, cat, and dog, and whether any of these can upbraid you. But I may also neglect this reflex standard, and absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claims and perfect will. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. But if I can discharge its debts, it enables me to dispense with the popular code. If anybody imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment for one day.

“And truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity, and has ventured to trust himself for a task-master. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law to himself, that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity to others.

“If any man consider the present aspects of what is called, by distinction, *society*, he will see the need of these ethics.”

I must remark, that if any one will seriously observe human nature as it commonly is, he will easily see that a moral code such as Emerson's would produce conceited and selfish beings, and that it is merely calculated for natures as pure and beautiful as his own, and which form the exception to the general rule. That which he in all cases mistakes is the radical duality of human nature. Yet with what freshness, invigoration, does not this exclamation come to our souls, “*Be true; be yourself!*” Especially when coming from a man who has given proofs that in this truth a human being may fulfill all his hu-

man duties as son, brother, husband, father, friend, citizen. But—a true Christian does all this, and—something more.

I must give you two examples of Emerson's doctrines, as relates to the relationship of friend with friend, and on friendship; because they accord with my own feelings, and act as an impulse in the path which for some time I have chosen for myself.

“Friendship requires that rare mean between likeness and unlikeness that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep by a word or a look his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine is that the *not mine* is *mine*. It turns the stomach, it blots the daylight—when I looked for a manly furtherance, or, at least, a manly resistance—to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is, ability to do without it. To be capable of that high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be my two before there can be my one. Let it be an alliance of two large, formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which beneath their disparities unites them.

“He is only fit for this society who is magnanimous. He must be so to know its law. He must be one who is sure that greatness and goodness are always economy. He must be one who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not dare to intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We must not be willful, we must not provide. We talk of choosing our friends, but our friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it.

Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course, if he be a man, he has merits that are not yours, and that you can not honor. If you must needs hold him close to your person, stand aside—give those merits room—let them mount and expand. Be not so much his friend that you can never know his peculiar energies, like fond mammas who shut up their boy in the house until he has almost grown a girl. Are you the friend of your friend's buttons or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to boys and girls to regard a friend as a property, and to suck a short and all-confounding pleasure instead of the pure nectar of God.

* * * *

“A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real, so equal, that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another.

* * * *

“Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, and know his mother, and brother, and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me as a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him I want; but not news nor potage. I can get politics, and chat, and neighborly conveniences from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal, and quiet as Nature herself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps

on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify, but raise it to that standard.

* * * *

“Worship his superiorities. Wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell him all. Guard him as thy great counterpart; have a principedom to thy friend. Let him be to thee forever a sort of beautiful enemy, untamable, devoutly revered, and not a trivial conveniency to be soon outgrown and cast aside.

* * * *

“What is so great as friendship, let us carry with what grandeur of spirit we can. Let us be silent, so we may hear the whisper of the gods. Let us not interfere. Who set you to cast about what you should say to the select souls, or to say any thing to such? No matter how ingenious, no matter how graceful and bland. There are innumerable degrees of folly and wisdom, and for you to say aught is to be frivolous. Wait, and thy soul shall speak. Wait until the necessary and everlasting overpowers you, until day and night avail themselves of your lips.

* * * *

“Vain to hope to come nearer to a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flies the faster from you, and you shall catch never a true glance of his eye. We see the noble afar off, and they repel us; why should we intrude? Late—very late—we perceive that no antagonism, no introduction, no consuetudes, or habits of society, should be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire—but solely the uprising of nature in us to the same degree it is in them, then shall we meet as water with water; and if we should not meet them then, we shall not want them, for we are already they.

* * * *

“Only be admonished by what you already see not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no God attends. By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little, you gain the great. You become pronounced. You demonstrate yourself so as to put yourself out of the reach of false relations, and you draw to you the first-born of the world—those rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once, and before whom the vulgar great show as spectres and shadows merely.

* * * *

“It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew to carry a friendship greatly on one side, without the correspondence of the other. Why should I cumber myself with the poor fact that the receiver is not capacious? It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness educate the crude and cold companion. If he is unequal, he will presently pass away; but thou art enlarged by thy own shining, and, no longer a mate for frogs and worms, dost sear and burn with the gods of the empyrean. It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. True love transcends instantly the unworthy object, and dwells and broods on the Eternal; and when the poor, interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth, and feels its independency the surer. * * * * The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as a god, that it may deify both!”

“Very magnificent and noble!” you will say, “and very one-sided at the same time!” Yes, it is so, my little Agatha, but there is something in it which is good and great, and something which I like. But it is, nevertheless, very difficult to give by extracts any correct idea of Emer-

son's mode of thought. His Essays are chains of brilliant aphorisms which often contradict one another. But that which permeates them—the marrow of all, the metallic vein which runs through them all—is the cry, “Be genuine—be thyself! then wilt thou become original, and create that which is new and perfect!” Thus says he to the individual; thus says he to the public. And the force and beauty which he gives to this watch-word is indeed his peculiar power over the American mind; his peculiarly beneficial work on the people of the New World, only too much disposed to bend themselves to mere imitation, and walk in the footsteps of the Old World.

Emerson is, however, very far from regarding himself as a model of that perfect man whom he wishes to call forth in the New World, excepting possibly in his uprightness. I said to him something about his poems and their American character: “Oh,” said he, earnestly, “you must not be too good-natured. No, we have not yet any poetry which can be said to represent the mind of our world. The poet of America is not yet come. When he comes he will sing quite differently!”

A critic who stands so high that he can look down upon himself—yes, that is excellent! One is glad to be criticised by such an one.

Emerson is at this moment regarded as the head of the Transcendentalists in this portion of America. A kind of people are they who are found principally in the States of New England, and who seem to me like its White Mountains, or Alps; that is to say, they aim at being so. But as far as I have yet heard and seen, I recognize only one actual Alp, and that is Waldo Emerson. The others seem to me to stretch themselves out, and to powder themselves, merely to look lofty and snow-crowned; but that does not help them. They have more pretension than power. Their brows are in the clouds instead of towering above them. A—— has lived for fifteen years on bread and fruit, and

has worn linen clothes, because he would not appropriate to himself the property of the sheep—the wool—and has suffered very much in acting up to his faith and love. C—— built himself a hut on the Western prairies, and lived there as a hermit for two years; he has, however, returned to every-day life and every-day people. F—— went out into the wild woods and built himself a hut and lived there—I know not on what. He also has returned to common life, is employed in a handcraft trade, and writes books which have in them something of the freshness and life of the woods—but which are sold for money. Ah! I wonder not at these attempts by unusual ways to escape from the torment of common life. I have myself made my attempts by these ways, and should have carried them out still more had I not been fettered. But they, and Emerson himself, make too much of these attempts, because in themselves they are nothing uncommon, nor have they produced results which are so. The aim—the intention, is the best part of them.

Emerson says in his characteristics of Transcendentalism: “If there is any thing grand and daring in human thought or virtue; any reliance on the vast, the unknown; any presentiment—an extravagance of faith—the spiritualist adopts it as highest in nature.

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“These youths bring us a rough but effectual aid. By their unconcealed dissatisfaction, they expose our poverty and the insignificance of man to man.

* * * *

“These exacting children advertise us of our wants. There is no compliment, no smooth speech with them; they pay you only this one compliment of insatiable expectation; they aspire, they severely exact; and if they stand fast in this watch-tower, and persist in demanding to the end, and without end, then are they terrible friends, whereof poet and priest can not choose but stand in awe;

and what if they eat clouds and drink wind, they have not been without service to the race of man.

* * * *

“When every voice is raised for a new road or another statute ; or a subscription of stock ; for an improvement in dress or in dentistry ; for a new house or a large business ; for a political party or a division of an estate—will you not tolerate one or two solitary voices in the land, speaking for thoughts and principles not marketable or perishable ? Soon these improvements and mechanical inventions will be superseded ; these modes of living lost out of memory ; these cities rotted, ruined by war—by new inventions—by new seats of trade, or the geologic changes ; all gone, like the shells which sprinkle the sea-beach with a white colony to-day—forever renewed, to be forever destroyed. But the thoughts which these few hermits strove to proclaim by silence, as well as by speech, not only by what they did, but by what they forbore to do, shall abide in beauty and strength, to reorganize themselves in nature, to invest themselves anew in other, perhaps higher-endowed and happier-mixed clay than ours, in fuller union with the surrounding system.”

Thus says the noble idealist ; and perhaps I have quoted too much from him, when I can not, at the same time, show you what he *is*—because this is the most remarkable thing in him. I have nothing against his children—the Transcendentalists ; it is a refreshment both to hear and to see them, and they utter many a forgotten truth with new life. They are the element of youth in life, and always produce a renovating effect, and they behold many a beauty which older eyes are no longer clear enough to perceive. I remember to have heard that Schelling would not take as pupils young men above five-and-twenty years of age. He considered them after that age not to be so capable, not to be possessed of immediate perception and insight. But when these young pagan

Alp-natures say, "We have reached to the highest!" then, I say, "Nonsense! you have done nothing of the kind! You say, 'We are gods.' I say, 'Descend from your elevation to the divinely-made world, then will I believe you.' You satisfy yourselves with your lofty, isolated position, believing that you do enough by showing the ideal. Ah! the ideal has never been unknown! You are poor, sinful, imperfect human creatures like the rest, and your bravery does not come up to the heart of Christianity, which does not merely exhibit the ideal, but helps to attain it; not merely suffers all, but overcomes all; does not sit still and look grandly forth, but combats with its followers, admonishing them to overcome evil with good!"

If the Transcendentalists will really create a new, a transcendental state, then they must create a something beyond that; they must, in their ideal man, present a more beautiful figure than that which has already been presented on earth and for earth—the powerful, and, at the same time, humble son of heaven and earth, uniting both in one new creation. But—they can not even understand the beauty of this.

But enough of the Transcendentalists. I must, however, say a few words about a lady who belongs to this sect, and whose name I have frequently heard since I came to America, partly with blame, partly with praise, but always with a certain degree of distinction, namely, Margaret Fuller. Although devoid of beauty, and rather disagreeable than agreeable in her manners, she seems to be gifted with singular talents, and to have an actual genius for conversation. Emerson, speaking with admiration of her powers, said, "Conviction sits upon her lips." Certain it is that I have never heard of a woman in this country possessed of such ability for awakening enthusiasm in the minds of her friends. Emerson said of her, with his usual almost alarming candor, "She has many great qualities; many great faults also."

Among these latter appear to be her arrogance and her contemptuous manner toward others less gifted than herself. I have also heard that she could repent of and ask pardon for severe words. In haughtiness and independence of temper, in pride and honesty, and in critical asperity, she was perfectly a Transcendentalist! The "Conversations," which she at one time gave in a select circle at Boston, are spoken of as of the highest interest. Mrs. Emerson can not sufficiently praise her fervent eloquence and the extraordinary affluence of her mind, and—I believe—half reproaches me for not being like her.

Margaret Fuller went to Italy with my friends, the S——s, about two years since, and remained there when they left. A report has now reached this country that she has connected herself with a young man (she herself is no longer young, being upward of forty), and a Fourierist or Socialist marriage, without the external ceremony, is spoken of; certain it is that the marriage remained secret, and that she has a child, a boy. She herself has written about it, and about her maternal joy, but not any thing about her marriage, merely that she shall relate what further concerns her when she returns to America, which will be next year. All this has furnished subject for much conversation among her friends and her enemies. They who loved neither herself nor her turn of mind, believe the worst; but I shall never forget with what zeal one of her friends, Mr. W. R., defended her on one occasion in company, and that merely on the ground that her character repelled every suspicion of any action which might cast a stain upon it. Her friends at Concord—among these the Emersons, Elizabeth H., and a younger sister of Margaret Fuller, married in Concord—seemed perfectly easy with regard to her conduct, and convinced that it will justify itself in the open light of day. This is beautiful.

Margaret Fuller has in her writings asserted the right

of woman to her own free development, and to liberty in many cases where, although conformable to the strictest moral code, it would yet be offensive to many even in this so-called free country. Her friends, and among these the excellent, pure-hearted S——s, wish me to become acquainted with her.

“Ah! you must see Mrs. Ripley,” said Emerson, on one occasion, with his fine smile; “she is one of the most remarkable persons in Concord.”

And I saw a handsome, elderly lady, with silver-white hair, clear, deep blue eyes, as of the freshest youth, a very womanly demeanor, from which nobody could surmise that she reads Greek and Latin, and understands mathematics like any professor, and helps young students who can not pass their examination in these branches of knowledge, by her extraordinary talent as a teacher, and by her motherly influence. Many a youth blesses the work she has done in him. One of these related of her, “She examined me in Euclid while she shelled peas, and with one foot rocked the cradle of her little grandson.”

I spent, with the Emersons, an evening with Mrs. Ripley. Neither were there any servants kept in her house. These ladies of New England are clever ladies, true daughters of those pilgrim women who endured hardships so manfully, and labored equally with their husbands, and established with them that kingdom which now extends over a hemisphere.

An ancestor of Elizabeth H. was one of the first pilgrims which that little ship, the “Mayflower,” conveyed to the shore of Massachusetts. He related many times how, when these men were about to frame laws for the new colony, they liked to talk them over before their wives, their sisters, and daughters, and to hear their thoughts upon them. This was beautiful and sensible. Of a certainty, that chivalric sentiment and love which generally prevail in America for the female sex had their origin in the dignity

and the noble conduct of those early women; of a certainty, from that early equality, that equality in rule and in rights which prevails here in domestic and social life, although not as yet politically.

I liked to talk with Elizabeth H. There is something very profound and great in this young woman; and her words frequently are as brilliant as diamonds in sunshine.

Among the persons whom I saw at the Emersons, and who interested me, was Professor Sherbe, a Swiss, a man of a noble and grave exterior, with something, also, of ultra-idealism in his philosophy. He has fought against the Jesuits in Switzerland, and is now a teacher and lecturer in America. Lastly, I made the acquaintance of a Doctor Jackson, the discoverer of the somnific effects of ether on the human frame and consciousness, and for which he received a medal from our King Oscar, which was shown to me. He made the discovery entirely by accident, as he has described. I congratulated him on having thus become the means of an infinite blessing to millions of suffering beings.

I left Concord accompanied by this gentleman, who is brother to Mrs. Emerson. But Concord did not leave my memory; its snow-covered scenery; its blue, clear sky; its human beings; its Transcendentalists: all that I had experienced, heard, and seen in Concord, and most of all, its sphinx (as Maria Lowell calls Emerson), these all form a sort of Alpine region in my mind which has a power of fascination for me, and to which I shall long to return as to the scenes and sights of my native land.

When I reached home last evening I found Marcus S., who had come hither on business. It was a heart-felt joy to me to see once more that excellent, good friend. After I had spent an hour in conversing with him and Mr. Sumner, I went with Marcus to Alcott's concluding "Conversation," where several pre-arranged topics with regard to diet and its importance to humanity were dis-

cussed. Alcott maintained that all high and holy teachers of the human race had paid great attention to diet, and in particular had abstained from flesh. Some one said that Christ had eaten flesh. Another said that that could not be proved. A third said that he, at all events, had eaten fish. I said that that stood written in the Gospels. A second agreed. "No matter," said Alcott, "I know better than to eat fish."

The man is incorrigible. He drinks too much water, and brings forth merely hazy and cloudy shapes. He should drink wine and eat meat, or at least fish, so that there might be marrow and substance in his ideas. Marcus, too, was amused at the Conversation, but in his quiet way. Among the audience were some ladies with splendid, intelligent foreheads, and beautiful forms. But I did not hear them say a word: I wonder how they could sit still and listen in silence; for my part, I could not do it. And although the company were invited to a new series of Conversations, this of a certainty will be the last at which I shall be present.

January 26th. Alcott came to me yesterday afternoon; we conversed for two hours; he explained himself better during our dialogue than in his public Conversation, and I understood better than hitherto that there was really at the bottom of his reform movement a true and excellent thought. This thought is the importance of an earnest and holy disposition of mind in those who enter into the bonds of wedlock, so that the union may be noble, and its offspring good and beautiful. His plans for bringing about these beautiful and holy marriages between good and beautiful people (for none other are to enter into matrimony—oh! oh! for the many!) may be right for aught I know. They are better, and more accordant to human nature, than those of Plato for the same purpose. But who will deny that it would be better for the world if they who cause human beings to be born into the world did it

with a higher consciousness, with a deeper sentiment of responsibility. Marriage, looked at with reference to this subject, stands in general very low. A man and woman marry to be happy, selfishly happy, and beyond that the thought seldom extends; does not elevate itself to the higher thought—"We shall give life to immortal beings!" And yet this is the highest purport of marriage. Married couples who have not offspring of their own may fulfill its duties by adopting orphan children.

"But why do you not enunciate these views fully?" inquired I from Alcott: "they are of higher importance than any I have heard during your Conversations, and are really of the highest importance to society."

Alcott excused himself by the difficulty of treating such a subject in public Conversation, and spoke of the intention he had of realizing his views in the formation of a little society, in which, I presume, he would act as high-priest. Again a dream. But the dreamer has risen considerably in my estimation by the reality and the nobility of his views on this subject. I will even excuse his whim about diet, with the exception of its exclusiveness. I adhere to that system, which, without the one-sidedness of this and the continued use of wine and all other of God's good gifts, yet still cries aloud to mankind—"Take heed ye be not overtaken by gluttony and drunkenness."

Alcott gave me two books. They contain conversations which took place between him and various children during a period when he had a school—which was intended to be "the School" *par excellence*. Alcott's main point in the education of children is to awaken their higher nature, and to give them a high esteem for it, so that they may love it and always act in accordance with it. He, therefore, early places before their eyes the human-ideal, or the ideal-human being in Jesus Christ. On every occasion of the children's assembling, Alcott began

his instruction by reading aloud a chapter from the Holy Scriptures. When this was ended, he asked the children, "What was in your thoughts, or in your soul, while you heard this?" Many of the replies were very *naïve*.

After this Alcott led them to consider what virtue had been exhibited in the narrative or the incident which they had just heard, and also to name its opposite, and to think whether they discovered it in themselves, and so on. Much that was excellent and worthy of reflection was thus brought forward, and the whole was calculated for the child's development. Many a word of dewy, primeval freshness proceeded from those childish lips, but also much that was childish and unsatisfactory both from child and teacher. In any case, this is a method which, though it would not answer in schools of any extent, is one which every mother ought to reflect upon.

"What was there in your soul, in your heart?" What might not loving lips call forth in the child's consciousness, to the child's memory, by these words, spoken in the evening after the day's schooling, work, play, sorrow, and joy!

When Alcott was gone, Emerson came and remained a good hour with me. He is iron, even as the other is water. And yet, nevertheless, his world floats in an element of disintegration, and has no firm, unwavering shapes. Wonderful is it how so powerful and concrete a nature as his can be satisfied with such disintegrated views. I can find fault with Emerson's mode of thought, but I must bow before his spirit and his nature. He was now on his way to New York, where he was invited to give a course of lectures. He has promised, when he returns again, to visit me. I must sometime have a more thorough conversation with him, as well on religious subjects as on the future prospects of America. I feel also a little desire for combat with him; for I never see a lion in human form without feeling my lion-heart beat. And a combat with

a spirit like that is always a pleasure even if one wins no victory.

As regards Alcott, I do not know what spirit of contradiction makes me continually excited by him, as well as to amuse myself with him. I sincerely appreciate, however, the beautiful aims of the excellent idealist, and I like, when I say any thing against him, to hear Emerson's deep voice saying, reproachfully, "Amid all the noise and stir of the present day for outward and material aims, can not you bear to hear one or two individual voices speaking for thoughts and principles which are neither salable nor yet transitory?"

Ah, yes! If they were but a little more rational.

I was this evening at a large party of the Boston fashionables at Mrs. B.'s. I felt quite well; the company was handsome, elegant, very polite, and the evening was agreeable to me. Another evening I was at another great fashionable party in another house. I did not feel well, and the company seemed to me rather splendid and aristocratic than agreeable. I saw here a couple of figures such as I did not look for in the drawing-rooms of the New World, and least of all among the women of New England, so puffed up with pride, so unlovely—one read the "money-stamp," both in glance and figure. I was told that Mrs. — and her sister had spent a year in Paris; they ought to have brought thence a little Parisian grace and common sense, as well as fashion. People who are arrogant on account of their wealth, are about equal in civilization with our Laplanders, who measure a man's worth by the number of his reindeer. A man with one thousand reindeer is a very great man. The aristocracy of wealth is the lowest and commonest possible. Pity is it that it is met with in the New World more than it ought to be. One can even, in walking through the streets, hear the expression, "He is worth so many dollars!" But the best people here despise such expressions.

They would never defile the lips of Marcus S., Channing, or Mr. Downing. And as regards the fashionable circles, it must be acknowledged that they are not considered the highest here. One hears people spoken of here as being "above fashion," and by this is meant people of the highest class. It is clear to me that there is here an aristocracy forming itself by degrees which is much higher than that of birth, property, or position in society; it is really the aristocracy of merit, of amiability, and of character. But it is not yet general. It is merely as yet a little handful. But it grows, and the feeling on the subject grows also.

I have been to a charming little dinner at Professor Howe's, where I met Laura Bridgeman. She is now twenty; has a good, well-developed figure, and a countenance which may be called pretty. She wears a green bandage over her eyes. When she took my hand, she made a sign that she regarded me to be a child. One of the first questions which she asked me was, "How much money I got for my books?" A regular Yankee question, which greatly delighted my companions, who, nevertheless, prevented its being pressed any further. I asked Laura, through the lady who always attends her, if she were happy. She replied with vivacity, and an attempt at a sound which proved that she could not sufficiently express how happy she was. She appears, indeed, to be almost always gay and happy; the unceasing kindness and attention of which she is the object prevents her from having any mistrust of mankind, and enables her to live a life of affection and confidence. Dr. Howe, one of those dark figures whom Alcott would regard as offspring of the night—that is to say, with dark complexion, dark eyes, black hair, and a splendid energetic countenance, but with a sallow complexion—is universally known for his ardent human love, which induced him to fight for the freedom of the Greeks and Poles, and, finally, to devote

himself to those whose physical senses are in bonds. His acquaintance is valuable to me, for his own sake, though I shall not be able to enjoy much of his society. He appears, like me, to suffer from the climate, and from the over-exciting nature of the food of the country. His wife is a most charming lady, with great natural gifts, fine education, and great freshness of character. Two lovely little girls, red and white as milk and cherries, as soft as silk, fresh and fair as dew-drops, even in their dress, came in at the end of dinner, and clung caressingly around the dark, energetic father. It was a picture that I wished Alcott could have seen.

I think of remaining here about fourteen days longer, to allow the homeopathic remedies time to effect their work in me. My good doctor comes to me every day, and it is a joy to me merely to see him. I am indescribably thankful for the good which I experience and have experienced from homeopathy, and am thinking continually how good it would be for you.

Rich I certainly shall not become here, my sweet child, because I have here neither time nor inclination to write any thing. But my journey, thanks to American hospitality, will not cost me nearly so much as I expected. And if some of my friends might rule, it would not cost me any thing—I should live and travel at the expense of the American people; but that would be too much.

It is horrible weather to-day—pouring rain and strong wind. I was rejoicing in the hope of being left at peace in consequence of the weather, but I was not able to say no to a couple of visitors, one of whom had called with the intention of taking me to an evening party, the other to ask me to sit for my portrait. But they both received a negative.

I have just received the most beautiful bouquet from a young lady friend—a great number of beautiful small flowers arranged in the cup of a large snow-white *Calla*

Ethiopica; and but few days pass without my receiving beautiful bouquets of flowers from known or unknown friends. This is very sweet and beautiful toward a stranger; and to such I never say no, but am right thankful both for the flowers and the good-will.

Now *adieu* to this long, chatty epistle, and a hearty *à Dieu* to my little friend.

L E T T E R X.

Boston, February 1st.

Most hearty thanks, my dear little heart, for your letter of the 15th of December: it is so inexpressibly dear to me to hear and see how things are at home, as well in the little as the great. If you only had not your usual winter complaint. Ah that winter! but I am glad, nevertheless, that you feel a little better in December than in November, and assure myself that in January you will be better still. And then comes the prospect of summer and the baths of Marstrand. Mamma writes that you were evidently stronger for your summer visit to Marstrand. And you will be yet stronger still after your next summer's visit. But your ideal—that farm-yard servant girl, who took the bull by the horns, when will you come up to that?

My strength has increased considerably for some time, thanks to my excellent Dr. Osgood and his little nothing-powders and globules. And when I feel myself well my soul is cheerful and well, and then my mind is full of thoughts which make me happy; then I am glad to be on the Pilgrims' soil—that soil which the Pilgrim Fathers, as they are here called, first trod, first consecrated as the home of religious and civil liberty, and from which little band the intellectual cultivation of this part of the world proceeds and has proceeded.

It was in the month of December, 1620, when the little

ship, the "Mayflower," anchored on the shore of Massachusetts with the first Pilgrims, one hundred in number. They were of that party which in England was called Puritan, which had arisen after the Reformation and in consequence of it, and which required a more perfect Reformation than that which Luther had brought about. But they desired more; to give full activity to the truth which Luther promulgated when he asserted man's direct relationship to God through Jesus Christ, denying any right of the Church or of tradition to interfere in the determination of that which should be believed or taught, and demanding liberty for every human being to examine and judge for himself in matters of faith, acknowledging no other law or authority than God's word in the Bible. The Puritans demanded on these grounds their right to reject the old ceremonial of the Established Church, and in the place of those empty forms, the right to choose their own minister; the right to worship God in spirit and in truth, and the right of deciding for themselves their form of church government. Puritanism was the rising of that old divine leaven which Christ had foretold should one day "leaven the whole lump" of the spiritual life of liberty in Jesus Christ. The charter of freedom given by him was the watch-word of the Puritans. With this in their hand and on their lips they dared to enter into combat with the dominant Episcopal Church; refused to unite themselves with it, called themselves Non-conformists, and held separate assemblies or religious conventicles. The State Church and the government rose in opposition, and passed an act against conventicles.

But the Puritans and the conventicles increased year by year in England. Noble priests, such as Wickliff, and many of the respectable of the land, became their adherents. Queen Elizabeth treated them, however, with caution and respect. Her successor, King James, raved blindly against them, saying, "I will make them conform, or I will

harry them out of the land ; or worse, only hang them—that is all!” And the choice was given them, either to return to the State Church or imprisonment and death. This only strengthened the opposition ; “for,” says Thomas Carlyle, otherwise tolerably bitter in his criticism on human nature, “people do human nature an injustice when they believe that the instigation to great actions is self-interest, worldly profit, or pleasure. No ; that which instigates to great undertakings, and produces great things, is the prospect of conflict, persecution, suffering, martyrdom, for the truth’s sake.”

In one of the Northern counties of England, a little company of men and women, inhabitants of small towns and villages, united in the resolve to risk all for the open acknowledgment of their pure faith, conformably with the teachings of which they determined to live. They were people of the lowest condition, principally artisans or tillers of the soil ; men who lived by the hard labor of their hands, and who were accustomed to combat with the severe circumstances of life. Holland at this time offered to them, as it did to all the oppressed combatants for the truth, a place of refuge ; and to Holland the little knot of Puritans resolved to flee. They escaped from their vigilant persecutors through great dangers, and Leyden, in Holland, became their city of refuge. But they did not prosper there ; they felt that it was not the place for them ; they knew that they were to be pilgrims on the earth seeking a father-land ; and amid their struggles with the hard circumstances of daily life, the belief existed in their souls that they were called upon to accomplish a higher work for humanity than that which consisted with their present lot. “They felt themselves moved by zeal and by hope to make known the Gospel, and extend the kingdom of Christ in the far distant land of the New World ; yes, if they even should be merely as stepping-stones for others to carry forth so great a work.”

They asked, and, after great difficulty, obtained the consent of the English government to emigrate to North America, where they might endeavor to labor for the glory of God and the advantage of England.

They chartered two ships, the "Mayflower" and "Speedwell," to bear them across the sea. Only the youngest and strongest of the little band, who voluntarily offered themselves, were selected to go out first on the perilous voyage, and that after they had publicly prepared themselves by fasting and prayer. "Let us," said they, "beseech of God to open a right way for us and our little ones, and for all our substance!"

Only a portion of those who had gone out to Holland found room in the two vessels. Among those who remained was also their noble teacher and leader, John Robinson. But from the shores of the Old World he uttered, as a parting address, these glorious words: "I charge you, before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has yet more truth to break forth out of his holy word. I can not sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed Churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go no further at present than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. I beseech you remember it—'tis an article of your Church covenant—that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God."

"When our vessels were ready to receive us on board," writes one of the party, "the brethren who had fasted and prayed with us gave us a parting feast at the house of our minister, which was roomy; and then, after shedding many tears, we refreshed ourselves with the singing of hymns, making joyful music in our hearts as well as

with our voices, for many of our community were very skillful in music. After this, they accompanied us to Dreft Harbor, where we were to go on board, and there we were entertained anew. And after our minister had prayed with us, and floods of tears had been shed, they accompanied us on board. But we were in no condition to talk one with another of the exceeding great grief of parting. From our vessel, however, we gave them a salutation; and then extending our hands to each other, and lifting up our hearts for each other to the Lord our God, and so set sail."

A prosperous wind quickly conveyed the Pilgrims to the English shore; and then the smallest of the vessels, the "Speedwell," was compelled to lie to for repairs. But scarcely had they again left the English coast with sails unfurled for the Atlantic, when the captain of the "Speedwell" and his company lost courage in the prospect of the greatness of the undertaking and all its perils, and desired to return to England. The people of the "Mayflower" agreed that "it was very grievous and discouraging." And now the little band of resolute men and women, several of the latter far advanced in pregnancy, persevered in their undertaking, and with their children and their household stuff, an entire floating village, they sailed onward in the "Mayflower" across the great sea toward the New World, and at the most rigorous season of the year. After a stormy voyage of sixty-three days, the Pilgrims beheld the shores of the New World, and in two more days the "Mayflower" cast anchor in the harbor of Cape Cod, on the coast of Massachusetts.

Yet, before they land, and while the "Mayflower" yet rests upon the waves of the deep, they assemble to deliberate on some constituted form of government; and, drawing up the following compact, they formed themselves into a voluntary body politic.

"In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are

underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

This instrument was signed by all the men in company, forty-one in number. Thus was framed, in the cabin of the "Mayflower," the most truly democratic Constitution which the world had yet seen. That democratic, self-governing community came forth in a state of complete organization from the "Mayflower" to the shore of the New World.

Like Abraham, the pilgrim band went forth, obedient to the voice of God, into a land to them unknown, and not themselves fully cognizant of the work they were called to do.

They went forth to seek a free virgin soil on which to found their pure Church, for the glory of God's kingdom, and unconsciously to themselves, likewise, to found, in so doing, a new civil community which should be a home and a community for all people of the earth. The "Mayflower" gave birth to popular constitutional liberty at the same time that it established the pure vitality of religion; and that was but natural, the latter included the former. The Pilgrims conveyed with them the new life of the New World without being themselves conscious of it.

They landed on a rock, since called "Plymouth Rock,"

or, also, "The Pilgrims' Rock." It was a young girl who was first permitted to spring from the boat on shore. It was her light foot which first touched the rock. It was at the commencement of winter when the Pilgrims reached the new land; and they were met by cold, and storm, and adverse circumstances. They made an excursion of discovery inland, and found in one place a little corn, but no habitations, only Indian graves.

They had been but a few days on shore, and were beginning to build habitations as a defense against the storms and the snow, when the Sunday occurred, and it is characteristic of that first Puritan community that, under their circumstances, they rested from all labor, and kept the Sabbath uninterruptedly and with all solemnity.

I have lately read a narrative, or, more properly speaking, a chronicle, kept as a diary of the life of the first colonists, their wars and labors during the first year of their settlement. It is a simple chronicle, without any wordiness or parade, without any attempt at making it romantic or beautiful, but which affected me more, and went more directly to the depths of the heart, than many a touching novel; and which seemed to me grander than many a heroic poem. For how great in all its unpretentiousness was this life, this labor! What courage, what perseverance, what steadfastness, what unwavering trust in that little band! How they aided one another, these men and women; how they persevered through all sorrow and adversity, in life and in death. They lived surrounded by dangers, in warfare with the natives; they suffered from climate, from the want of habitations and conveniences, from the want of food; they lay sick; they saw their beloved die; they suffered hunger and cold; but still they persevered. They saw the habitations they had built destroyed, and they built afresh. Amid their struggles with want and adversity, amid the Indian's rain of arrows, they founded their commonwealth and their

Church; they formed laws, established schools, and all that could give stability and strength to a human community. They wielded the sword with one hand and guided the plow with the other. Amid increasing jeopardy of life, they, in particular, reflected on the welfare of their successors, and framed laws which every one must admire for their sagacity, purity, and humanity. Even the animal creation was placed under the protection of these laws, and punishment ordained for the mistreatment of the beast.

During the first year their sufferings and hardships were extreme. "I have seen men," writes an eye-witness, "stagger by reason of faintness for want of food."

The harvest of the third year was abundant, and now, instead of, as hitherto, each one laboring for the common benefit, each colonist worked alone for his own family and his own advantage. This gave an impulse to labor and to good management. And when they had lived through the time of want, a time of prosperity commenced, and the colony increased rapidly in power and extent. In a few years it was said of it, "that you might live there from one year's end to another without seeing a drunkard, hearing an oath, or meeting with a beggar." They who survived the first period of suffering lived to be extremely old.

It is not to be wondered at, that from a parentage strong as this should be derived a race destined to become a great people. Other colonies more to the south, whose morals were more lax, and whose purpose of life was of a lower range, had either died out, or maintained merely a feeble existence amid warfare with the natives, suffering from the climate and encompassed with difficulties. The Puritans, on the contrary, with their lofty aims of life, their steadfast faith and pure manners, became the conquerors of the desert, and the lawgivers of the New World. Nor do I know of any nation which ever had a nobler foundation or nobler founders. The whole of humanity had taken a step onward with the Pilgrim Fathers in the New

World. The work which they had to do concerned the whole human race.

And when from the land of the Pilgrims I look abroad over the United States, I see every where, in the South as well as in the North and the West, the country populated, the empire founded by a people composed of all peoples, who suffered persecution for their faith, who sought freedom of conscience and peace on a new free soil. I see the Huguenot and the Herrnhutter in the South, and along the Mississippi, in the West, Protestants and Catholics, who, from all the countries of Europe, seek for and find there those most precious treasures of mankind; and who, in that affluent soil, establish flourishing communities under the social and free laws instituted by the oldest Pilgrims.

To them belongs the honor of that new creation, and from them, even to this day, proceed the creative ideas in the social life of the New World; and whether willingly or unwillingly, widely differing people and religious sects have received the impression of their spirit. Domestic manners, social intercourse, form themselves by it; the life and church-government of all religious bodies recognize the influence of the Puritan standard, "Live conformably to conscience; let thy whole behavior bear witness to thy religious confession." And that form of government which was organized by the little community of the "Mayflower" has become the vital principle in all the United States of America, and is the same which now, on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, controls and directs with quiet power the wild, free spirits of California, educating them to self-government and obedience to law.

The old colonies have sent out to all parts of the Union crowds of Pilgrims, sons and daughters, and they constitute at this time more than one third of the population of the United States of North America. They were, nevertheless, most numerous in the North, and there they have left the strongest impression of their spirit.

When I contemplate that Puritan community as it exists in our time, about two centuries after its first establishment, it seems to me that there are two main-springs within its impulsive heart; the one is a tendency toward the ideal of moral life, the other impels it to conquer the earth, that is to say, the material power and products of life. The men of the New World, and pre-eminently the men of New England (humorously called Yankees), have a passion for acquisition, and for this object think nothing of labor—even the hardest—and nothing of trouble; nay, to travel half over the world to do a good stroke of business, is a very little thing. The Viking element in the Yankee's nature, and which he, perhaps, originally inherited from the Scandinavian Vikings, compels him incessantly to work, to undertake, to accomplish something which tends either to his own improvement or that of others; for when he has improved himself, he thinks, if not before, of employing his pound for the public good. He gets money, but only to spend. He puts it by, but not for selfish purposes. Public spirit is the animating principle of his life, and he prefers to leave behind him the name of an esteemed and beloved citizen rather than a large property. He likes to leave that which he has acquired to some institution or benevolent establishment, which thenceforth commonly bears his name. And I know those whose benevolence is so pure that they slight even this reward.

The moral ideal of man and of society seems to be clearly understood here, and all the more clearly in those Northern States which have derived their population from the old colonies. From conversation with sensible idealists among my friends, as well as from the attention I have given to the spirit of public life here, I have acquainted myself with the demands made by man and by society, and for which young America combats as for its true purpose and mission, and they appear to be as follows:

Every human being must be strictly true to his own individuality — must stand alone with God, and from this innermost point of view must act alone conformably to his own conscientious convictions.

There is no virtue peculiar to the one sex which is not also a virtue in the other. Man must in morals and conduct come up to the purity of woman.

Woman must possess the means of the highest development of which her nature is capable. She must equally with man have the opportunity of cultivating and developing her intellect. She must possess the same rights in her endeavors after freedom and happiness as man.

The honor of labor and the rewards of labor ought to be equal to all. All labor is in itself honorable, and must be regarded as such. Every honest laborer must be honored.

The principle of equality must govern in society.

Man must become just and good through a just and good mode of treatment. Good must call forth good.

(This reminds me of that beautiful Swedish legend of the Middle Ages, about the youth who was changed by a witch into a wher-wolf, but who, at the sound of his Christian name, spoken by a loving voice, would recover his original shape.)

The community must give to every one of its members the best possible chance of developing his human abilities, so that he may come into possession of his human rights. This must be done in part by legislation, which must remove all hinderances and impediments; in part by public educational institutions, which shall give to all alike the opportunity of the full development of the human faculties, until they reach the age when they may be considered as capable of caring for and determining for themselves.

The ideal of society is attained in part by the individual coming up to his own ideal; in part by those free institutions and associations in which mankind is brought into a

brotherly relation with each other, and by mutual responsibility.

EVERY THING FOR ALL is the true object of society. Every one must be able to enjoy all the good things of earth, as well temporal as spiritual, every one according to his own capacity of enjoyment. None must be excluded who does not exclude himself. The chance of regaining his place in society must be given to every one. For this cause the prison must be an institution for improvement, a second school for those who need it. Society must, in its many-sided development, so organize itself that all may be able to attain every thing: EVERY THING FOR ALL.

The ideal of the man of America seems to me to be, purity of intention, decision in will, energy in action, simplicity and gentleness in manner and demeanor. Hence it is that there is a something tender and chivalric in his behavior to woman which is infinitely becoming to him. In every woman he respects his own mother.

In the same way it appeared to me that the ideal of the woman of America, of the woman of the New World, is, independence in character, gentleness of demeanor and manner.

The American's ideal of happiness seems to me to be, marriage and home, combined with public activity. To have a wife, his own house and home, his own little piece of land; to take care of these, and to beautify them, at the same time doing some good to the state or to the city—this seems to me to be the object of human life with most men; a journey to Europe to see perfected cities, and—ruins belong to it, as a desirable episode.

Of the American home I have seen enough and heard enough for me to be able to say that the women have, in general, all the rule there which they wish to have. Woman is the centre and the lawgiver in the home of the New World, and the American man loves that it should be so. He wishes that his wife should have her own will

at home, and he loves to obey it. In proof of this, I have heard the words of a young man quoted: "I hope that my wife will have her own will in the house, and if she has not, I'll make her have it!" I must, however, say, that in the happy homes in which I lived I saw the wife equally careful to guide herself by the wishes of her husband as he was to indulge hers. Affection and sound reason make all things equal.

The educational institutions for woman are, in general, much superior to those of Europe; and perhaps the most important work which America is doing for the future of humanity consists in her treatment and education of woman. Woman's increasing value as a teacher, and the employment of her as such in public schools, even in those for boys, is a public fact in these states which greatly delights me. Seminaries have been established to educate her for this vocation (I hope to be able to visit that at West Newton, in the neighborhood of Boston, and which was originated by Horace Mann). It even seems as if the daughters of New England had a peculiar faculty and love for this employment. Young girls of fortune devote themselves to it. The daughters of poor farmers go to work in the manufactories a sufficient time to earn the necessary sum to put themselves to school, and thus to become teachers in due course. Whole crowds of school-teachers go hence to the Western and Southern States, where schools are daily being established and placed under their direction. The young daughters of New England are universally commended for their character and ability. Even Waldo Emerson, who does not easily praise, spoke in commendation of them. They learn in the schools the classics, mathematics, physics, algebra, with great ease, and pass their examinations like young men. Not long since a young lady in Nantucket, not far from Boston, distinguished herself in astronomy, discovered a new planet, and received, in consequence, a medal from the King of Prussia.

The literature of Germany has for some years taken a great hold in the Northern States, and has had a remarkable influence on the minds of the youthful student in particular, as awakening the mind to the ideal of life. The public speakers and lecturers, who attract multitudes to hear them, are the advocates and promulgators of the human ideal. Peace, liberty, genuineness of character, temperance, purity, and the ennobling of every phase and condition of life, the diffusion of the benefits of life and cultivation to all men, are the subjects which animate the eloquence of the speaker and attract thousands of listeners. All questions are treated and worked out with reference to "the benefit of all, the ennobling of all."

It is said of a tree that it *grows* when it raises itself nearer to heaven; and we may, in this sense, say of this community that *it grows*. It labors not merely to extend, but to elevate itself.

Since I last wrote, I have spent an amusing evening at an anti-slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall (a large hall for public assemblies), which was very animated. Mr. Charles Sumner, who wished me to see one of the popular assemblies here, accompanied me. Some runaway slaves were to be introduced to the public, and the talking was about them. The hall and the galleries were quite full. One of the best, and certainly most original, speaker of the evening, was a great negro, who had lately succeeded in escaping from slavery with his wife and child, and who related the history of his escape. There was a freshness, a life, an individuality in this man's eloquence and gestures which, together with the great interest of the narrative, were infinitely delightful. Sometimes he made use of such extraordinary similes and expressions, that the whole assembly burst into peals of laughter; but John Brown, that was his name, did not join in it; he did not allow himself to be moved, but went on only the more earnestly with his story.

I remember, in particular, when he described crossing a river while pursued by the men employed to catch him. "There sit I now," said he, "in a boat with merely one pair of oars, and row and row with all my might to reach the other, the free shore, where my wife and my child await me. And there I see the pursuers coming after me, rowing with three pair of oars. They have nearly caught me; but above us sits the great God and looks at us, and he gave me the start. I reach the shore; I am upon free ground! And now, this evening, I am with my wife and my child!"

The assembly clapped their hands in tumultuous applause. After this speaker a group came forward, which was also saluted with much clapping of hands; a young fair lady, in a simple white dress, and hair without any ornament, stepped forward, leading a dark mulatto woman by the hand. She had been a slave, and had lately escaped from slavery on board a vessel, where she had been concealed. Her owners, who suspected her place of concealment, obtained a warrant for searching the vessel, which they did thoroughly, burning brimstone in order to compel her to come forth. But she endured it all, and succeeded in making her escape. It was a beautiful sight, when the young white woman, Miss Lucy S., one of the ladies whom I had seen at my little doctress's, placed her hand upon the head of the black woman, calling her sister, and introducing her as such to the assembled crowd. It looked well and beautiful, and it was certainly felt by all that the white woman stood here as the friend and protector of the black. Miss Lucy performed her part very well, in a perfectly womanly, quiet, and beautiful manner. She then related the history of the late slave, and talked about slavery for a full hour with perfect self-possession, perspicuity, and propriety of tone and gesture. But instead of speaking, as she might and ought to have done, from her own womanly feeling

of life—instead of awakening sympathy for those wrongs which woman especially suffers in slavery, inasmuch as her very children do not belong to her; that the beings whom she brings forth in sorrow are the property of her master, and may be taken from her and sold whenever he will—instead of laying stress upon this and many other circumstances repulsive to the heart and to every sense of justice, and which especially befall the female slave—Miss Lucy struck into the common track of so-much hackneyed abuse of the pro-slavery men of the North, and against Daniel Webster and his warm zeal for Hungarian freedom, while he saw with indifference three millions of native Americans held in slavery. She repeated merely what the men had already said, and said better and more powerfully than she had done; she entirely mistook her own mission as a female speaker. When will women perceive that, if they would worthily take a place in the forum, they must come forth with the dignity and power of the being who has new and mighty truths to enunciate and represent? They must feel and speak from the centre of the sphere of woman. Not all the good nature and courtesy of man will enable them to maintain their place on the public platform, if they do not take possession of it on their own positive ground. There is no want of this in itself; it lies near to the heart of woman; it is within her, around her, if she will but see it. But she must yet obtain a more profound knowledge both of herself and of life. The women who in all ages have stood forward as the priestesses of the inner life, as prophetesses and interpreters of the most sublime and the most holy, and who were listened to as such by people and by kings, Deborah, Wala, Sybilla, merely naming in them some of the oldest types—these might point out to the women of the New World the path to public power and public influence. And if they do not feel this higher power in themselves, how much better to remain in quietness and silence! How

powerful might they be even then! What power is mightier than that of love, than that of rational goodness? The eagle and the dove, as I have heard it said, are, of all birds, those which fly farthest and most rapidly to their object.

Miss Lucy Stone's audience were good-natured, listening attentively, and applauding at the close of the speech, but not much. People praise her clearness of delivery, her becoming manner, and the perspicuity of her mind: that was all; more could not be said—and that was not much.

The gentlemen who followed her brought with them more life and interest. But they offended me by their want of moderation and justice; by their style of declamation; by their endeavoring to point out, even in the galleries of the hall, individuals who did not agree with them in their anti-slavery labors; it offended me to hear family life desecrated by making known dissensions; for example, between the father and the daughter on these questions; thus overlooking the divine moral law of "Judge not!" These tirades were carried to an extreme, and with much personality. But all was animated and amusing, and the best understanding seemed to exist between the speaker and his audience. Wendell Phillips, the young lawyer, seemed to possess the greatest share of public favor; and he is really an unusually gifted and agreeable speaker, carrying the public along with him, and seeming to know his own power of moving and electrifying them. A Mr. Quincy, a young man, of one of the highest families in Boston, spoke violently against anti-slavery people, and among others against his own eldest brother, now mayor of Boston. But the public did not like his outbreak, especially against the mayor, and hissed and clamored terrifically. Mr. Quincy proceeded with still more violence, walking up and down the platform, his hands in the pockets of his coat skirts, which he fluttered about as

if he enjoyed himself, and was fanned by the most agreeable of zephyrs.

At length the tumult and the cry of "Phillips!" "Wendell Phillips!" was so overpowering, that Mr. Quincy could not be heard. He paused, and beckoned with a smile to Wendell Phillips that he should take his place.

Phillips, a fair-complexioned young man, of a pleasing figure and very easy deportment, stepped forth, and was greeted with a salvo of clapping, after which a profound silence prevailed. Wendell Phillips spoke with the calmness and self-possession of a speaker who perfectly understands both himself and his hearers, and he took up that subject which Miss Lucy had passed over; he spoke for the female slave, for the mother whose new-born child belongs not to her, but to the slaveholder and to slavery. He spoke of this with the low voice of suppressed emotion, and a simplicity of language, yet powerful enough to excite to the utmost the human heart against the circumstances and the mode of treatment which he described. It was masterly. The assembly hung on his lips and took in every word. Once, during an argument, he addressed my companion, Mr. Sumner, saying, "Is it not so, brother Sumner?" Sumner smiled, and nodded an affirmative.

At the close of this speech an excited gentleman leapt upon the platform and began to declaim at the side of Phillips. Phillips laughed, and prayed the assembly not to listen to this "incapable gentleman." The assembly were thrown into a state of fermentation, yet in perfect good-humor; they smiled, they whistled, they shouted, they clapped, and hissed all together. During this commotion the people began to leave the galleries with the utmost calmness and composure. Plates were sent round through the hall to receive a collection for the mulatto woman, after which we left the hall, together with many others; and I could not but admire the quietness, the me-

thodic manner in which this was done. There was no crushing nor confusion; each one followed silently in his turn, and thus the assembly flowed away like a quiet river.

I was glad to have been at a popular assembly where so much license prevailed, but which was yet under the control of order and good temper.

I visited the Senate House one day in company with Mr. Sumner. Saw the Senate sitting sleepily over a question of shoe-leather, and heard in the House of Representatives a good deal of very animated but somewhat plebeian eloquence in a debate on the question of "Plurality and Majority," as well as voting. But of this I shall say no more. The Americans speak extempore with great ease and fluency: their speeches here were like a rushing torrent; the gestures energetic, but monotonous, and without elegance.

The president, the speaker, and several of the members of both Houses, came and shook hands with me, and bade me welcome. I mention this because it seems to me beautiful and kind thus to welcome a foreigner and a woman, without importance in political life, but who properly belongs to the quiet world of home. Does not this show that the men of the New World regard the home as the maternal life of the state?

I was pleased by this visit to the State House of Boston, which is also, in its exterior, a magnificent building. Two immense fountains cast up their waters in front of its façade, and from the flight of steps outside the house the view is splendid. Below lies the extensive green called "Boston Common," in the middle of which is also a beautiful fountain, which throws up its water to a great height. Round it, on three sides, run three remarkably beautiful streets, each street planted through its whole length with lofty trees, mostly the elm, the favorite tree of Massachusetts, and some of the same kind beautify

also the park-like Common. On the fourth side is an open view of the ocean creek.

Here, on the broad causeways, beneath the beautiful elms, I am fond of walking when the weather is mild, to behold through the branches of the trees the bright blue heaven of Massachusetts, and to see in the park the little republicans coming out of school, running and leaping about. In this neighborhood are various beautiful, well built streets, among which "Mount Auburn Street," with its view of the sea, and along which I walk on my way to the Common from my home at Mr. Benzon's. Below the hill on the other side lies the market-place, "Louisberg Square," where I also often take a walk; but less for its little inclosure of trees and shrubs, and the there inclosed wretched statue of Aristides, but because Mrs. B. lives there; and with her I always feel myself quiet and happy, and am willing now and then to take an excellent little dinner in company with her mother, Mrs. L., a clever, cordial and splendid old lady, and one or two other guests. Mrs. B. is one of the genus fashionable, who has her clothes ready-made from Paris, and who lives as a rich lady, but whose heart is nevertheless open to life's modest works of love, and who endeavors to make all around her, even animals, happy. A magnificent gray greyhound, called Princess, has its home in the house, and is the most excellent house-dog I ever made acquaintance with.

Mrs. B.'s little daughter, Julia, is remarkably like her grandmother in her turn of mind, her liveliness, and even her wit. This charming little girl makes the most amusing puns without being at all aware of it.

One day when there was good sledging, Mrs. B. took me to see a sledge-drive on the Neck, a narrow promontory which is the scene of action for the sledging of the Boston fashionables. The young gentlemen in their light, elegant carriages, with their spirited horses, flew like the

wind. It looked charming and animated. I once saw one of the giant sledges, in which were seated from fifty to a hundred persons. This was drawn by four horses, and certainly above fifty young ladies in white, and with pink silk bonnets and fluttering ribbons, filled the body of the carriage. It looked like an immense basket of flowers, and had also a splendid and beautiful appearance. But I am not fond of seeing people in a crowd, not even as a crowd of flowers; a crowd nullifies individuality. More beautiful sledging than that of the Swedish "Rack-en," where a gentleman and lady sit side by side, on bear or leopard skins, drawn by a pair of spirited horses covered with swinging white nets—more beautiful carriages and driving than these have I never seen.

There has been this winter no good sledging in Boston; nor has the winter been severe. Yet, nevertheless, it is with difficulty that I can bear the air as soon as it becomes cold. I, who have such a love of the Swedish winter, and who breathe easily in our severest weather, have really difficulty in breathing here when the atmosphere is as cold as it is just now—it feels so keen and severe. It seems to me as if the old Puritanic, austere spirit had entered, or rather gone forth into the air and penetrated it; and such an atmosphere does not suit me. Of a certainty the atmosphere of America is essentially different to that of Europe. It seems thin and dry, wonderfully fine and penetrating, and it certainly operates upon the constitutions of the people. How seldom one sees fat people or plump forms here. The women appear delicate and not strong. The men strong and full of muscular elasticity, but they are generally thin, and grow more in height than otherwise. The cheeks become sunk in the man even while he is but a youth, and the countenance assimilates to the Indian type. The climate of Boston is, for the rest, not considered good on account of the cold sea-winds.

Of Boston I shall not say much, because I have not seen much, and am not in the best state of mind to judge. The city itself does not seem to possess any thing remarkably beautiful, excepting that of which I have spoken. The neighborhood of Boston, on the contrary, I have heard described as very beautiful, and in many cases bearing a resemblance to that of Stockholm. As yet I have only seen it in a covered carriage and in its winter aspect. I have observed a great number of charming country houses or villas.

My most agreeable hours in Boston have been spent at Mrs. Kemble's readings from Shakspeare. She is a real genius, and her power of expression, and the flexibility of her voice, so that she at the moment can change it for the character she represents, are most wonderful. None can ever forget that which he has once heard her read; she carries her hearer completely into the world and the scene which she represents. Even Jenny Lind's power of personation is nothing in comparison with hers. She is excellent, and most so in heroic parts. I shall never forget her glowing, splendid countenance, when she as Henry V. incited the army to heroic deeds. And she gave the scene between the enamored warrior-king and the bashful, elegant, and yet naïve French princess in such a manner as made one both laugh and cry; that is to say, one laughed with tears of sheer joy in one's eyes. When she steps forward before her audience, one immediately sees in her a powerful and proud nature, which bows before the public in the consciousness that she will soon have them at her feet. And then—while she reads, yes, then she forgets the public and Fanny Kemble; and the public forget themselves and Fanny Kemble too; and both live and breathe and are thrilled with horror, and bewitched by the great dramatic scenes of life which she with magic power calls forth. Her figure is strong, although not large, and of English plumpness; a countenance which, without being

beautiful, is yet fine, and particularly rich and magnificent in expression. "In her smile there are fifty smiles," said Maria Lowell, who always says things beautifully

Fanny Kemble was extremely amiable and kind to me, and sent me a free admission for myself and a friend to her Readings. She has read to-day my favorite of all the Shakspeare dramas, Julius Cæsar, and she read it so that it was almost more than I could bear. In comparison with these glorious heroic characters and their life, that which at present existed around me, and I myself in the midst of it, seemed so poor, so trivial, so colorless, that it was painful to me. And that which made it still more so was, that I was obliged between every act, and while wholly excited by the reading, to turn to the right hand and to the left to reply to introductions and to shake hands—very possibly with the best people in the world, but I wished them altogether, for the time, in the moon. Besides which, a lady, a stranger to me, who sat by me, gave me, every time any thing remarkable occurred, either in the piece or in its delivery, a friendly jog with her elbow.

As regards the people around me, I may divide them into two, or rather into three classes. The first is worthy of being loved, full of kindness, refinement, and a beautiful sense of propriety; in truth, more amiable and agreeable people I have never met with; the second are thoughtless, mean well, but often give me a deal of vexation, leave me no peace either at home, in church, or at any other public place, and have no idea that any body can desire or need to be left at peace. Much curiosity prevails certainly in this class, but much real good-nature and heartfelt kindness also, although it often expresses itself in a peculiar manner. But then I should not, perhaps, feel this so keenly if I had my usual strength of body and mind. The third—yes, the third, is altogether—but I will only say of it, that it is not a numerous class, and belongs

to a genus which is found in all countries alike, and which I place in the Litany.

I receive invitations through the whole week, but I accept only one, and another invitation to dinner, that is to say, to small dinner-parties. These are for the most part very agreeable, and I thus am able to see happy family groups on their own charming and excellent hearths. One recognizes the English taste and arrangement in every thing. For the most part, I decline all invitations for the evening. Evening parties do not agree with me; the heat produced by the gas-lights of the drawing-rooms makes me feverish. On the contrary, I have greatly enjoyed my quiet evenings at home since I had a young friend to read aloud to me, that I could not wish for any thing better. Mr. V., an agreeable young man, son of Benzon's companion, and who also lives in the house, offered to read aloud to me in the evening, although he did not know, he said, whether he could do it to please me, as he had never before read aloud. He read rather stumblingly at first, but softly, and with the most gentle of manly voices. It was like music to my soul and my senses; it calmed me deliciously. Before long he lost all his stumbling, and his reading became continuous and melodious as a softly purling stream. And thus has he afforded me many good, quiet evenings in the reading of the biography of Washington, of the President of Cambridge, Jared Sparks', Emerson's Essays, or other works. Mr. Charles Sumner has also enabled me to spend some most agreeable hours, while he has read to me various things, in particular some of Longfellow's poems. One day he read a story to me, in itself a poem in prose, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, which gave me so much pleasure that I beg leave to tell it you with the greatest possible brevity. N.B.—Hawthorne is one of the latest of the prose writers of North America, and has acquired a great reputation. His works have been sent to me by some

anonymous female friend, whom I hope yet to be able to discover, that I may thank her. He treats national subjects with great earnestness and freshness; and that mystical, gloomy sentiment, which forms, as it were, the background of this picture, like a nocturnal sky, from which the stars shine forth, exercises a magical influence on the mind of the New World, perhaps because it is so unlike their every-day life. The piece which Sumner read to me is called "The Great Stone Face," and the idea seems to be taken from the actual large rock countenance, which it is said may be seen at one place among the mountains of New Hampshire—the White Mountains, as they are called—and which is known under the name of "the Old Man of the Mountain."

"In one of the valleys of New Hampshire," says Hawthorne, "there lived in a mean cottage a young lad, the child of poor parents. From his home and from the whole valley might be seen, in one of the lofty, distant mountains, a large human profile, as if hewn out in the rock, and this was known under the name of 'the Great Stone Face.' There was an old tradition in the valley, that there should some day come a man to the valley whose countenance should resemble that of the great stone face; that he should be the noblest of men, and should introduce a golden age into the valley. The young lad grew up in the full view of that great stone face, which seemed to hold dominion over the dale, and in the constant thought of the expected stranger, who would one day come and make the dale's people so happy. For hours he would gaze at the large stone countenance, filling his whole soul with the sublime beauty and nobility of its features. Thus time passed; he went to school, grew up a young man, became a schoolmaster and clergyman; but he always kept looking at the lofty, pure countenance in the rock, and more and more grew his love of its beauty, and more and more deeply he longed after the man who had

been foretold and promised, and whose countenance should resemble this.

“All at once a great cry rang through the dale, ‘He is coming! he is coming!’ And every body went out to meet and to welcome the great man, and the young minister among the rest. The great man came in a great carriage, drawn by four horses, surrounded by the shouting and exulting crowd; and every body exclaimed, as they looked at him, ‘How like he is to the great stone face!’

“But the young clergyman saw at the first glance that it was not so, and that he could not be the foretold and promised stranger, and the people also, after he had continued some time in the valley, discovered the same thing.

“The young man went quietly on his way as before, doing all the good he could, and waiting for the expected stranger, gazing continually on the large countenance, and fancying that he was living and acting forever in its sight.

“Once more the cry went abroad, ‘He is coming! he is coming! the great man!’ And again the people streamed forth to meet him, and again he came with all the pomp of the former, and again the people cried out, ‘How like he is to the great stone face!’ The youth looked and saw a sallow countenance with really some resemblance to the large features of the face; but for all that, it was very unlike. And after a while he began to remark that the resemblance became still more and more unlike, nor was it long before every body found out that their great man was not a great man at all, and that he had no similarity to the large stone face. After this he disappeared from the dale. These expectations and these disappointments were repeated yet several times.

“At length, although the good clergyman gave up almost entirely his sanguine expectations, he still hoped silently, and continued silently to work in his vocation, but with

more and more earnestness, extending yet more and more the sphere of his operations—forever glancing upward to that large stone countenance, and, as it were, impressing yet deeper and deeper its features upon his soul. Thus time went on, and the young man had advanced toward middle life; his hair had begun to grow gray, and his countenance to be plowed by the furrows of advancing years, but the great long-expected stranger had not appeared. But he yet hoped on.

“In the mean time, the influence of his life and his labors had ennobled the dale’s people, and given beauty to the dale itself. Universal peace and universal prosperity prevailed there during a long course of years. And by this time the locks of the clergyman were of a silvery whiteness; his face had become pale and his features rigid, yet was his countenance beaming with human love. About this time, the people began to whisper among themselves, ‘Does not there seem to be a remarkable resemblance between him and the great stone face?’

“One evening a stranger came to the clergyman’s cottage and was hospitably entertained there. He had come to the dale to see the great stone countenance, of which he had heard, and to see the man also of whom report said that he bore the same features, not merely in the outward face, but in the beauty of the spirit.

“In the calmness of evening, in presence of the Eternal, in presence of that large stone countenance of the rock, they conversed of the profound and beautiful mysteries of the spiritual life, and while so doing, they themselves became bright and beautiful before each other.

“‘May not this be the long-expected, the long-desired one,’ thought the clergyman, and gazed at the transfigured countenance of his guest. As he thus thought, a deep feeling of peace stole over him. It was that of death.

“He bowed his head, closed his eyes; and in those rigid but noble features, in that pure, pale countenance, the

stranger recognized with amazement him whom they had sought for—him who bore the features of the great stone face.”

Hawthorne is essentially a poet and idealist by nature. He is, for profound, contemplative life, that which N. P. Willis, with his witty, lively pen, is for the real and the outward. The former seeks to penetrate into the interior of the earth, the latter makes pen and ink sketches by the way; the former is a solitary student, the latter a man of the world. Hawthorne's latest work, "The Scarlet Letter," is making just now a great sensation, and is praised as a work of genius. I, however, have not yet read it, and there is a something in its title which does not tempt me. Hawthorne himself is said to be a handsome man, but belongs to the retiring class of poetical natures. I know his charming wife and sister-in-law. Both are intellectual women, and the former remarkably pretty and agreeable, like a lovely and fragrant flower. The Hawthornes are thinking of removing to the beautiful lake district in the west of Massachusetts, to Lenox, where also Miss Sedgwick resides. They have kindly invited me to their house, and I shall be glad to become better acquainted with the author of "The Great Stone Face."

Cooper and Washington Irving (the former lives on his own property west of New York) have already, by their works, introduced us to a nearer acquaintance with a part of the world of which we before knew little more than the names, Niagara and Washington. After these poets in prose, several ladies of the Northern States have distinguished themselves as the authors of novels and tales. Foremost and best of these are, Miss Catharine Sedgwick, whose excellent characteristic descriptions and delineations of American scenes even we in Sweden are acquainted with, in her "Redwood" and "Hope Leslie;" Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, who, in her pictures of the life of antiquity, as well as that of the present time, expresses her love for the

ideal beauty of life, for every thing which is good, noble, and harmonious, and who in all objects, in mankind, in flowers, stars, institutions, the sciences, art, and in human events, endeavors to find the point or the tone wherein they respond to the eternal harmonies—a restless seeking after eternal repose in the music of the spheres, a Christian Platonic thinker, a Christian in heart and deed;—Mrs. Caroline Kirkland, witty, humorous, and sarcastic, but based upon a large heart and a fine understanding, as we also saw by her delicious book, “A New Home in the West;” Miss Maria M‘Intosh, whom we also know by her novel, “To Seem or to Be,” and whose every-day life is her most beautiful novel. (But that one might also say of the others.) Of Mrs. Sigourney I have already spoken. Mrs. L. Hall, the author of a great dramatic poem called “Miriam,” I know as yet merely by report. Of the lesser authoresses and poetesses I say nothing, for they are legion. The latter sing like birds in spring time. There are a great many siskins, bullfinches, sparrows; here and there a thrush, with its deep and eloquent notes, beautiful though few; but I have not as yet heard among these minstrels either the rich, inspiriting song of the lark, or the full inspiration of the nightingale; and I do not know whether this rich artistic inspiration belongs to the womanly nature. I have not, in general, much belief in the ability of woman as a creative artist. Unwritten lyrics, as Emerson once said when we spoke on this subject, should be her forte.

The young Lowells are in affliction. Their youngest child, the pretty little Rose, is dead. James Lowell has just informed me of this in a few words. I must go to them; I have not seen them for a long time now, not since that little child’s illness.

February 10th. Now, my little Agatha, I will for a moment take up the pen and—

February 15th. Down went the pen, just as I had taken hold of it.

A visitor came whom I was obliged to receive, and then—and then—Ah! how little of life's enjoyment can one have in this hurrying life, although it may be, and, indeed, is honorable. I will rest for one day from opening notes of invitation, requests for autographs, verses, packets and parcels, containing presents of books and flowers, and so on. I can not, or, to speak more properly, I am not able to read all the notes and letters which come to me in the course of the day, and merely to think of answering them puts me in a fever, and then—people, people, people!!!

In the mean time, I am heartily thankful to God and my good physician that my health is so much better, because it will now enable me to accept more adequately the good-will which is shown toward me, and for which I feel grateful, and also to complete my campaign in the country. I can not sufficiently thank Mr. B. for the comfort which he has afforded me in Boston, neither Mr. and Mrs. K., my kind host and hostess since Mr. B. left. As regards my convenience and comfort, I have been treated like a princess. But I long for the South, long for a milder climate, and for life with nature. I long also for freer, more expansive views, for the immeasurable prairies, for the wonderful West, the Ohio and the Mississippi. There for the first time they tell me that I shall see and understand what America will become. But this much I do understand of what I hear about the fertility and affluence of this region—that if the millennium is ever to take place on this earth, it must be in the valley of the Mississippi, which is said to be ten times more extensive than the valley of the Nile, and capable of containing a population of two hundred and fifty millions of souls.

And now, my little heart, I will give you a bulletin of the manner in which the last days have been spent.

I went to Cambridge, accompanied by the estimable Professor P. Little Rose lay shrouded in her coffin, lovely still, but much older in appearance; the father sat at her head, and wept like a child; Maria wept too, so quietly, and I wept with them, as you may well believe. The affectionate young couple could weep without bitterness. They are two, they are one in love. They can bow down together and rest. They have both very susceptible feelings, and sorrow, therefore, takes a deep hold on them. Maria told me that little Mabel—she is three years old—came early in the morning to her bed, and said, “Are you lonely now, mamma?” (little Rose had hitherto always slept in her mother’s bed); “shall I comfort you?”

I dined with Professor P., but I was distressed in mind, not well, and not very amiable either; I, therefore, excused myself from an evening party, and went home. If people could but know how much I suffer from this nervous indisposition they would excuse an apparent unfriendliness, which exists neither in my disposition nor my heart. In the evening I composed myself by listening to the melodious reading of young Mr. V.

One day I visited the celebrated manufactory of Lowell, accompanied by a young, agreeable countryman of mine, Mr. Wachenfelt, who has been resident here for several years. I would willingly have declined the journey, because it was so cold, and I was not well, but they had invited strangers to meet me, got up an entertainment, and therefore I was obliged to go. And I did not regret it. I had a glorious view from the top of Drewcroft Hill, in that star-light, cold winter evening, of the manufactories of Lowell, lying below in a half circle, glittering with a thousand lights, like a magic castle on the snow-covered earth. And then, to think and to know that these lights were not *ignes fatui*, not merely pomp and show, but that they were actually symbols of a healthful and hopeful life

in the persons whose labor they lighted; to know that within every heart in this palace of labor burned a bright little light, illumining a future of comfort and prosperity which every day and every turn of the wheel of the machinery only brought the nearer. In truth, there was a deep purpose in these brilliant lights, and I beheld this illumination with a joy which made the winter's night feel warm to me.

Afterward I shook hands with a whole crowd of people in a great assembly, and the party was kept up till late in the night. The following morning I visited the manufactories, and saw "the young ladies" at their work and at their dinner; saw their boarding-houses, sleeping-rooms, etc. All was comfortable and nice as we had heard it described. Only I noticed that some of "the young ladies" were about fifty, and some of them not so very well clad, while others, again, were too fine. I was most struck by the relationship between the human being and the machinery. Thus, for example, I saw the young girls standing—each one between four busily-working spinning jennies: they walked among them, looked at them, watched over and guarded them much as a mother would watch over and tend her children. The machinery was like an obedient child under the eye of an intelligent mother.

The procession of the operatives, two and two, in shawls, bonnets, and green veils, as they went to their dinner, produced a fine and imposing effect. And the dinners which I saw at a couple of tables (they take their meals at small tables, five or six together) appeared to be both good and sufficient. I observed that, besides meat and potatoes, there were fruit tarts.

Several young women of the educated class at Lowell were introduced to me, and among these some who were remarkably pretty. After this my companions drove me out in a covered carriage over the crunching snow (there were seventeen degrees of cold this day), that I might see

the town and its environs. The situation is beautiful, on the banks of the cheerfully, rushing Merrimae River (the Laughing River); and the views from the higher parts of the town as far as the White Mountains of New Hampshire, which raise their snowy crowns above every other object, are extensive and magnificent. The town was laid out somewhat above thirty years ago by the great-uncle of James Lowell, and has increased from a population at that time amounting to a few hundred persons, to thirty thousand, and the houses have increased in proportion.

Much stress is laid upon the good character of the young female operatives at the time of their entering the manufactories, and upon their behavior during the period of their remaining there. One or two elopements I heard spoken of. But the life of labor here is more powerful than the life of romance, although that too lives in the hearts and heads of the young girls, and it would be bad were it otherwise.

The industrious and skillful can earn from six to eight dollars per week, never less than three, and so much is requisite for their board each week, as I was told. The greater number lay by money, and in a few years are able to leave the manufactory and undertake less laborious work.

In the evening I returned by rail-way to Boston, accompanied by the agreeable Wachenfelt, who seemed to be very much taken with the inhabitants of Lowell. I lost one thing by my visit to Lowell, which I regret having lost; that was the being present at Fanny Kemble's reading of "Macbeth" the same evening. The newspaper had published the same day a full account of the judicial examination into the Parkman murder, and its melancholy details had so affected Fanny Kemble's imagination, as she herself said, that it gave to her reading of the Shakspearian drama a horrible reality, and to the night-scene with the witches, as well as to the whole piece, an almost

supernatural power, as I have been told by several persons who were present.

I went last Sunday with Miss Sedgwick, who is come to the city for a few days, and two gentlemen, to the sailors' church to hear Father Taylor, a celebrated preacher. He is a real genius, and delighted me. What warmth, what originality, what affluence in new turns of thought and in poetical painting! He ought of a truth to be able to awaken the spiritually dead. On one occasion, when he had been speaking of the wicked and sinful man and his condition, he suddenly broke off and began to describe a spring morning in the country; the beauty of the surrounding scene, the calmness, the odor, the dew upon grass and leaf, the uprising of the sun; then again he broke off, and returning to the wicked man, placed him amid this glorious scene of nature—but, “the unfortunate one! He can not enjoy it!” Another time, as I was told, he entered his church with an expression of profound sorrow, with bowed head, and without looking to the right and the left as is his custom (N.B.—He must pass through the church in order to reach the pulpit), and without nodding kindly to friends and acquaintances. All wondered what could have come to Father Taylor. He mounted the pulpit, and then bowing down, as if in the deepest affliction, exclaimed, “Lord have mercy upon us because we are a widow!” And so saying, he pointed down to a coffin which he had had placed in the aisle below the pulpit. One of the sailors belonging to the congregation had just died, leaving a widow and many small children without any means of support. Father Taylor now placed himself and the congregation in the position of the widow, and described so forcibly their grief, their mournful countenances, and their desolate condition, that at the close of the sermon the congregation rose as one man, and so considerable was the contribution which was made for the widow, that she was raised at once above want. In fact,

our coldly moralizing clergy who read their written sermons ought to come hither and learn how they may touch and win souls.

After the service I was introduced to Father Taylor and his agreeable wife, who in disposition is as warm-hearted as himself. The old man (he is about sixty) has a remarkably lively and expressive countenance, full of deep furrows. When we thanked him for the pleasure which his sermon had afforded us, he replied, "Oh! there's an end, an end of me! I am quite broken down! I am obliged to screw myself up to get up a little steam. It's all over with me now!"

While he was thus speaking, he looked up, and exclaimed, with a beaming countenance, "What do I see? Oh my son! my son!" And extending his arms, he went forward to meet a gigantically-tall young man, who, with joy beaming on his fresh, good-tempered countenance, was coming through the church, and now threw himself with great fervor into Father Taylor's arms, and then into those of his wife.

"Is all right here, my son?" asked Taylor, laying his hand on his breast; "has all been well kept here? Has the heart not become hardened by the gold? But I see it, I see it! All right! all right!" said he, as he saw large tears in the young man's eyes. "Thank God! God bless thee, my son!" And with that there was again a fresh embracing.

The young man was a sailor, no way related to Father Taylor, except spiritually; who, having been seized by the Californian fever, had set off to get gold, and now had returned after an interval of a year, but whether with or without gold, I know not. But it was evident that the heart had not lost its health. I have heard a great deal about the kindness and liberality of Father Taylor and his wife, in particular to poor sailors of all nations.

In the afternoon of the same day I attended divine

service in the chapel of Mr. Barnard, as I had been invited to do, and I saw in his house proofs of this man's admirable activity in the aid of the poor and the unfortunate by means of education and work. There were present in the chapel about five hundred children, and after the service I shook hands with the whole five hundred little republicans, male and female, and with some of them twice over; the boys were especially zealous, and noble, merry lads they were. The earnest and effective means which are in operation throughout this state for the education of the rising generation are the most certain and beautiful signs of its own fresh vitality, and an augury of a great future.

Mr. Barnard is a missionary of the Unitarian community, and one of its most zealous members in its labors of human kindness. N.B.—Most of the larger sects in this country have their missionaries, or, as they are also called here, "ministers at large," whom they send forth to preach the Word, establish schools, or perform works of merey, and who are maintained by the community to which they belong, and whose influence they thus extend.

I have, during my stay in Boston, visited different churches, and it has so happened that the greatest number of them have belonged to the Unitarian body. So great, indeed, is the predominance of this sect in Boston, that it is generally called "the Unitarian city." And as it has also happened that many of my most intimate acquaintances here are of this faith, it has been believed by many that I also am of it. You know how far I am otherwise, and how insufficient and how unsatisfying to my mind were those religious views which I held during a few months of my life, and which I abandoned for others more comprehensive. Here in this country, however, it is more consistent with my feelings not to follow my own sympathies, but to make myself acquainted with every important phase of feeling or intellect in its fullest individuality.

I therefore endeavor to see and to study in every place that which is its characteristic. Hence I shall, in America, visit the churches of every sect, and hear, if possible, the most remarkable teachers of all. The differences of these, however important they may be for the speculative understanding of the entire system of life, are of much less importance to practical Christianity and to the inward life. And therefore, in reality, they trouble me but very little. All Christian sects acknowledge, after all, the same God; the same divine mediator and teacher; the same duty; the same love; the same eternal hope. The various churches are various families, who, having gone forth from the same Father, are advancing toward eternal mansions in the house of the Eternal Father. Every one has his separate mission to accomplish in the kingdom of mind. God has given different gifts of understanding, and thence different forms of comprehension and expression of truth. By this means, truth in its many-sidedness is a gainer. And the full discussion even of the highest subjects, which takes place in the different churches of this country, as well as in the pages of their public organs (for every one of the more considerable religious sects has its own publication, which diffuses its own doctrines as well as reports the transactions of its body), are of infinite importance for the development of the religious mind of the people. Besides this, it must tend to an increasingly clear knowledge of the essential points of resemblance in all Christian communities, to the knowledge of the positive in Christianity, and must prepare the way by degrees for a church universal in character and with a oneness of view, even in dogmas.

The two great divisions of the Church in the United States appear to be those of the Trinitarian and Unitarian. The Unitarians arose in opposition to the doctrine of a mechanical Trinity, and the petrified old State Church (the Episcopalian) which held it. The latter lays most

stress upon faith, the former on works. Both acknowledge Christ (the one as God, the other as divine humanity), and regard him as the highest object for the imitation of man. Both have individuals within their pale who prove that in either it is possible to advance as far, and to deserve in as high a degree the name of a Christian.

I have heard two good sermons from the clergy of the old State Church in this country. It seems to me that this Church is regarded as the peculiarly aristocratic Church here, and that the fashionable portion of society generally belongs to it; it belongs to people of good *ton*. But the speculative mind in the Church appears to me not yet to have come forth from its cave of the Middle Ages; they still oppose faith to reason, and there appears not yet to be within the realm of theology an enlightened mind like that of our H. Martinsen in the North. I say this, however, without being fully certain on the subject. I have not yet heard or read sufficiently the theological literature of this country.

The most distinguished leader and champion of Unitarianism in this country, Dr. Ellery Channing, called also the Unitarian Saint, from the remarkable beauty of his character and demeanor, showed how far a human being might go in his imitation of Christ. I have heard many instances related by his friends of the deep earnestness, of the heartfelt sincerity with which this noble man sought after the just and the pure mode of action in every case, even in the most trifling. One may see in his portrait a glance which is not of this world, which neither seeks for nor asks any thing here, but which seeks for and inquires from a higher friend and counselor. One may see it also in his biography, and in the detached letters lately published by his nephew, H. W. Channing, and which the latter has had the kindness to send to me. I read them occasionally, and can not but think of your favorite text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

How pure and beautiful, for instance, is the sentiment which is contained in these words, which I now take at random from the volume before me :

“ Reflect how unjust you are toward yourself if you allow any human being to hinder the growth of a soul such as yours. Bear in mind that you were created to love infinitely, to love eternally, and do not allow an unrequited affection to close this divine spring.

* * * *

“ I can not reprove your wish to die. I know no advantage greater than that of death, but it is an advantage for those in whom evil has been more and more subdued, and who have been continually gaining an ascendancy over self. I should be glad to awaken that disinterested self-sacrificing human love, both in you and in myself, as well as a more profound consciousness of our own spiritual nature, reliance on the divine principle within us, the innermost work of our loving, and on God’s infinite love to that divine life. Nothing can harm us but infidelity to ourselves, but want of reverence for our own sublime spirit. Through failure in this respect we become slaves to circumstances and to our fellow-men.”

Every where, and on all occasions, one sees Channing turning to that divine teacher in the human breast, which is one with the divine spirit of God for the fulfilling of the law, and it is from this inward point of view that he regulated his outward conduct.

And never, indeed, has God’s blessing more visibly rested upon a human being. How fresh, how full are the expressions of his joy and gratitude as he became older ; how he seemed to become younger and happier with each passing year ! He reproached himself with having enjoyed too much, with being too happy in a world where so many suffered. But he could not help it. Friends, nature, the invisible fountains of love and gratitude in his soul—all united themselves to beautify his life. All only

the more enlarged his sphere of vision; all the more, during declining health, increased his faith and hope in God and man; all the more his love for life, that great, glorious life!

It was during his old age that he wrote:

“Our natural affections become more and more beautiful to me. I sometimes feel as if I had known nothing of human life until lately—but so it will be forever. We shall wake up to the wonderful and beautiful in what we have seen with undiscerning eyes, and find a new creation without moving a step from our old haunts.”

He often spoke of his enjoyment of life in advancing years. Somebody asked him one day what age he considered as the happiest. He replied with a smile, that he considered it to be about sixty.

During the illness which, gradually wasting him away, ended his days, his inward life seemed to increase in fervor and strength. He inquired with the most cordial interest about the circumstances of those who came to visit him. Every human being seemed to have become more important and dearer to him, and yet all the while his brain kept ceaselessly laboring with great thoughts and objects.

“Can you help me,” said he to his friends during his last days, “to draw down my soul to every-day things from these crowds of images, these scenes of infinitude, this torrent of thought?”

Once, when some one was reading to him, he said, “Leave that; let me hear about people and their affairs!”

He was often heard, during his last painless struggle, to say, “Heavenly Father!” His last words were, “I do not know when my heart was ever so overflowed with a grateful sense of the goodness of God!” And his last feeble whisper was, “I have received many messages from the Spirit!”

“As the day declined,” adds his biographer, “his coun-

tenance fell, he became weaker and weaker. With our aid he turned himself toward the window, which looked out over the valleys and wooded heights to the east. We drew aside the curtains and the light fell on his face. The sun had just gone down, and the clouds and sky were brilliant with crimson and gold. He breathed more and more softly, and without a sigh the body fell asleep. We knew not when the spirit departed."

Thus only can sink a sun-like human being; thus only can die a man whom God loves, and in whose heart His Spirit abides.

How great a power this true Christian exercised upon others I can judge from the following little occurrence:

One day I was walking with Mr. B. through the streets of Boston, and as we passed one house he bowed his head reverentially as he said, "That is a house which for several years I never approached without feelings of the most heartfelt reverence and love. There dwelt Dr. Channing!"

As regards my own private friends, I do not trouble myself in the least to what religious sect they belong—Trinitarians or Unitarians, Calvinists or Baptists, or whatever it may be—but merely that they are noble and worthy to be loved. Here, also, are many people who, without belonging to any distinct church, attend any one where there is a good preacher, and for the rest, live according to the great truths which Christianity utters, and which they receive into their hearts. Some of my best friends in this country belong to the invisible Church of God.

February 19th. What beautiful days! Three days of the most delicious spring weather. And this luxurious blue heaven, and this air, so pure, so spiritually full of life, and, as it were, so intoxicating. I have not felt any thing like it! I become, as it were, permeated by it. I have been so well these last days, have felt such a flood of fresh life in me, that it has made me quite happy, and childish enough to feel a desire to tell every body so, and

to bid them rejoice with me. I know that many would do so; and I know that I myself should be glad to know some one who, having suffered as I have done, now feel as I do. In my joy, I compelled my little allopathic doctor, Miss H., to thank God for the progress which I and the homeopathic doctor had made. And she did so with all her heart. She has a heart as good as gold.

I have, these beautiful days, enjoyed the weather and my walks, and the company of agreeable people, and—the whole world. One day Mr. Longfellow came and took me to dine with them at his—father-in-law's, I believe (you know that my strength never lay in genealogy), Mr. A.'s. This was on the first of the beautiful days, and as soon as I came out of my gate, I stood quite amazed at the beauty of the sky and the deliciousness of the air. I told the amiable poet that I thought it must have been himself that had enchanted them.

The A.'s is one of the most beautiful homes I have yet seen in Boston; the elderly couple are both handsome; he an invalid, but with the most kind and amiable temper; she cheerful, both body and soul, and very agreeable. With them and the Longfellows I had a charming little dinner.

On Monday the Longfellows had a cast taken of my hand in plaster of Paris; for here, as elsewhere, it is a prevailing error that my hands are beautiful, whereas they are only delicate and small. When I returned, I found my room full of people. N.B.—It was my reception-day, and I had stayed out beyond my time. But I was all the more polite, and I fancy that no one was displeased. I felt myself this day to be a regular philanthrope; thus the people stayed till past three o'clock.

When my visitors were gone, the young Lowells came for the first time since their loss, and Maria set down upon the floor a basket full of the most beautiful mosses and lichens, which she and James had gathered on the

hill for me, as they knew I was fond of them. This affected me sincerely ; and it affected me, also, to see again the same kind of plants which I myself had gathered on the hill in the park at Aersta, and I could not help it—I watered them with tears ; my soul is like a heaving sea, the waves of which flow and ebb alternately. But they are swayed in both cases by the same element.

Yesterday afternoon Waldo Emerson called on me, and we had a very serious conversation together. I was afraid that the admiration and the delight with which he had inspired me had caused me to withhold my own confession of faith—had caused me apparently to pay homage to his, and thereby to be unfaithful to my own higher love. This I could not be. And exactly because I regarded him as being so noble and magnanimous, I wished to become clear before him as well as before my own conscience. I wished also to hear what objection he could bring forward against a world as viewed from the Christian point of view, which in concrete life and reality stands so infinitely above that of the pantheist, which resolves all concrete life into the elemental. I fancied that he, solely from the interest of a speculative question, would have been led out of the universal into the inward. Because, when all is said which the wisdom of antiquity and of the noblest stoicism can say about the Supreme Being, about the “superior soul” as an infinite, lawgiving, impersonal power, which brings forth, and then, regardless of any individual fate, absorbs into itself all beings, who must all blindly submit themselves as to an eternally unjust and unsympathetic law of the world—how great and perfect is the doctrine that God is more than this law of the world ; that he is a Father who regards every human being as His child, and has prepared for each, according to their kind, an eternal inheritance in His house, in His light ; that He beholds even the falling sparrow : this is a doctrine which satisfies the soul ! And when all is said which the noblest stoi-

cism can say to man about his duty and his highest nobility, if it made Epictetes and Socrates, and set Simeon Stylites on his pillar, how incomparably high and astonishing is this command to mankind :

“ Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect !”

A command, a purpose which it requires an eternity to attain to ! And when all is said which all the wise men of the Old World, and all the Transcendentalists of the New World can say about the original nobility of the soul, and her ability to keep herself noble by constantly having her regards fixed on the ideal, and by avoiding the rabble and the trash of the earth ; and when the endeavors of the Transcendentalists — when the divinely aspiring spark within us makes us acknowledge the poverty of this merely negative point of view, and our inability to attain to the highest requirement of our better nature ; then how great and consolatory, how conclusive is the doctrine which says that the divine Spirit will put itself in connection with our spirit, and satisfy all our wants by the inflowing of its life !

This most extreme vitalizing process, this “ new birth ” and new development, which the Scriptures often speak of as a marriage, as the coming of the bridegroom to the bride, as a new birth, which we may see every day exhibited in natural life—as, for instance, by the grafting of a noble fruit tree upon a wild stock—is, finally, the only explanation of human life and its yearning endeavors.

This is what I wished to say to Emerson—what I endeavored to say, but I know not how I did it. I can not usually express myself either easily or successfully until I become warm, and get beyond or through the first thoughts ; and Emerson’s cool, and as it were, circumspect manner, prevented me from getting into my own natural region. I like to be with him, but when with him I am never fully myself. I do not believe that I now expressed myself intelligibly to him. He listened calmly and said nothing

decidedly against it, nor yet seemed inclined to give his views as definite. He seemed to me principally to be opposed to blind or hypocritical faith.

“I do not wish,” said he, “that people should pretend to know or to believe more than they really do know and believe. The resurrection, the continuance of our being is granted,” said he also; “we carry the pledge of this in our own breast; I maintain merely that we can not say in what form or in what manner our existence will be continued.”

If my conversation with Emerson did not lead to any thing very satisfactory, it led nevertheless to my still more firm conviction of his nobility and love of truth. He is faithful to the law in his own breast, and speaks out the truth which he inwardly recognizes. He does right. By this means he will prepare the way for a more true comprehension of religion and of life. For when once this keen glance, seeing into the innermost of every thing—once becomes aware of the concealed human form in the tree of life—like Napoleon’s in the tree at St. Helena—then will he teach others to see it too, will point it out by such strong, new, and glorious words, that a fresh light will spring up before many, and people will believe because they *see*.

At the conclusion of our conversation I had the pleasure of giving Emerson “Geijer’s History of Sweden,” translated into English, which he accepted in the most graceful manner. I have never seen a more beautiful smile than Emerson’s; the eyes cast a light upon it. Mr. Downing’s is the only smile which resembles it; it is less brilliant, but has a more romantic grace about it.

Later in the evening I heard Emerson deliver a public lecture on “The Spirit of the Times.” He praised the ideas of the Liberals as beautiful, but castigated with great severity the popular leaders and their want of nobility of character. The perversity and want of upright-

ness in party spirit prevented the upright from uniting with any party. Emerson advised them to wait for and look for the time when a man might work for the public without having to forego his faith and his character.

Emerson is much celebrated both here and in England as a lecturer. I do not, for my part, think him more remarkable as such than during a private conversation on some subject of deep interest. There is the same deep, strong, and at the same time melodious, as it were metallic tones; the same plastic turns of expression, the same happy phraseology, naturally brilliant; the same calm and reposing strength. But his glance is beautiful as he casts it over his audience, and his voice seems more powerful as he sways them. The weather, however, was this evening horrible; the wind was very high, and the rain fell in torrents (for it never rains here softly or in moderation), and very few people were present at the lecture. Emerson took it all very coolly, and merely said to some one, "One can not fire off one's great guns for so few people."

I have visited to-day the Navy Yard of Boston and Massachusetts, and have shaken hands with the officers of the fleet and their ladies at a collation given at the house of the commodore, during the whole of which we were regaled with fine instrumental music. It is a magnificent Navy Yard, and the whole thing was beautiful and kind, and afforded me pleasure.

I have this week also visited, in company with the distinguished school-teacher, G. B. Emerson (the uncle of Waldo), some of the common schools, and could not but be pleased with the excellent manner in which the children read, the girls in particular, that is to say, with so much life and expression, that one saw they fully understood both the words and the meaning; they also answered questions in natural history extremely well. Mr. E. has himself a large private school which is much celebrated.

In the evening I am going to Fanny Kemble's reading of Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and after that with Emerson to a musical *soirée* at the house of a wealthy merchant, his friend Mr. A., whom he greatly esteems for his practical abilities, as well as for his honest decided character.

And now, my little Agatha, I am preparing to set off to the South, first to New York, then to Philadelphia, then to Washington, then to Charleston, in South Carolina; from which place I shall further decide on my course. Thank God! I now feel strong and capable of the journey. I have invitations and offers of homes from all quarters, nearly from every one of the States. From Philadelphia alone I have above half a dozen. Some of them I can not accept; others I can accept with pleasure; but in any case it is good to experience so much warm and ready hospitality.

My good physician continues daily to visit and watch over me, I might almost say with fatherly tenderness. He brought with him to-day an allopathic physician, Dr. W., whom he wished to introduce to me, "Because," said he, "I have a high esteem for him." Dr. W. has for several weeks together, with two other allopathic physicians, attended a gentleman who has been ill of typhus fever, and who lives not far from Mr. B., one of the brothers C., and one of the most celebrated preachers of Boston. The crisis of the fever had happily passed; the patient lived, but continued to be ill with a great number of important symptoms, which defied, week after week, all the skill and experience of the physicians. One of them, Dr. W., said, "We have done all that is in our power as allopathists. We will call in a homeopathist and let him try his skill." My doctor was called in. He immediately began by applying specifics against the symptoms which caused the chaotic state of the disease, and got rid of them within six-and-thirty hours or less. The patient was brought into

a calm state, when, after an examination of homeopathic accuracy, it was discovered that a tumor had begun to form in his left side, which had naturally kept up his feverish state. This was operated upon, and the sick man is now in a perfectly convalescent state, to the great joy of his family and his many friends. See now what homeopathy can do!

I lately heard a little boy spoken of, who, in consequence of having taken cold, had an attack of acute rheumatism, and lay in a state of such horrible suffering that he could not bear any one to come near him, and he became almost free from pain through homeopathic treatment within twelve hours. My good doctor was an allopathist in his younger days, and from over-exertion in his profession, suffered to that degree from neuralgia that the physicians gave him up, and as a last resource sent him over to Europe. There he met with Hannemann, who did not convince him by his teaching, but induced him to make trial of his means of cure. These immediately produced the most favorable results in his condition, and in so doing changed his medical theory. When he returned to America he was quite well, and a homeopathist. And I too praise homeopathy. But I believe, at the same time, that allopathy has its own sphere, and that it ought to go hand in hand with homeopathy, even as the excellent Dr. W. and Dr. O. came to visit me.

My good doctor has one trouble with me. The little globules which Mr. Downing gave me, and which caused me to sleep so well, have maintained their magic power over me, and cause me to sleep even when O.'s medicine will not do it. Downing will not tell me the name of this remedy, but carries on a merry little joke about it, saying that it is not the medicine, but the conjuration which he says over it, which makes it so efficacious, and when I ask for the name he merely sends me some more globules. My good doctor smiles, and says, "I don't like this Down-

ing medicine, which excels mine. I do not like it, because it is not I who give it you." But I laugh (and he smiles too), and I always have my Downing medicine standing every night on a table by my bed. With it I lay myself down in confidence. There is a good spirit in the little vial.

February 25th. Where did I leave you last, my child? Yes, I know! I was going to hear Fanny Kemble. She read the "Midsummer Night's Dream." But this dream I have never quite understood, nor thought much of, nor do I yet, spite of Fanny Kemble's masterly reading. The evening at the A.'s was pleasant to me. Miss A. is a good and charming young girl, with sense and sterling character, and really a musical talent for the piano. Besides this, Emerson was kind and conversable. He is much struck with Fanny Kemble's appearance and talent. He now had seen her for the first time, and said, in speaking of her, "What an abundance there is in her! She is Miranda, Queen Catharine, and many more at the same time!"

He likes strongly-expressed individuality. And so do I. But Emerson sees human beings too much merely as individuals. He says of one person, "That is an actress!" of another, "That is a saint!" of a third, "That is a man of business!" and so on, and sets them away each one in his corner, after he has clapped his ticket upon them. And so, indeed, has every planet its own axis on which it turns; but its greatest importance seems to me to consist in its relationship to the sun, that centre around which it revolves, and which determines its life and its course.

I shall not now write any more to you from Boston, because I must get ready for my journey, and I have much to do in the way of visits and letter-writing before I can creditably leave the city and neighborhood. But ah! that will hardly be possible. I can not bear much; the least exertion brings on fever. The air is again cold and keen, and I am again not well—I know not whether from the

air or the food, or whether from people and all one's social duties. But this I know, that I shall soon again be well. The climate, and I myself, here in this country, are alike variable; and when people ask me one of the standing questions here, "What similarity is there between the climate of your country and that of ours?" my answer is equally a standing one, "That between a staid married man and a changeable lover."

Last evening I spent very agreeably with Miss Sedgwick and her adopted daughter, a pleasing young wife, Mrs. M. Fanny Kemble was there, and her cheerful, strongly-marked character is always refreshing; as is also Miss Sedgwick's kindness and fine understanding.

Fanny Kemble asked me across the room a question about Lindblad.

"What do you know about our Lindblad?" replied I.

"Do I not know Lindblad?" replied she, with the air and pride of a queen. "Do I not know this beautiful singer?" And she mentioned several of Lindblad's ballads which she said she sang.

It delighted me to hear that Lindblad's songs are known and beloved in England and America.

I shall write no more this time. I shall now make my courtesy to Boston and Bunker Hill, the monument on which it is said was completed by the work of women (that is to say its top), that of the men not being sufficient.

And now—to the South! to the South!

L E T T E R X I.

New York, March 2d, 1850.

WHAT a shabby trick, or rather how negligent of fate, my sweet Agatha, to let a little creature fall who has no superabundance of strength, and yet so much patience! It grieves me to the heart! That treacherous ice which

let you slip so sadly when you were on so good an errand! And what were the good angels about to permit it? I can hardly forgive them!

Thank God, however, that you are now getting better, and that spring is approaching, and the time for the Mar-stand baths, and that you can have the benefit of them. And our poor Marie stands in need of them also. I do not thank Charlotte and all our friends for being so attentive to you, because that is quite natural, but I like them all the more for it, and think better of them than of the negligent good angels. And my little Agatha, if the heart and the will could have wings, then I should be now in your chamber, and by your bed; or if, as I hope, you have said good-by to bed, by your side, as your stick or crutch, or your waiting-maid; and that you know.

Thanks be to homeopathy and my good watchful doctor, I am now again in better health, though not yet quite recovered, and have now and then relapses; but they are of short continuance, and as I now understand my complaint better, and how it ought to be treated, I hope to be myself again shortly. I have not been so during these winter months. My sun has been darkened, and at times so totally that I have feared being obliged to return to Europe with my errand in America uncompleted. I feared that it was not possible for me to stand the climate. And that has not a little astonished me, as I considered myself so strong or so elastic that I could bear and get through as much as any Yankee. But the malady which I have endured, and still endure, is like the old witch who could trip up even Thor.

It is a disagreeable, poisonous, insidiously serpent-like disease—a vampire which approaches man in the dark, and sucks away the pith and marrow of body, nerves, and even of soul. Half or two thirds of the people in this country suffer, or have suffered, in some way from this malady; and I with them. The fault lies in the articles

of food, in their mode of life, in the manner of warming their rooms, all of which would be injurious in any climate, but which, in one so hot and exciting as this, is downright murder. The great quantity of flesh meat and fat, the hot bread, the highly-spiced dishes, preserves in an evening, oysters, made dishes—we could not bear these in Sweden (we, indeed, will never roast our meat with any thing but good butter!), and here they ought to be put in the Litany—that they ought! and so ought also the “furnaces,” as they are called, that is, a sort of pipe which conveys hot air into a room through an opening in the floor or the wall, and by which means the room becomes warm, or, as it were, boiling, in five or ten minutes, but with a dry, close, unwholesome heat, which always gives me a sensation of pain as well as drowsiness in the head. The small iron stoves which are in use here are not good either: they are too heating and too extreme in their heat; but yet they are infinitely better than these furnaces, which I am sure have some secret relationship with the fiery furnace of hell. They seem to me made on purpose to destroy the human nerves and lungs. Besides these, they have in their drawing-rooms the heat of the gas-lights; and when we add to this the keenness and the changeableness of the atmosphere out of doors, it is easy to explain why the women, who in particular are, in this country, so thoughtless in their clothing, should be delicate and out of health, and why consumption should be greatly on the increase in these Northeastern States. Besides this, many often suffer from dyspepsia as a consequence. I am, in the mean time, indescribably thankful to have been rescued from the claws of the monster; for I consider myself to have been so, as I understand how to defend myself with regard to food, and I take with me my physician’s globules and prescriptions. And my good old physician, with his somewhat rugged exterior and his heart warm with human love, I

am really so much attached to him ! For seven weeks has he now attended me with the greatest care, coming every day, sometimes two or three times in the day, when he thought I was in a more suffering state, giving me the most fatherly advice, and finally furnishing me with medicines, and rules and regulations as regards diet, for the whole of my journey ; and when I offered to pay him for the trouble he had taken, he would not hear of such a thing, shaking his head, and saying, in his deep, serious voice, that it was one of the happiest circumstances of his life that he could in any measure contribute to the re-establishment of my health. " One thing, however, I beg of you," wrote he, in his fatherly farewell letter, " and that is that you will sometimes write to me, and tell me about your health, and what you are doing and enjoying ; because I hear a great deal about human suffering and sorrow, but very seldom about human happiness."

Yes, my sweet Agatha, I can not tell whether I rightly know the American character, but of this I am certain, that what I do know of it is more beautiful and more worthy to be loved than any other that I am acquainted with in the world. Their hospitality and warm-heartedness, when their hearts are once warmed, are really overflowing, and know no bounds. And as some travelers see and make a noise about their failings, it is very well that there should be somebody who, before any thing else, becomes acquainted with their virtues. And these failings of theirs, as far as I can yet see their national failings, may all be attributed principally to the youthful life of the people. In many cases I recognize precisely the faults of my own youth—the asking questions, want of reflection, want of observation of themselves and others, a boastful spirit, and so on. And how free from these failings, and how critically alive to them are the best people in this country ! America's best judges and censors of manners are Americans themselves.

March 5th. You thank me for my letters, my sweet Agatha; but to me they seem so wretched and so few. I meant to have written you better letters; but partly I have been so indisposed, and so depressed in mind, that I have not been able to write; and in part the daily desire to see people and things, the receiving of visits and letters, and such like, have so wholly occupied me, that my letters home have suffered in consequence. This also can be merely the slightest *summa summarum* of the last fortnight's occurrences, for they have come on like a torrent, and I can scarcely remember their detail.

I was present at two other Conversations of Alcott's before I left Boston. They attracted me by Emerson's presence, and the part he took in them. Many interesting persons, and persons of talent, were present, and the benches were crowded. The conversation was to bear upon the principal tendencies of the age.

First one, then another clever speaker rose, but it was most difficult to centralize. The subjects had a strong inclination to go about through space like wandering stars, without sun or gravitation. But the presence of Emerson never fails to produce a more profound and more earnest state of feeling, and by degrees the conversation arranged itself into something like observation and reply; in particular, through Emerson's good sense in calling upon certain persons to express their sentiments on certain questions. A somewhat unpolished person in the crowd suddenly called upon Emerson, with a rude voice, to stand forth and give a reason for what he meant by "the moral right of victory on earth, and justice of Providence, and many more absurd phrases which he makes use of in his writings, and which were totally opposed to the doctrines of Christianity, the testimony of the martyrs, and which would make all martyrs to be fools or cheats?" The tone in which this inquiry was made was harsh, and in the spirit of an accusation. The whole assembly directed their

eyes to Emerson. I could perceive that he breathed somewhat quicker, but when, after a few moments' reflection, he replied, his manner was as calm, and his voice, if possible, more gentle and melodious than common, forming a strong contrast to that of the questioner. "Assuredly," replied he, "I consider that every one who combats and suffers for any truth and right will, in the end, obtain the victory; if not in his first appearance, then certainly in his second."

The inquirer was silenced by this reply, but looked angry and irresolute.

By degrees, however, the conversation, through the influence of Emerson, divided itself, as it were, into two streams, and which in fact might be called the two principal tendencies of the age; the one was Socialism, which seeks to perfect man and human nature by means of social institutions, and which seemed to have many adherents in the assembly; the second, under the guidance of Emerson, who would perfect society by means of each separate human being perfecting himself. The former begin with society, the latter with the individual. One of the company, who was called upon by Emerson to express his opinion, said "that he held the same views as Emerson, inasmuch as man must first begin the work of perfection in himself. He must adorn himself as a bride to make himself fit for a union with the divine Spirit. It was by means of this union that the most perfected humanity would be attained to!" To these remarks Emerson replied by a beautiful, grateful smile. "You see that I," continued the speaker, "like my great countrymen, Swedenborg and Linnæus, lay great stress upon marriage" (you may guess certainly who the speaker is now).

"You then regard marriage as of the highest importance in life?" said Alcott, very much pleased.

"Yes, the spiritual marriage; it is the only one which is necessary."

With this reply Alcott seemed less pleased. For the rest, Alcott would do without us, and without children altogether, except a few select ones, an *élite corps*, of which he would himself be the teacher, and who would be the new-born generation.

When the conversation had pretty fully developed the wisdom and the folly of the assembly, Theodore Parker took up the word, and gave an excellent, but covertly sarcastic statement of that which had been said during the evening, in particular of Alcott's philanthropic views with regard to the present human generation. When he had ended, an involuntary smile played upon all countenances, upon Emerson's as well as the rest; but, however, turning his eagle-like head—eagle-like in expression, if not in features—toward the speaker, he said, "That is quite right, and would be still more so if we came here to examine a speech from the chair, and not a free, unreserved conversation. But here might avail a maxim which I saw applied by one of my friends in England, who used to assemble his friends for the discussion of interesting topics. He had inscribed above the door of the room used for their discussions some words—which I am sorry I do not accurately remember—but the substance of which was, that every body was welcome to say what he thought right, but that it was forbidden to any one to make remarks on that which was said."

On this a new smile was on every face, and evidently at Parker's expense. Parker seemed a little hurt, reddened, but said—after a moment's pause—"that he thought it was better to make some remarks on that which had been said, than to come together and talk, without knowing distinctly what they were talking about."

And now again all laughed, and Emerson also with Parker, and the assembly broke up cheerfully; and I drove home more amused and edified than I expected ever to have been at one of Alcott's "Conversations."

I was present, again, at two more of Fanny Kemble's Readings, and was greatly delighted. My acquaintance with her has also afforded me great pleasure and interest. She is full of genius, and is in every respect a richly-gifted woman, with a warm heart and noble mind, and with life and with "spirit" enough to ride a horse to death every day, and to master every man or woman who might attempt to master her. Proud one moment as the proudest queen, she can yet, toward an unpretending being, be the next as humble and as amiable as an amiable young girl. Loving splendor, and expensive in her way of life and her habits, she can yet be simple as a simple countryman or a peasant maiden; thus she often, in the country, dressed in man's attire, goes ranging about through wood and field, and on one occasion she herself drove a cow home to Miss Sedgwick, who had lost hers, and who now received this as a present from her "sublime" Fanny. (N. B.—She lives in Miss Sedgwick's neighborhood, and the two are very fond of each other.) She utters the noblest thoughts, yet she is deficient in the more refined womanliness, and seems to me not to understand the true dignity of her own sex. But she understands Shakspeare, and reads incomparably. Her *Henry V.*, *Brutus*, *Cleopatra* (in the death-scene), I shall never forget.

Maria Lowell accompanied me to the forenoon readings last Saturday. She read Shakspeare's enchanting "*As You Like It*," and she read it enchantingly well. After the reading, I invited her to take luncheon with me, together with the young Lowells.

She came, brimful of life, warm from the reading, and warm from the increased warmth of her hearers; her eye seemed to comprehend the whole world, and the dilated nostrils seemed to inhale all the affluent life of the world. By chance it so happened that Laura Bridgeman, with her attendant, had come to call on me at the same time, and was seated in my room as Fanny Kemble entered.

Fanny Kemble had never before seen the blind, deaf, and dumb Laura, and she was so struck by the sight of this poor, imprisoned being, that she sat certainly above a quarter of an hour lost in the contemplation of her, while large tears streamed unceasingly down her cheeks. Laura was not quite well, and she was therefore more than usually pale and quiet. One can hardly imagine a greater contrast than these two beings, these two lives. Fanny Kemble, with all her senses awake to life, powerful enough to take possession of life in all its manifold phases and its fullness; Laura Bridgeman, shut out from life, her noblest senses closed, dead, without light, without hearing, without the power of speech!—and yet, perhaps, Laura was now the happier of the two, at least in her own sense of existence. She even made intelligible her lively sense of happiness, in reply to the question which was put to her. Fanny Kemble wept, wept bitterly. Was it for Laura, for herself, or merely from the contrast between them?

I went up to her several times to offer her some refreshment, but she merely answered “By-and-by,” and continued to gaze at Laura, and tears continued to fall.

In a while she became composed, and we had an hour’s cheerful and amusing conversation with the Lowells. After which I took a little sketch of Laura.

Fanny Kemble, as you know, has been married to a wealthy American and slaveholder, Mr. Butler, and is now separated from him. This marriage and its consequences seem to have embittered her life, especially the separation of herself and her two children. I have heard her lament over this in the most heart-rending manner, and I can not conceive how the social spirit of America, in general so favorable to woman and to mothers, can permit so great an injustice, when the fault which occasions the marriage separation is on the man’s side. To separate a mother from her children! That ought never to take place if she does not openly forfeit her right to them!

In this tragedy of marriage, the two principal persons have each their friends and adherents, but the general voice seems to be in her favor. I can very well believe that Fanny Kemble would not be the most excellent nor the most tractable of wives. But why, then, did he so resolutely endeavor to win her? He knew beforehand her temper and her anti-slavery sympathies, for she is too truthful to have concealed any thing. Extraordinary, in the mean time, is that sort of magnetic power which this woman, so unfeminine in many respects, exercises upon a great number of men. For my part—to use the words of one of her friends—I am glad that there is *one* Fanny Kemble in the world, but I do not wish that there should be *two*.

The last evening party at which I was present at Boston was at the mayor's, Mr. Q., who belongs to one of the oldest families in Massachusetts. The last few days before my departure were full of occupation; and the last of all, on which I had to pack, to write many letters, to make calls and to receive visits at the latest moment, threw me again into my wretched and feverish state. But when it was over, that last day of my stay in Boston, with its various scenes, its fatigues, and its queerness, and with it a section—and one heavy enough—of my life in the New World, and when late in the evening young V. read to me some chapters in the Gospel of St. John, then was it good, then was it beautiful and pleasant. And if even at that time the fountain of tears was unsealed, it was from a deep sense of gratitude. For was not that season of sickness and depression over; and had I not, through it, learned to know and to love one of the best and the noblest of men, my good physician and friend, Dr. O., and had become acquainted with a glorious remedy both for you and for myself? And I now also understood the sufferings of nervous patients. I had never had experience of such myself, and had been inclined to be impatient toward them. I shall now do better.

Young V. is a complete Englishman in appearance, character, and prejudices, and in a certain solidity of manner and demeanor, which is not American. But with all this he is very agreeable and polite, and I have to thank him for many friendly attentions, most of all for his evening readings. These were the delicious outpouring of the Spirit of Peace after the restless hours and the fatigues of the day.

I left Boston on the last of February at eight in the morning. I was accompanied to the rail-way station by Mr. K. and young V., and at the station who should I see but my good doctor, who had come thither to bid me farewell, and the amiable Professor H., who presented me with a large and beautiful bouquet. With this in my hand, away I sped in the comfortable rail-way carriage, on the wings of steam, in splendid sunshine, on that bright cold morning, cheerful both in soul and body, and with a certain peace of conscience at having so far fulfilled my social duties in Boston. I, however, it is true, glanced with envy at a hen which, at one of the cottages which we passed, lay in the dust, basking in the sunshine, and I thought it was much better to be a hen than a lion.

I was invited at Springfield to dine at the Union Hotel, and there to receive visits from various ladies and gentlemen, as well as to write autographs. And then forward on my flying career. The sky, had in the mean time, become cloudy; it grew darker and darker, and I arrived at New York in a regular tempest of wind and snow. At the station, however, I was met by a servant and carriage, sent for me by Marcus S. And half an hour afterward I was at Rose Cottage, Brooklyn, drinking tea with my excellent friends, who received me in the kindest manner, and with whom I sat up talking till late.

And I am now with them, and able to hide myself from the world for a few days. This is enchanting; I hope here perfectly to regain my strength before I betake

myself to the South. Here I have the peace of freedom which I desire, and my friends' mode of living is altogether simple and healthful; and they themselves, and the children, and Rose Cottage, with its peaceful spirit—yes, with many such homes, the New World would be also the *Better World!*

It is, however, very cold still, and I long for the South and for a milder air. I am not very fond of the climate of Massachusetts. Yet I have to thank Massachusetts for some glorious spring days during the winter, for its beautiful, deep blue, beaming sky, for its magnificent elms, in the long sweeping branches of which the oriole builds in full security its little nest which sways in the wind; I thank it for its rural homes, where the fear of God, and industry, family affections, and purity of life have their home. Its educational system has my esteem, and many excellent people have my love. To the good city of Boston I give my blessing, and am glad to be leaving it—for the present; but hope to return, because I must again see my friends there when the elm-trees are in leaf; above all, my good doctor and the young Lowells. And we have agreed to meet next summer. We shall together visit Niagara, which Maria Lowell as yet has never seen. When she was last with me in Boston, I saw upon the floor of my bed-room a flower which had fallen from her bonnet, a white rose with two little pale pink buds, and which had touched her light curls—they lay upon the carpet like a remembrance of her, and I picked them up, and shall keep them always as a remembrance of that lovely young woman. I thank the land of the Pilgrims, above all, for its ideal, for its conception of a higher law in society, a law of God, which ought to be obeyed rather than human law; for its conception of a standard of morality higher than that which is current in the world, and which demands the highest purity of life in man as in woman, and which admits of no lax conces-

sion ; for its noble feeling as regards the rights of woman and her development as fellow-citizen ; for its sense of the honor of labor, and its demanding for every good laborer honorable wages as such. I thank it for its magnanimous wish and endeavor to give every thing to all ; for those little settlements in which the children of the New World endeavor to bring into operation the divine teaching. People say that such ideas are impractical. It is by such impractical ideas that society approaches nearer to heaven, nearer to the kingdom of God, and the very things which are insecure root themselves firmly in those which are secure.

Sunday. I am just returned from a Presbyterian church, where I have heard a young preacher from the West preach "on the Positive in Christianity," one of the best extempore Christian discourses which I ever heard in any country. The preacher, Henry Beecher, is full of life and energy, and preaches from that experience of Christian life which gives a riveting effect to his words ; besides which he appears to me to be singularly free from sectarian spirit, and attaches himself with decision and clearness to the common light and life of every Christian Church. He has also considerable wit, and does not object to enliven his discourse with humorous sallies, so that more than once the whole audience of the crowded church burst into a general laugh, which, however, did not prevent them from soon shedding joyful tears of devotion. That was the case at the prayer of the young preacher over the bread and wine at the administration of the sacrament, and tears also streamed down his own cheeks as he bowed in silent, rapt contemplation of the splendid mystery of the sacrament, of that humanity which, through the life of Christ, is now born and transfigured. When we stand at the communion-table with our nearest kindred or our family, we ought to have this thought livingly present to our minds, that we should behold them as transformed by

the spirit of Christ ; we should think, how beautiful will my husband, my friend, my brother, become when this his failing or that his short-coming is done away with, when he stands forth transfigured through the divine life ! Oh how patient, how gentle, how affectionate, how hopeful are we not capable of becoming ! Such was the substance of the young minister's discourse, but how earnestly and convincingly he spoke is not for me to describe. I also partook of the sacrament, to which he invited all Christians present, of whatever name or sect they might be, as well as strangers from other lands. The bread (small square pieces of bread upon a plate) and the wine were carried to the benches and passed on from hand to hand, which took considerably from the solemnity of the ceremony. How beautiful is our procession to the altar, and after that the halleluiah song of the assembly !

The ritual of our Swedish Church, as expressive of the religious feeling of the assembly, seems to me, also, to be better and more perfect than that of any other Church with which I am acquainted, yet nevertheless even that might be better still. But the sermons and the hymns are better in this country ; the former have considerably more reality, and are more applicable to actual life ; and the latter have more life and beauty also, and would have still more if they were really sung by the congregation. This, however, I have to object against the hymns of the United States, that they are sung by a trained choir in the gallery, and all the rest of the congregation sit silently and listen, just as they would sit in a concert-room. Some accompany them, reading from their hymn-books, but others never open theirs. When I have occasionally lifted up my voice with the singers, I have seen my neighbors look at me with some surprise. And then the hymns and psalms here are so full of rhythm, have such vitalizing tunes, and such vitalizing, beautiful words, that I feel as if people ought to sing them with heart and soul. Our

long, heavy Swedish psalms, full of self-observation and repetition,* are not met with here; neither have I here met with those monotonous, feeble, poor tunes which destroy all life in the soul, and which made me, every time a hymn was begun, glance with a certain fear at its length; for if it were very long, I never reached the end of it without being weary and sleepy, though I might have begun with fervency of feeling. And was it different with others? I have often looked around me during the singing in Swedish churches, and have seen many a dull, sleepy eye; many a half-opened mouth which did not utter a word, and had forgotten to close itself—in short, a sort of idiotic expression which told me that the soul was away, and while I thus looked at others, I found it was the same with myself. The prayers, it seems to me, are better with us than with the congregations here; but still they might be improved even with us. In the Episcopal churches of this country the prayers are according to the printed form in the book, and it frequently happens that the soul has no part in these. It is a mere prating with the lips. In the Unitarian churches the preacher prays for the congregation, and in its name, prays an infinitely long prayer, which has the inconvenience of saying altogether too much, of using too many words, and yet of not saying that which any single individual ought to say. How often have I thought during these long prayers, how much more perfect it would be if the minister merely said, “Lord, help us!” or “Lord, let thy countenance shine upon us!” Better than all would it be, as Jean Paul proposed, that the minister should merely say, “Let us pray!” And then that some beautiful soul-touching music should play, during which all should pray in silence, according to the wants and the inspirations of their souls. Of a truth, then

* I am not speaking here of those glorious Swedish psalms, which are capable of a comparison with the most beautiful hymns of any Christian people.

would prayers ascend more pure and fervent than any prescribed by human tongues and forms. A worship of God in spirit and in truth, a vital expression of the life and truth of Christianity—should we then have on earth.

But I must yet say a few words about that young disciple of Calvin, Henry Beecher, but who has left far behind him whatever is hard and petrified in the orthodoxy of Calvin, and, breaking away from that, has attached himself to the true Christian doctrine of mercy to all. He was with us last evening, and told us how, as a missionary, he had preached in the West, beneath the open sky, to the people of the wilderness, and how, during his solitary journeys amid those grand primeval scenes, and during his daily experience of that most vitalizing influence of Christianity upon the fresh human soul, he had, by degrees, introduced order into his own inward world, had solved hitherto difficult religious questions, and had come forth from the old dead Church into one more comprehensive and more full of light. He described also, in the most picturesque manner, the nocturnal camp-meeting of the West; the scenes of baptism there on the banks of rivers and streams, as well in their poetical as in their frequently comic aspects. There is somewhat of the power of growth peculiar to the great Western wilds in this young man, but somewhat of its rudeness also. He is a bold, ardent young champion of that young America, too richly endowed, and too much acknowledged as such, for them not to be quite conscious of their own *I*. And even in his sermon this *I* was somewhat too prominent. But only more and more do I feel how great an interest I shall take in visiting that great West, where "growth" seems to be the only available watch-word; where, in the immeasurable valley of the Mississippi, between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, it is said there is room for a larger population than that of the whole of Europe; and where a great and new people are developing themselves, through

a union of all races of people, in the lap of a grand and powerful natural scenery, which, like a strong mother, will train them up into a more vigorous and higher human life. Many a thinking man here in the Eastern States has said to me, "You will not see what the American people are becoming, not see the Young American, until you reach the West."

I had intended to set off from New York to Philadelphia in company with Mrs. Kirkland, according to her proposal, and thence go forward with Anne Lynch to Washington, to attend some of the sittings of Congress, and to see its lions; but I am so afraid of all the fatigue and excitement which mixing in society involves, and I am so anxious to go to the South, because this season of the year is best for that purpose, as in May the heat is already too great in the Southern States, that, after consultation with my friends, I have determined to go on Saturday by steamer to Charleston, in South Carolina. Within seventy-two hours I shall be there, and probably in full summer, while here the ground is covered with snow.

From Charleston I shall travel to the different places to which I am invited, and spend in Carolina and Georgia, that paradise of North America, the months of March and April. In May I shall go to Washington, and after a stay of a fortnight there, return here, and so go westward to Cincinnati (Ohio), on to Illinois and Wisconsin, where I shall visit my countrymen, the Swedes and Norwegians, and see how they are getting on. From this point I shall travel by the great inland lakes to Niagara, where, about the end of June, I have agreed to meet the Downings and the Lowells.

Thus, my sweet Agatha, you see my tour made out; and I am certain to have the eye of a good spirit from my Swedish home upon me during my journey. It may so happen that after this I may not be able to write to you as often as heretofore; but once a month, at least, you

shall have a letter, and I will try to write better letters than I have yet done. Ah! if I could only continue to be as well as I am now beginning to feel, then I should live, and think, and write so much! I sometimes, also, feel as if a book on America would come forth from me; but then it would be very different to any other of my works.

The sun and the light now come in upon me in my charming room at Rose Cottage. If they would but only shine now in upon you, my sweet child, and speak of spring and warm breezes, and the sea-baths and good health!

March 15th. I could not accomplish my journey as I had arranged. The vessel by which I thought of sailing has been sold to the Californian trade, and the next steamer which goes to Charleston will not leave till Saturday fortnight, and I had neither time nor inclination to defer my going South so long. I have therefore determined to go by a sailing vessel, and Marcus S. has arranged for me to go by a good and safe packet. If the wind is favorable, I shall be there in from four to five days; and I fancy that the voyage will be amusing. If the wind is contrary and the weather stormy, it will still be well. I do not object to being tossed a little by wind and wave.

I have packed my things to-day and got ready for the journey, and although there is a tempest of wind and snow, yet I feel cheerful and impatient to be off. The spirit of the Vikings is again awake within me, and

“ Pleasant to me is the song of the billows,
Which heave on the tempested sea !”

I shall be better off amid them than in the gas-lighted drawing-rooms of Boston and New York.

I have now spent a week with Mrs. Kirkland in New York. She is not the gay and vivacious being which her book, “A New Home in the West,” led us to imagine. Hers is a character of greater depth. That playful spirit, with its feeling for the comic in life, has been depressed

by sorrow and misfortune ; but it flashes forth sometimes, and then reveals the depth of the soul's earnestness. She is an ardent and strong woman, and a true fellow-citizen, and has sustained herself amid great trials by religion, and by the necessity to work for her four children, two sons and two daughters : the youngest son, Willie, and the youngest daughter, Cordelia, are especially my favorites. Friendship with the noble and distinguished preacher, Mr. Bellows, as well as her literary occupation, make her life any thing but poor. She is one of those natures in which the feminine and the manly attributes are harmoniously blended, and which, therefore, is well balanced, and is capable of taking the lead of those around her.

I saw at her house a Miss Haynes, who has been a missionary in China, and who, still young and handsome, conducts a large girls' boarding-school in New York. She interested me by her individuality, and by the interesting stories which she related of Miss Dorothea Dix (the Mrs. Fry of the New World), and her uncommon force of character and activity. I hope yet to meet this angel of prisons and hospitals, and to kiss her hand for that which she is and that which she does.

At Mrs. Kirkland's I also saw the young traveler, Bayard Taylor, who had just returned from California, and I was glad to hear his stories from the land of gold ; in particular, of the character of the scenery, its climate, vegetable productions, and animals. Apropos of him. I must beg leave to tell you a little about what I think a Yankee is, or what he seems to me to be ; and by Yankee is properly understood one of the boys of New England ; the type of the "go ahead America"—of Young America. He is a young man—it is all the same if he is old—who makes his own way in the world in full reliance on his own power, stops at nothing, turns his back on nothing, finds nothing impossible, goes through every thing, and comes out of every thing—always the same. If he falls,

he immediately gets up again, and says "No matter!" If he is unsuccessful, he says "Try again!" "Go ahead;" and he begins again, or undertakes something else, and never stops till it succeeds. Nay, he does not stop then. His work and will is to be always working, building, beginning afresh, or beginning something new—always developing, extending himself or his country; and somebody has said, with truth, that all the enjoyments of heaven would not be able to keep an American in one place, if he was sure of finding another still further west, for then he must be off there to cultivate and to build. It is the Viking spirit again; not the old Pagan, however, but the Christian, which does not conquer to destroy, but to enoble. And he does not do it with difficulty and with sighs, but cheerfully and with good courage. He can sing "Yankee Doodle" even in his mishaps; for if a thing will not go this way, then it will go that. He is at home on the earth, and he can turn every thing to his own account. He has, before he reaches middle life, been a schoolmaster, farmer, lawyer, soldier, author, statesman—has tried every kind of profession, and been at home in them all; and besides all this, he has traveled over half, or over the whole of the world. Wherever he comes on the face of the earth, or in whatever circumstances, he is sustained by a two-fold consciousness which makes him strong and tranquil; that is to say, that he is a man who can rely upon himself; and that he is the citizen of a great nation designed to be the greatest on the face of the earth. He thus feels himself to be the lord of the earth, and bows himself before none save to the Lord of lords. To Him, however, he looks upward, with the faith and confidence of a child. A character of this kind is calculated to exhibit at times its laughable side, but it has undeniably a fresh, peculiar greatness about it, and is capable of accomplishing great things. And in the attainment of the most important object in the solution of

the highest problem of humanity—a fraternal people, I believe that the Father of all people laid his hand upon the head of his youngest son, as our Charles the Ninth did, saying, “He shall do it! he shall do it!”

As an example of those amusing and characteristic instances of Yankee spirit, which I have often heard related, take the following: A young man, brother to Charles Sumner, traveled to St. Petersburg to present an acorn to the Emperor Nicholas. But I must tell you the story as Maria Child tells it, in her entertaining letters from New York.

“One day a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee; with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trowsers half way up to his knees, and hands playing with coppers and tenpenny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself by saying, ‘I’ve just come out here to trade, with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get a sight of the emperor.’

“‘Why do you wish to see *him*?’

“‘I’ve brought him a present all the way from Americky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him, to give it to him with my own hands.’

“Mr. Dallas smiled as he answered, ‘It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I am afraid the emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?’

“‘An acorn!’

“‘An acorn! What under the sun induced you to bring the Emperor of Russia an acorn?’

“‘Why, just before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension; and when we was there, we thought we’d just step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there; and I thought to myself I’d bring it to the emperor. Thinks, says I, he must have

heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him.'

" 'My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the emperor; and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it.'

" 'I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Americky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our rail-roads and about our free-schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how well our people are getting on, may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and the short on't is, I sha'n't be easy till I get a talk with the emperor; and I should like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family!'

" 'Well, sir, since you are determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice-chancellor and state your wishes. He may possibly assist you!'

" 'Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on.'

" In two or three days he again appeared, and said, 'Well, I've seen the emperor and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I gave him the acorn, he said he should set a great store by it; that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much as he did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand, and he did do it—for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask me so much about our schools and rail-roads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again, and see his daughters; for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again yesterday; and she's a fine, knowing woman, I tell you; and his daughters are nice gals.'

“ ‘What did the empress say to you?’

“ ‘Oh, she asked me a sight o’ questions. Don’t you think, she thought we had no servants in Americky! I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty of servants. “But then you don’t *call* ’em servants,” said she; “you call ’em help.” ‘I guess, ma’am, you’ve been reading Mrs. Trollope?’ says I. ‘We had that ere book aboard our ship.’ The emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he’d kill himself. “You’re right, sir,” said he, “you’re right. We sent for an English copy, and she’s been reading it this very morning!” Then I told all I knew about our country, and he was mightily pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I’d sold all the notions I brought over, and guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid ’em good-by all round, and went about my business. Hav’n’t I had a glorious time? I expect you did not calculate to see me run such a rig?”

“ ‘No, indeed I did not, my lad. You may very well consider yourself lucky; for it’s a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction.’

“A few days after he called again, and said, ‘I guess I shall stay here a spell longer, I’m treated so well. T’other day a grand officer come to my room, and told me that the emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself, and he took me into a mighty fine carriage with four horses; and I’ve been to the theatre and the museum; and I expect I’ve seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg! What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas?’

“It seemed so incredible that a poor, ungainly Yankee lad should be thus loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say.

“In a short time his visitor reappeared. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘I made up my mind to go home; so I went to thank

the emperor and bid him good-by. I thought I could not do less, he'd been so civil. Says he, "Is there any thing else you'd like to see before you go back to America!" I told him I should like to have a peep at Moscow; for I had heard considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about General Bonaparte; but it would cost a sight o' money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to my mother. So I bid him good-by, and come off. Now what do you guess he did next morning? I vow he sent the same man in regimentals, to carry me to Moscow in one of his own carriages, and bring me back again when I've seen all I want to see! And we're going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think now?"

"And, sure enough, the next morning the Yankee boy passed the ambassador's house in a splendid coach and four, waving his pocket-handkerchief, and shouting 'Good-by! Good-by!'"

"Mr. Dallas afterward learned from the emperor that all the particulars related by this adventurous youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, waited upon by the public officers, and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed on ambassadors.

"The last tidings of him reported that he was traveling in Circassia, and writing a journal, which he intended to publish.

"Now who but a Yankee could have done all that?" adds Mrs. Child.

Between this young Yankee and the American statesman and gentleman, Henry Clay, there is a great distance, and I do not know why he just now presented himself to my memory out of the great number of persons that I saw in New York this week. I saw him at the house of Anne Lynch, who is one of his especial lady friends, and sometimes acts as his secretary. He is a very tall and thin old gentleman, with an unusually lofty, bald brow, an

ugly but expressive countenance, an awkward figure, but with real grace of manner, and a pleasing, sonorous voice. He has, when he likes—and he always likes to have it with ladies—a remarkably obliging, I might say heart-felt, expression and manner. He is likewise surrounded by female worshipers, and he himself seems to be a great worshiper of woman. He has been some few days in New York, and overwhelmed by friends and invitations. He seemed, however, to me to bask himself in the sunshine of his popularity more than I should have thought an old man would have done. I should not have thought that he could have endured that horrible fine life of day labor! The Americans have more enthusiasm for their great statesmen than the Europeans for their kings. Clay, though from one of their Slave States (Kentucky), is, I believe, a liberal-minded man, who understands and who desires the true greatness of his country. Although not properly of the Yankee race—for the Southern States were peopled by that political party known in England under the name of Cavaliers, and opposed to the Puritans in manners, life, and temper—he has, nevertheless, some of that Viking spirit which distinguishes the sons of the New World. He is what is here designated “a self-made man;” his father was a poor farmer, and his life has been a restless combat on the stormy sea of politics; he has fought several duels, and as a senator has combated, by word and by influence in the Congress of the United States, for the well-being of the Union at home and for its power abroad, during a long course of years, both bravely and honorably.

Yet another figure glances distinctly forth from these days so rich in people—a lovely, captivating female figure, the perfect gentlewoman—Mrs. Bancroft, the wife of the historian of that name. After several years’ residence in Europe, and acquaintance with the high life of the highest circles in England, she has returned to America

with a definite understanding and a warm sense of the advantages of her native land, and of its mission to humanity.

Mrs. Kirkland took me back to the S.'s. Ah! Agatha, if I could only show to you how amiable is this married couple, how good, how pure, how delicate-minded! Marcus is certainly one of the best and most warm-hearted beings that beautify this earth. And Rebecca is good also, unusually endowed, amusing, and most charming. To do good, and to help others, is their greatest joy—their continual thought. And besides that, they are so cheerful, have such a good, and beautiful, and excellent way of taking any thing, that even that which is vexatious changes itself into something good and agreeable in their hands. And if people could only communicate such things by teaching, I should learn much from them. Happier human beings I have never seen. And they themselves are so filled with gratitude for the happiness which they have experienced and still experience, that they are prepared to receive whatever blow may come in the feeling that they have had so much of this world's good fortune. But misfortune seems not to have the heart to strike these gentle and grateful beings, who look at it with glances of submissive love; it approaches and threatens, but then passes by. Thus was it with regard to their baby, which long hovered on the brink of the grave, but which now becomes daily stronger and livelier. How kind they have been and are to me I have not words to tell! They think for me, arrange every thing for me, and look after me as if I were their sister; and they do every thing so nicely and so well. I can not be sufficiently grateful for these friends.

The Downings also—those amiable people and kind friends—are to me invaluable. They came to New York to see me, and brought me the most beautiful flowers. His dark eyes, and her gentle, bright blue ones, as blue

as our Swedish violets, will accompany me on my journey—will remain in my heart.

March 16th. But I do not know how rightly I am to get away, there is so much difficulty both as regards the vessels and the captains. The captain, that is to say him of the sailing-vessel, when he learned the name of the lady-passenger who wished to sail in his vessel—refused to receive her on board; and when Marcus insisted upon knowing his reason why, he replied that he did not wish to have any authors on board his ship who would laugh to scorn his accommodations, and who would put him in a book. Marcus laughed, and wanted to persuade him to run the risk, assuring him that I was not dangerous, and so on. But the man was immovable. He would not take me on board; and I have now to wait till the next steam-boat goes, which is eight days later. And for this I have to thank Mrs. Trollope and Dickens. But I am happy at Rose Cottage with my amiable friends, and this delay has afforded me the pleasure of hearing Emerson's lectures at various times, both here and in New York. It is a peculiar pleasure to hear that deep, sonorous voice uttering words which give the impression of jewels and real pearls as they fall from his lips. I heard him yesterday, in his lecture on Eloquence, severely chastise the senseless exaggeration and inflation of expression made use of by some of his countrymen, and which he compared with the natural and poetically beautiful, yet destructive hyperbole of the East. He produced examples of both, and the assembly, in the best possible humor with their lecturer, gave the most lively demonstrations of approval and pleasure. Marcus S. and some other gentlemen of Brooklyn invited Emerson to give these lectures, and I thus saw him there several times. Perhaps we may never meet again. But I am glad to have seen him.

20th. We have had two quiet beautiful evenings, for I do not this time either receive visits or accept invitations,

unless exceptionally; I must rest. My friends and I have, therefore, been alone, and we have spent the evenings in reading and conversation. I have read a letter which they have received from Margaret Fuller, now the Marchioness Ossoli, for her marriage is now divulged, and her advocate, Mr. W. R., was perfectly right. Madame Ossoli is now, with her husband and child, on her way to America, where she will take up her residence. And on board the same vessel is also that young man who traveled to St. Petersburg, and gave the Emperor of Russia the acorn. Her last letter is from Gibraltar, and describes the affectingly beautiful evening when the body of the captain—he had died of small-pox—was lowered into the sea, above which the evening sun descended brilliantly, and small craft lay with white sails outspread like the wings of angels. A certain melancholy breathes through the letter, and a thoroughly noble tone of mind, with no trace whatever of that insolent and proud spirit which various things had led me to expect in her. In her letter to Rebecca she spoke of her joy as a mother, and of her beautiful child, in the most touching manner. "I can hardly understand my own happiness," she says in one place; "I am the mother of an immortal being—'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" That does not sound much like pride! She has sent home a box of presents and souvenirs for her friends, "in case I should not again see my father-land," says she. She has commenced the voyage with joyless presentiments; and now that the good captain of the vessel is dead, during the voyage they seem to increase. Yet all has gone well hitherto, and her mother, three brothers, and her only sister, the young, amiable lady at Concord, and many of her friends, expect her with longing and with joy.

22d. Yesterday I visited the Female Academy at Brooklyn, an educational institute for five hundred young girls, where they study and graduate as young men do. I ad-

mired the arrangement of the establishment, its museum, library, &c., and was especially pleased with the department of the young girls; heard their compositions both in prose and verse, liked them and the young ladies who read them. I also heard here a song, with which, to my shame I say it, I have been greeted two or three times in this country, because the words, in which I can not discover a grain of sense or connection, have been dedicated to me (they begin, "I dream, I dream of my father-land"), and the music to—Jenny Lind! *C'est imprimée!* These finishing schools for young girls give unquestionably a deal of finish, various kinds of knowledge, demeanor in society, self-possession, &c. But are they calculated to develop that which is best in woman? I doubt it; and I have heard sensible women in this country, even among the young, doubt also, or rather deny that they are. They may be good as a temporary means of leading women into those spheres of knowledge from which they have hitherto been excluded. Thus these young ladies are universally commended for the progress which they make, and for their skill in mathematical studies, in algebra, and physics. But it is clear to me that the pursuit of these scholastic studies must involve the neglect of much domestic virtue and pleasure. The young girl, in her zeal to prepare her lessons, snubs her mother, and looks cross at her father, if they venture to interrupt her. They call forth her ambition at the expense of her heart. They lay too much stress upon school learning. The highest object of schools should be to prepare people to do without them. At all events, the life of the young girl ought to be divided, between the school and home, so that the school may have but a small part of it. The good home is the true high school.

But I almost reproach myself for saying so much against an institution where I experienced so much of the young heart's warmth as I did here. Certain it is that I em-

braced and was embraced, that I kissed and was kissed, by daughters, and nieces, and mammas, and aunts, so that there was almost too much of it. But the warm-heartedness there warmed my own heart, and I bore away with me many lively memories of it.

I am now preparing for my departure, and in the mean time have taken the portraits of my friends and their children, "the rose-colored family," in a little group of heads, which I leave with them as a memorial of me. I was very sorry to part with it. I should like to have had it always with me. But I shall see them again, for I am returning here. Great part of my books and clothes, as well as my one chest, I shall leave at their house. When I look at the former, and see the thick volumes of Hegel's Philosophy and Scandinavian Mythology, which I intended to have studied during my visit to this country, I can not but smile. I have not once thought of opening them.

March 24th. Yesterday Channing was here, the amiable W. H. Channing! He came in the morning, fresh and dewy as a morning in May. We had, during the winter, exchanged a couple of letters, and in them had got a little atwist. Emerson was the apple of discord between us. Channing set up Emerson, and I set up—myself. And thus we both became silent. When we now met, he was most cordial and beaming, gave me a volume of Wordsworth's, the "Excursion," and was perfectly kind and amiable. With such men one breathes the air of spring.

There was a little party in the evening. Channing among the rest. After he had said good-night and left the house, he came hastily back, and calling me out, led me into the piazza, where, pointing up to the starry heavens, which shone forth in beaming splendor above us, he smiled, pressed my hand, and—was gone.

But I must not talk only of myself and my own affairs; I must say a little about the affairs of the public. The

question of universal interest, and which now occupies every one, regards the incorporation of California and Texas with the Union as independent States. The whole country may be said to be divided into two parties—Pro-slavery and Anti-slavery. California—rapidly populated, and that principally from the Northeastern States, the enterprising sons of the Pilgrims—has addressed to Congress a petition to be freed from slavery, and to be acknowledged as a Free State. To this the Southern Slave States will not consent, as California, by its position, belongs to the Southern States, and its freedom from slavery would lessen their weight in Congress. They contend desperately for the maintenance of what they call their rights. The Northern Free States contend just as desperately, in part to prevent the extension of slavery to California and Texas, and in part to bring about the abolition of that which they with reason regard as a misfortune and a plague-spot to their father-land. And the contest is carried on with a good deal of bitterness on both sides, both in and out of Congress.

Abolitionists are here of all shades. Various of my acquaintance belong to the ultras; the S.'s to the moderates, and to these last I attach myself. I think the others unreasonable.

The continually increasing emigration of the poorest classes of Europe, principally from Ireland and Germany, has given rise to great exertions, not to oppose it, but to deal with it, and to make it not merely uninjurious, but as beneficial as possible, both for the country and the people themselves.

The Irish become here the best laborers which America possesses, in particular for the making of roads and canals. The Germans are assisted for the most part to the West, to the great German colonies in the valley of the Mississippi, and where all hands and all kinds of human qualifications are in demand. There begin to be in the Eastern

States, as in Europe, more laborers than labor ; but these, also, are moving off in great numbers westward. That great West, as far as the Pacific Ocean, is the future, and the hope of North America, the free space and boundless prospect of which give to its people a freer respiration, a fresher life than any other nation enjoys.

On all questions of general interest in the separate States, meetings are held, resolutions taken, and motions or petitions sent up to Congress, where the carrying them out comes within its administration. And it is a pleasure to hear how they all, at least in the Northern States, march onward for the advancement of popular education, and for the development of popular power, and all such public measures as tend to the general advantage.

In the midst of all the agitation of these great questions there comes at this moment the news of Jenny Lind's expected arrival, which has gone like wild-fire through the country, electrifying every body, and causing every countenance to clear up. It is as if a melodious major key echoed in every breast.

Thanks, my sweet child, for what you write about our friends and acquaintance at home. Greet them for me, and tell Mrs. L. that I think of her as tenderly and as faithfully as in Sweden. One of the happiest days of my life will be when I hear that she has recovered from her illness.

I must have mentioned to you, as among my kindest acquaintance in Boston, the Longfellows, both man and wife, and Professor and Mrs. Howe. I always felt animated, both heart and soul, when I was with them. Mrs. Howe, a most charming little creature, fresh and frank in character, and endowed with a delicate sense of the beautiful, I could really get very fond of.

I have declined the offers of several portrait-painters, but I could not help sitting to one in Boston, a Mr. Furniss, an agreeable young man ; and he has taken a pleas-

ing likeness of me. People say it is very like, and it is to be engraved.

I now bid you farewell; embrace and kiss mamma's hand in spirit. May you be able soon to tell me that you are quite well! I salute every spring day that comes, on your account. And we have had here some beautiful, vernal mild days; but the weather is now again cold, and as severe, and keen, and snowy as it ever is at this season in Sweden. But it will soon change again. And how I long for the South!

I have rested now thoroughly for some days, and I feel myself stronger each day. May my dear Agatha only feel the same!

P.S.—Mrs. W. H., of Charleston, has written to me and kindly invited me to her house there. But I must see her first to know whether we can get on well together. I shall therefore, in the first instance, go to an hotel in the city, and remain there for a few days in the most perfect quiet, and in the enjoyment of freedom and solitude. Then we shall see!

LETTER XII.

Charleston, South Carolina, March 22d, 1850.

AH! that I could but fly away and cast a glance into my home, and see how it is with my Agatha and mamma! But ah! "that can not be, Your Grace!" said the duck, and therefore I must sit dull and silent as a duck, and enjoy myself by hoping and trusting that you are advancing with great strides on the path of improvement, and that you are becoming more and more like Taglioni in agility and grace. May it be so, my little heart! and may every thing be well at home!

Things have gone splendidly with me. I arrived this morning, after a voyage of three days and nights, expect-

ing to have found here full summer, and somewhat annoyed, instead of that, to find the weather cold and gray, and to be obliged to go about in winter clothing. But it can not last long. The trees—for all the streets are planted with trees—are already clothed in tender green; roses, lilies, and orange-blossoms beckon from terraces and gardens, and the sun begins to break through the clouds. Probably, in the morning, it will be real summer again.

The weather during the last days of my stay at Brooklyn was wild and winterly, and the day I went on board was icy-cold; one saw ice and icicles every where; the sharp wind was full of icicles. The good, amiable Marcus and Rebecca, with their two eldest children, the angelic Eddie and the merry little Jenny, accompanied me on board. Marcus carried my luggage, spoke to the captain and to the stewardess for me, and arranged every thing.

I was so overwhelmed by introductions to strange people that I was obliged to take refuge in my room, that I might say a few words and take leave of my friends.

I really sat down and grieved for an hour after the S.'s had left me, and I was borne upon the waves further and further from them. At night I dreamed that they were with me, and I thought, then, they are not gone, and we are not parted; it was merely a bad dream! But the dream was true enough.

The whole of the first day of the voyage was cold, gray, and cheerless. I avoided every body excepting a couple of Quakers—*Friends*, as they are commonly called—a man and his wife, with whom I became a little acquainted, and who pleased me, as Friends generally do, by their quietness, and their peaceful, silent demeanor. Their earliest youth was past; she had one of those pure, beautiful countenances which one so often meets with among Quaker women; he seemed to be out of health, and they were traveling to the South on his account. The next day

we had splendid sunshine, but still cold, till toward noon, when we seemed all at once to come into really warm spring. It was like magic. Sky and sea were bathed in light; the air was full of life and delicious influence. It was enchantingly beautiful, divine! My whole being was suffused with this glory. I avoided the catechising conversation and sat down on the upper deck, and saw the sun go down and the full moon ascend in mild splendor; saw the North Star shining at yet greater distance from me, and Orion and Sirius ascend to the zenith. Hour after hour went by, and I was unconscious of every thing, excepting that the New World was beautiful, and its Creator great and good. I feared nothing, excepting that somebody might come and talk to me, and thus interrupt the glorious silence, the repose and gladness of my spirit.

I saw, on the lower deck, young men and their wives come out into the clear moonlight, pair after pair, cooing affectionately like doves; saw the Friends, my friends, sitting side by side, gazing upward at the moon, which shone upon their mild and calm countenances; saw the moonbeams dancing upon the dancing billows while we were borne onward along the calm sea toward Cape Hatteras, the light-house of which shone toward us, like a huge star on the south horizon.

At Cape Hatteras we were to enter the Gulf Stream, and this point is one of danger to the mariner. Violent gusts of wind and storm are generally encountered there; and many a fearful shipwreck has occurred at Cape Hatteras; but tempest and disaster came not near us. The moon shone, the billows danced, the wind was still, the pairs of turtle-doves cooed, and the Friends slumbered. We passed Cape Hatteras at midnight, and I hoped now to be in the region of steady summer warmth. But pshaw! Nothing of the kind.

Next morning it was again gray, and cold and cheerless, and not at all like summer. One portion of the company

lay in their berths suffering from sea-sickness; another portion sat down to a merry game of cards under an awning on deck. I sat apart with the Friends, who were silent, and at last went to sleep. But I was full of life, and wide awake all day; felt remarkably well, and spent a rich forenoon in company with the sea and with Bancroft's "History of the United States," which interests me extremely, as well from its truly philosophical spirit as for its excellent narrative style. In the former he resembles our Geijer; in the latter, D'Aubigné. I read also on the voyage a little pamphlet on "Special Providence," by a sort of renowned clairvoyant of New York, named Davis; but a production which more clearly testified to the blindness of the spirit I never saw, and I knew not whether to be more astonished at its pretension or at its poverty.

On the morning of the fourth day we were before Charleston. The morning was gray and cheerless, and not agreeable. But the shores around the bay covered with dark cedar woods, and pale-green broad-leaved trees, had a singular but attractive appearance. Every thing was novel to my eyes, even the exterior of the city, which rather resembled a city of the European continent, at least in the style of its houses, than either Boston or New York. A young gentleman with whom I had had some excellent conversation on board, and whom I liked—excepting that he would make a show with his French, which, after all, was nothing to make any show with—now stood with me on deck observing the country, where he was at home, and crying up the happiness of the negro-slaves, which did not much enhance his own worth; for remarks of this kind only show want of judgment or of politeness. A young lady who had shared my cabin, and been silent and sea-sick the whole time, now lifted up her head and instantly asked me "How I liked America?"

Mrs. W. H. sent her brother, a handsome, middle-aged gentleman, to take me in a carriage to her house, but I

preferred my own freedom, and to accompany the Friends to the hotel which they had decided upon for themselves. And there am I now, in a little room with four bare, white-washed walls.

I have been out wandering about the town for two good hours, pleased with my solitude, and by the great number of new objects which meet my eye every where; by the appearance of the town, with its numerous gardens (for it is like a great assemblage of country houses, each one with its veranda or piazza ornamented with foliage and flowers); by the many kinds of trees, all strange to me, and which are now in flower or in leaf (I only saw one without leaves, but with its stem and tops covered with pink blossoms); by the dark-green orange groves in the gardens, and which whisper and diffuse their fragrance on the breeze. Negroes swarm in the streets. Two thirds of the people whom one sees out in the town are negroes or mulattoes. They are ugly, but appear for the most part cheerful and well fed. In particular, one sees fat negro and mulatto women, and their bright colored handkerchiefs, often wound very tastefully round the head, produce a picturesque appearance, a thousand times preferable to the bonnets and caps which they wear in the Free States, and which are unbecoming to them.

That which struck me most in the streets, after the great number of negroes, was the large flocks of turkey-buzzards, which stalk about here and there, picking up any offal which they can find to eat. They are so fearless, that they will scarcely move out of your way. I saw numbers of them, also, sitting in rows on the roofs and chimneys, and a very strange appearance they made, stretching out their heavy wings in the air and the sunshine. They are regarded in Charleston as a species of city scavengers, and are therefore welcome to the streets. It is forbidden to destroy them.

March 29th. Cold, cold, still intolerably cold to-day.

At five o'clock this morning I heard the drum which calls the negro slaves to work.

Yesterday afternoon I was invited by my acquaintance from the Northern States, who are here in the hotel, to drive out with them, and we had a charming drive in the beautiful sunshine. The country is altogether flat, as far as one can see. Beautiful forest tracts, plantations of trees, and water, all contribute a charm to it. The town itself lies by the sea, upon a peninsula, between two rivers, the Ashley and Cooper, which discharge themselves into the sea.

My friends bought oranges and bananas for me, as we drove along, and I now for the first time tasted this tropical fruit, which people here are so fond of. It has a delicate, sweet, somewhat insipid flavor; in form it resembles our large seed-cucumbers; in color and in flesh it is like a melon, but less juicy. I could have fancied I was biting into soap. I have a notion that we shall not become good friends, the banana and I.

My Quaker friends left early this morning to go still further south, in the hope of reaching summer air. It was too cold for them here. The month of February was here very warm, and the yellow jasmine which then flowers is now nearly over.

I must now bid you adieu, as I must go out and call on Mrs. W. H., and see whether I could be happy with her. If not, I shall remain quietly here, although it is certainly no El Dorado. The hotel is probably not one of the best in the city. A chaos of negro lads throng about the dinner and supper table, pretending to be waiters, but they do nothing more than spring hither and thither, round one another, without either dexterity or order, and move about every thing on the table, without rhyme or reason which I can discover. I am waited on in my room by a pretty mulatto girl, very ragged, yet with such a good and patient look, that it makes me unhappy. I asked

her how much wages she had ; she looked at me with astonishment, and replied, " that she belonged to Missis." But " Missis" is a lady of a stern mien, and keen-eyed, whose property I would not willingly be, and—poor girl ! Miss D. told me that a young servant girl of the house had last year been flogged by the gentleman of the house, the son of the lady.

I could remain here very well a few days longer, and then proceed further south, to Savannah and to Augusta, in Georgia, whither I am invited by my fellow-passengers of the " Canada," the family of the name of B. and Miss L. I ought to remain there through the month of April, for there one sees the paradise of the South. And I ought to take the opportunity of seeing something of the plantations there. If the Southerners knew with what an unprejudiced and honest intention I come to them, merely seeking for the truth in every thing, and ready to do justice to the good in all, even in slavery, then would they not meet me with suspicious glances. I have, besides, no wish to penetrate particularly into the most sorrowful side of Southern life. That has been penetrated into enough already. I wish to see nature, life—that which the New World is becoming here also, and that aspect of life, as a part of it, which is the result of position and the gifts of nature. I wish, therefore, to avoid conversations on slavery with people in general ; and with some individuals in particular. With sensible and right-minded people, however, many of whom are to be met with here, I will talk of slavery, will question them, and listen to them, and I am certain that we shall understand each other and perfectly agree, if not always in the thing, at all events in disposition of mind. I am come hither to see and to learn, not as a spy. I wish to have in the South mild atmosphere, flowers, repose, health ; and the good that it has and does will I acknowledge with all my heart. I also believe that there are few Southerners who do not regard

slavery as the misfortune of the country, although they consider it difficult to be rid of it.

From Savannah I shall write again to you. Now merely a kiss, and heartfelt wishes that this may find you once more active and well.

Later. Yet a few more words to tell you that I have seen Mrs. W. H. and her children, and that I remove to-morrow to her house and home. The very first view of her countenance, and its expression, so full of kindness and sincerity, was sufficient for me. I liked her immediately, and the short conversation I had with her sufficed to strengthen the impression of the first glance. She is evidently one of the intelligent, kind, and motherly women of the earth; she has, it is true, a little weakness toward literary endowments and literary people, but I, for my part, consider this quite amiable in her. She is about my own age, and might, from her appearance, be a Swede. The blue eyes, the round, fresh countenance, the plump figure, as well as the charming good nature in speech and manner, are so like our Swedish ladies. She is, indeed, of Scandinavian descent; her father was Danish—by name, Monefelt. Of the other members of the family I saw three pretty girls; the eldest seventeen, the youngest nine years old, and a handsome lad of ten. Mr. W. H., two elder sons, and the eldest daughter of the family, are now from home.

I have seen also another agreeable family, that of Dr. G., whose wife, son-in-law, and daughters have called on me, and offered to take me to the islands and the beautiful places in the neighborhood.

I have likewise seen to-day Mrs. Hammarsköld (Emilie Holmberg) and her mother. Tears of longing for Sweden filled the eyes of the old lady. The younger lady is a much esteemed teacher of music here.

I can now write no more, the post is leaving.

God bless my sweet Agatha!

LETTER XIII.

Charleston, April 12th, 1850.

I SEE a feeble Southern beauty reposing upon a luxurious bed of flowers in a nectarine grove, surrounded by willing slaves, who at her nod bring to her the most precious fruits and ornaments in the world. But all her beauty, the splendor of her eye, the delicate crimson of her cheek, the pomp which surrounds her couch, can not conceal the want of health and vigor, the worm which devours her vitals. This, weak luxurious beauty is—*South Carolina*.

And after all, my Agatha, she *is beautiful*. I have inexpressibly enjoyed her peculiar charm, so delightful, so rich, and to me so novel.

I have been fourteen days here, and although the weather for the most part has been rainy, and is so still, yet there have been days when I have wished that all feeble, ailing humanity (and you, my Agatha, above all) could remove hither, breathe this air, see this exquisite pomp of heaven and earth, which must invigorate them like a balsam of life, and enjoy life anew. I can understand how the mariners who first approached these shores, and felt these gentle breezes, this atmosphere, believed that they were drinking an elixir of life, and hoped to find here the fountain of perpetual youth.

During these delicious days I have made some excursions into the country, round the city, with Mrs. H. and some kind acquaintance. In all directions, after we had plowed through an extent of deep sand—but they are now beginning every where to form wooden roads, which are very excellent to drive upon—we arrived at a forest. And the forest here is a sort of paradisaical wilderness, or abounding with many kinds of trees and plants, which I never before heard of or saw. Nothing is studied or trimmed, but every thing grows in wild, luxuriant disorder:

myrtles and fir-trees, magnolias and cypresses, elms and oaks, and a great many foreign trees, the names of which I do not know. The most magnificent and the most abundant of all trees here is the live-oak, an evergreen, an immense tree, from the branches of which depending masses of moss, often three or four yards in length (the *Tillandsia Umvides*), hung down in heavy draperies. These pendent gray masses upon the heavy branches produce the most unimaginally picturesque effect; and when these trees have been planted with any regularity, they form the most magnificent natural Gothic churches, with arcades, and lofty, vaulted aisles. Beneath these long-branched patriarchs of the forest flourish a number of lesser trees, shrubs, plants, and climbing vegetation, especially the wild vine, which fill the wood with perfume, and make a beautiful show in the hedges, and up aloft in the trees, whence they fling down their wild blossoming branches. Thus with the wild yellow jasmine, which was here and there yet in flower; thus with the white Cherokee rose, which also grows wild, and in the greatest abundance; thus with many other showy, creeping plants, which on all sides twine around the boles of the trees, and many of which are said to be poisonous. (And many poisonous things, both of vegetable and animal life, are said to be in these wildernesses.) The magnolia is one of the most glorious of their trees, a tall, green-leaved laurel, the white blossoms of which are said to be the most beautiful flowers of the South; but it does, however, not begin to flower till the end of May.

The city itself is now in full bloom, for the city is like a great assemblage of villas standing in their gardens, which are now brilliant with roses of every kind. The fragrance of the orange blossoms fills the air, and the mocking-bird, the nightingale of North America (called by the Indians *cencontatolly*, or the hundred-tongued, from its ability to imitate every kind of sound), sings in

cages in the open windows, or outside them. I have not yet heard it sing when free in the woods. The nectarine and the fig-tree have already set their fruit. I observed this in Mrs. W. H.'s garden, where also I saw the Carolina humming-bird flutter, like a little spirit, among the scarlet honeysuckle flowers, sipping their honey as it flew. That is something particular, and very beautiful, my little Agatha, and I am fortunate in being here.

I have received many kind visits and invitations, and first among the former let me mention that which is most to my taste, and to which I owe some of my most beautiful hours in the New World. You know my faculty of receiving decided impressions as regards persons, and of my coming into *rapport* with them almost at the first moment. This faculty or power, which has never yet deceived me, has become more keen since I went abroad on my Viking expedition, quite alone, and have thereby been brought into immediate connection with a great number of persons. I have, of late in particular, acquired a sort of mercurial sensitiveness to the various temperaments and natures which approach me, and the barometer of my feelings rises or falls accordingly. Thus, as I liked Mrs. W. H. from the first moment, did I like—but in another way—Mrs. Holbrook, the wife of the Professor of Natural History, from the first moment when I saw and heard her. I became animated, and, as it were, awakened, by the fresh, intelligent life which spoke in that lovely, animated woman. There is nothing commonplace, nothing conventional in her. Every thing is clear, peculiar, living, and, above all, good. I felt it like a draught of the very elixir of life—the very fountain of youth. The next day I dined with Mrs. W. H., at her beautiful, elegant residence, the sea-breezes coming in refreshingly through the curtains of the windows. Her mother, Mrs. R., a beautiful old lady, with splendid eyes; her sister, Miss Lucas R.; three ideally lovely and charming young

girls, her nieces; and three very agreeable gentlemen, composed the party. Mr. Holbrook is, together with Agassiz, the Swiss, now on a natural history expedition to the great fens of Florida, called *the Everglades*.

After an excellent dinner we drove to the Battery, the fashionable promenade of the city, and which consists of a bald inclosure along the beach, where people walk round and round in a circle, so that they see again and again all those they know, and all those they do not know, who are promenading there, a thing that I should have nothing to do with beyond at most once a year, not even to breathe the very best sea-air. Neither did this sort of promenade seem particularly to Mrs. Holbrook's taste; but the people of the New World, in general, are fond of being in company, are fond of a crowd.

After an excellent tea, Mrs. Holbrook drove me home. And that was one day of fashionable life at Charleston; and it was very good. But better still was another day spent in the country, alone with her at her country seat, Belmont, some miles out of town.

She came about noon and fetched me in a little carriage. We were alone, we two, the whole day; we wandered in myrtle-groves—we botanized—we read; Mrs. H. made me acquainted with the English poet, Keats; and, above all, we talked; and the day passed like a golden dream, or like the most beautiful reality. You know how easily I get wearied with talk, how painful to me is the effort which it requires. But now I talked for a whole day with the same person, and I was not conscious either of effort or of fatigue. It was delicious and amusing, amusing, amusing! The air itself was a delicious enjoyment. Mrs. Holbrook was like a perpetually fresh-welling fountain, and every subject which she touched upon became interesting, either from her remarks upon it or from the views which her conversation unfolded. Thus we flew together over the whole world, not always agreeing, but always

maintaining the best understanding; and that day, in the fragrant myrtle-groves of Belmont, on the banks of the Ashley River, is one of my most beautiful days in the New World, and one which I shall never forget. Now I became acquainted, for the first time, with the amber-tree, and several other trees and plants, whose names and properties Mrs. H. mentioned to me. Natural science has extended her glance over the life of the world, without diverting it from the religious and heavenly life. For her the earth is a poem, which in its various forms testifies of its Poet and its Creator; but the highest evidence of Him she derives, not from the natural life, but from a still, lofty figure, which once advanced from the shadows of life before her glance, and made life for her light and great, connecting time and eternity. Mrs. H. is a Platonic thinker, who can see (which is rare in this world) system in all things, and dissimilar radii having all relationship to one common centre. I spoke freely to her of what I considered the great want in the female education of this country—and of all countries. Women acquire many kinds of knowledge, but there is no systematizing of it. A deal of Latin, a deal of mathematics, much knowledge of the physical sciences, &c.; but there is no philosophical centralization of this, no application of the life in this to life itself, and no opportunity afforded, after leaving school, of applying all this scientific knowledge to a living purpose. Hence it falls away out of the soul, like flowers that have no root, or as leaves plucked from the branches of the tree of knowledge when the young disciple goes from school into life; or, if they do remember what they have learned, it is but merely remembered work, and does not enter as sap and vegetative power into the life itself. That which is wanting in school-learning, in the great as in the small, is a little Platonic philosophy.

On other subjects we did not fully agree; my imagination could not always accompany the flights of my

friend. But the charm in Mrs. H. is that she has genius, and she says new and startling things, in particular as regard the life and correspondence of nature and of the spirit.

When the sun sank in the waters of the river this beautiful day came to an end, and we returned to the city. But I must go again to Belmont, and spend a few days there with its good genius—so it is said; but I know not whether I shall have the time.

Mrs. H. belongs to the aristocratic world of Charleston; and to one of its noblest families—the Rutleges—but is universally acknowledged as one of “the most intellectual and charming women,” and is spoken of as “above fashion;” and how could such a spirit be trammelled by fashion?

She has, however, one twist, but that is universal here, and it belongs to the Slave States.

South Carolina is generally called the Palmetto State. I expected to have seen every where this half-tropical species of tree. I was quite annoyed not to see, either in or out of Charleston, any palmettoes. They have been, in a Vandal-like manner, cut down for piles and for ship-building, because this timber is impenetrable to water. At length, however, a few days ago, I saw this States-tree of Carolina (for the state bears a palmetto-tree on its banner) on Sullivan’s Island, a large sand-bank in the sea, outside Charleston, where the citizens have country houses for the enjoyment of sea-air and sea-bathing; and there in various gardens we may yet see clumps of palmettoes. Imagine to yourself a straight round stem, slightly knotted at the joints, from the top of which large, green, waving fans, with finger-like divisions, branch forth on all sides upon long stalks, and you have an image of the palmetto, the representative of the palm. I was invited by Mr. and Mrs. Gilman to a picnic on Sullivan’s Island. Picnics are here the current name for excursions into the country, where they go to eat, and to enjoy themselves in a merry

company. These parties are very much liked, especially by the young people; and many a tender, serious union looks back for its commencement to a merry picnic. That at which I was now present was a large party, nor was there any lack of young people, nor yet of young enamored pairs; but the day was cool, and I felt it to be rather laborious than agreeable, which is often the case with me on so-called parties of pleasure. But I really did enjoy a drive with Mrs. Gilman on the beach, along the firm, fine sands, while the waves came rolling in, thundering and foaming even to the horses' feet. There was a wild freshness in this scene, while the air was of the mildest and most delicious character. How romantic is "nature," and how rich in picturesque contrasts! Both Mr. and Mrs. Gilman are of the poetical temperament; she has sung the beauty of quiet and pious life; he the subjects connected with his native land. His splendid song,

"Fathers, have ye bled in vain!"

written from fervent inspiration at a time when the dissolution of the Union was threatened by the bitterness of party strife, has been sung with rapture throughout the United States, and perhaps may have contributed more to arouse the public spirit of fellow-citizenship than any governmental measure which is said to have saved "the Union." Mr. Gilman is a highly-esteemed and beloved minister of Charleston, a handsome elderly man, whose inward earnestness and nobility are faithfully reflected in his exterior.

Last evening I was at a wedding, that is to say, I was invited to witness the marriage ceremony in the church. It was between a Catholic and a member of the English Episcopalian Church; and they had agreed to select the minister of the Unitarian congregation of Charleston, Mr. Gilman, to unite them. Only the relatives and friends of the bridal pair were to be present at the ceremony, which took place in the evening by lamp-light. The bride was lovely as a new-blown white rose, small and delicate, dress-

ed in white, and with a very pretty garland and veil. The bridegroom was a tall and thin gentleman; not handsome, but had the look of a good, respectable man, is very rich, and desperately in love with his white rose-bud. Their bridal tour is to be a pleasure trip to Europe. After the marriage ceremony, which was worthily and beautifully performed by Mr. Gilman, the company rose from their seats and congratulated the bridal pair. A fat old negro woman sat, like a horrid spectre, black and silent by the altar. This was the nurse and foster-mother of the bride, and who could not bear the thought of parting with her. This parting, however, is only for the time of their journey, as these black nurses are cared for with great tenderness as long as they live in the white families, and, generally speaking, they deserve it, from their affection and fidelity.

You may believe that there has not failed to be here conversations about slavery. I do not originate them, but when they occur, which they frequently do, I express my sentiments candidly, but as inoffensively as may be. One thing, however, which astonishes and annoys me here, and which I did not expect to find, is, that I scarcely ever meet with a man, or woman either, who can openly and honestly look the thing in the face. They wind and turn about in all sorts of ways, and make use of every argument, sometimes the most opposite, to convince me that the slaves are the happiest people in the world, and do not wish to be placed in any other condition, or in any other relationship to their masters than that in which they now find themselves. This in many cases, and under certain circumstances, is true; and it occurs more frequently than the people of the Northern States have any idea of. But there is such an abundance of unfortunate cases, and always must be in this system, as to render it detestable.

I have had a few conversations on the subject, something in the following style:

Southerner. "Report says, Miss Bremer, that you belong to the Abolitionist party?"

Myself. "Yes, certainly I do; but so, doubtlessly, do we both; you as well as I."

Southerner is silent.

Myself. "I am certain that you, as well as I, wish freedom and happiness to the human race."

Southerner. "Y—y—ye—e—e—s! but—but—"

And now come many *buts*, which are to prove the difficulty and the impossibility of the liberation of the negro race. That there is difficulty, I am willing to concede, but not impossibility. This, however, is clear, that there requires a preparation for freedom, and that this has been long neglected. There is here, in Charleston, a noble man who thinks as I do on the matter, and who labors in this, the only true direction and preparation for this freedom, namely, the negroes' initiation into Christianity. Formerly, their instruction was shamefully neglected, or rather opposed; the laws of the state forbidding that slaves should be taught to read and write, and long opposing their instruction, even in Christianity. But better times have come, and seem to be coming. People frequently, in their own houses, teach their slaves to read; and missionaries, generally Methodists, go about the plantations preaching the Gospel.

But the one-sidedness and the obstinate blindness of the educated class in this city really astonish and vex me. And women, women, in whose moral sense of right, and in whose inborn feeling for the true and the good, I have so much faith and hope—women grieve me by being so short-sighted on this subject, and by being still more irritable and violent than the men. And yet it is women who ought to be most deeply wounded by the immorality and the impurity of the institution! Does it not make a family a non-entity? Does it not separate husband and wife, mother and child? It strikes me daily with a sort

of amazement when I see the little negro children and think, "These children do not belong to their parents: their mother, who brought them into the world with suffering, who nourished them at her breast, who watched over them, she whose flesh and blood they are, has no right over them. They are not hers; they are the property of her possessor, of the person who bought her, and with her all the children she may have, with his money; and who can sell them away whenever he pleases." Wonderful!

The moral feeling, it is said, is becoming more and more opposed to the separation of families and of little children from their mothers by sale; and that it now no longer takes place at the public slave auctions. But one hears in the Northern, as well as in the Southern States, of circumstances which prove what heart-breaking occurrences take place in consequence of their separation, which the effects of the system render unavoidable, and which the best slaveholders can not always prevent.

The house-slaves here seem, in general, to be very well treated; and I have been in houses where their rooms, and all that appertains to them (for every servant, male or female, has their own excellent room), are much better than those which are provided for the free servants of our country. The relationship between the servant and the employer seems also, for the most part, to be good and heart-felt; the older servants, especially, seem to stand in that affectionate relationship to the family which characterizes a patriarchal condition, and which it is so beautiful to witness in our good families between servant and employer; at the same time, with this great difference, that with us the relationship is the free-will attachment of one rational being to another. Here, also, may often occur this free-will attachment, but it is then a conquest over slavery and that slavish relationship, and I fancy that here nobody knows exactly how it is. True it is, in the mean time, that the negro race has a strong instinct of

devotion and veneration, and this may be seen by the people's eyes, which have a peculiar, kind, faithful, and affectionate expression, which I like, and which reminds me of that beautiful expression in the eye of the dog: true is it, also, that they have a natural tendency to subordination to the white race, and to obey their higher intelligence; and white mothers and black nurses prove continually the exclusive love of the latter for the child of the white. No better foster-mothers, no better nurses, can any one have for their children than the black woman; and, in general, no better sick nurses than the blacks, either male or female. They are naturally good-tempered and attached; and if the white "Massa" and "Missis," as the negroes call their owners, are kind on their part, the relationship between them and "Daddy" and "Mammy," as the black servants are called, especially if they are somewhat in years, is really good and tender. But neither are circumstances of quite the opposite kind wanting. The tribunals of Carolina, and the better class of the community of Carolina, have yet fresh in their memory deeds of cruelty done to house-slaves which rival the worst abominations of the old heathen times. Some of the very blackest of these deeds have been done by—*women*; by women in the higher class of society in Charleston! Just lately, also, has a rich planter been condemned to two years' imprisonment in the House of Correction for his barbarous treatment of a slave. And then it must be borne in mind that the public tribunal does not take cognizance of any other cruelties to slaves than those which are too horrible and too public to be passed over! When I bring forward these universally-known circumstances in my arguments with the patrons and patronesses of slavery, they reply, "Even in your country, and in all countries, are masters and mistresses sometimes austere to their servants." To which I reply, "But then they can leave them!" And to this they have nothing to say, but look displeased.

Ah! the *curse* of slavery, as the common phrase is, has not merely fallen upon the black, but perhaps, at this moment, still more upon the white, because it has warped his sense of truth, and has degraded his moral nature.

The position and the treatment of the blacks, however, really improve from year to year. The whites, nevertheless, do not seem to advance in enlightenment. But I will see and hear more before I condemn them. Perhaps the lover of darkness has established himself principally in Charleston. "Charleston is an owl's nest!" said a witty Carolina lady to me one day.

I must now tell you something about the home in which I am, and in which I find myself so well off, and so happy, that I would not wish for a better. The house, with its noble garden, stands alone in one of the most rural streets of the city, Lynch Street, and has on one side a free view of the country and the river, so that it enjoys the most delicious air—the freshest breezes. Lovely sprays of white roses, and of the scarlet honeysuckle, fling themselves over the piazza, and form the most exquisite veranda. Here I often walk, especially in the early morning and in the evening, inhaling the delicious air, and looking abroad over the country. My room, my pretty airy room, is in the upper story. The principal apartments, which are on the first story, open upon the piazza, where people assemble or walk about in the evening, when there is generally company.

You are a little acquainted with Mrs. W. H. already, but no one can rightly know her or value her until they have seen her in daily life, within her own home. She is there more like a Swedish lady than any woman I have met with in this country, for she has that quiet, attentive, affectionate, motherly demeanor; always finding something to do, and not being above doing it with her own hands. (In the Slave States people commonly consider coarse work as somewhat derogatory, and leave it to be

done by slaves.) Thus I see her quietly busied from morning till evening; now with the children, now with meals, when she assists her servants to arrange the table; or when meals are over and removed, and all is in order which needs looking after (for the negroes are naturally careless,) she will be busy cutting out and making clothes for them, or in dressing and smartening up the little negroes of the house; then she is in the garden, planting flowers or tying up one that has fallen down, training and bringing into order the wild shoots of trailing plants; or she is receiving guests, sending off messengers, &c., and all this with that calm comprehension, with that dignity which, at the same time, is so full of kindness, and which is so beautiful in the mistress of a family, which makes her bear the whole house, and be its stay as well as its ornament. In the evening, in particular; but I will give you a circumstantial history of my day.

Early in the morning comes Lettis, the black-brown servant, and brings me a cup of coffee. An hour afterward, little Willie knocks at my door and takes me down to breakfast, leaning on my little cavalier's shoulder—sometimes I am conducted both by him and Laura—to the lowest story, where is the eating-room. There, when the family is assembled, good Mrs. Howland dispenses tea and coffee, and many good things, for here, as in the North, the breakfasts are only too abundant. One of the principal dishes here is rice (the principal product of Carolina), boiled in water in such a manner as to swell the grains considerably, yet still they are soft, and eat very pulpy. I always eat from this dish of rice at breakfast, because I know it to be very wholesome. People generally eat it with fresh butter, and many mix with it also a soft-boiled egg. For the rest, they have boiled meat and fish; sweet potatoes, hominy, maize-bread, eggs, milk cooled with ice, all which are really a superabundance of good things. During the whole meal-time, one of the

black boys or girls stands with a besom of peacocks' feathers to drive away the flies.

After breakfast all go out on the piazza for a little while, the children leap about and chase one another through the garden, and it is a delight to see the graceful Sarah, now thirteen, leap about, brilliant with the freshness of youth and joy, and light as a young roe, with her plaits of hair and her ribbons flying in the wind. She is a most charming creature. The elder sister, Illione, is also a pretty girl, with something excellent, grave, and demure in her demeanor and manner. Willie has beautiful eyes and brown curls, and Laura is a little rose-bud. Two little black negro girls, Georgia and Attila, the children of Lettis, jump and leap about in the house and on the steps, as quick and dextrous as one might fancy black elves.

After breakfast I go into my own room, and remain there quite undisturbed the whole forenoon. At twelve o'clock Mrs. W. H. sends me up a second breakfast, bread and butter, a glass of iced milk, oranges, and bananas. You see, my dear heart, I am not likely to suffer from hunger. At three o'clock they dine, and there may be a guest or two to dinner. In the afternoon my good hostess takes me out somewhere, which is in every way agreeable to me.

The evening is, nevertheless, the flower of the day in this family (ah, in how many families is the evening the heaviest part of the day!). Then the lamps are lighted in the beautiful drawing-rooms, and all are summoned to tea. Then is Mrs. W. H. kind, and fat, and good, seated on the sofa, with the great tea-table before her loaded with good things; then small tea-tables are placed about (I always have my own little table to myself near the sofa), and the lively little negro boy, Sam (Mrs. W. H.'s great favorite), carries round the refreshments. Then come in, almost always, three or four young lads, sons of neighboring friends of the family, and a couple of young girls also.

and the young people dance gayly and gracefully to the piano, in all simplicity and good faith. The children of the house are amiable with one another; they are very fond of one another, and dance together as we used to do in the evenings at home. But they are happier than we were. I generally play an hour for them, either waltzes or quadrilles. Strangers, in the mean time, call and take their leave.

Later, people go out on the piazza, where they walk about, or sit and talk; but I prefer rather quietly to enjoy the fragrant night air, and to glance through the open doors into the room where the handsome children are skipping about in the joy of youth, Sarah always ideally lovely and graceful, and—without knowing it.

Mr. M., the brother of Mrs. W. H., and the gentleman who came to fetch me the first morning, is a guest here every evening; he is a man of great conversational powers, and tells a story remarkably well.

But with none of them am I so much at home as with my good sensible hostess. And I can not describe how excellently kind she is to me.

April 13th. We had last evening a great storm of thunder and lightning, such as I have never seen in Europe, although I remember one June night last year, in Denmark, at Sorö, when the whole atmosphere was as it were in bright flame. But here the flashes of lightning were like glowing streams of lava, and the thunder-claps instantly succeeded them. For the first time in my life I felt a little frightened at a thunder-storm. And yet I enjoyed the wild scene.

In a couple of days I shall go hence on a visit to Mr. Poinsett, the late Minister of War for the United States, as well as their ambassador to Mexico, and who now lives as a private man on his own plantation. He must be an unusually interesting and amiable man, has seen a great deal of life and of the world, and I am therefore glad to

receive an invitation to his house near Georgetown, a day's journey from this place. I have to thank Mr. Downing for this. I shall spend there a few days, and return hither, whence I shall go to Georgia. I must make good use of the time, because early in May the heat becomes great in the South, and then all the planters remove from their plantations to avoid the dangerous fevers which then prevail. During the summer months, it is said that a night spent on one of the rice-plantations would be certain death to a white man. The negroes, on the contrary, suffer little or nothing from the climate.

I am now making a sketch, from an oil painting, of the portrait of a great Indian chief, by name Osconehola, who, at the head of the Seminole tribe, fought bravely against the Americans in Florida, who wished to drive the Indians thence and send them westward to Arkansas. The country in the southern parts, which was possessed by the tribes of the Seminole and Creek Indians, and where they were continually an annoyance to white settlers, produces as its more general wood a tree which is called light-wood, from the gumminess of its timber, which quickly kindles and burns with a bright flame. It is not of a large size, and is easy to fell. The Arkansas, on the western side of the Mississippi, produces for the most part oak forests, bounded by the wild steppe-land (Nebraska, the principal resort of the Indians at this time in North America), and has a severe climate.

Osconehola, therefore, replied to the message and the threat which was sent by the government of the United States, in these words :

“ My people are accustomed to the warm air of Florida, to the rivers and the lakes which abound in fish ; to the light-wood, which is easy to fell, and which burns easily. They can not live in that cold country where only the oak-tree grows. The people can not fell the large trees ; they will perish there for want of the light-wood !”

And when at last the choice was given him, either open war with the United States, or that he should sign the contract which banished himself and his people from Florida, he struck his spear through it, and said,

“I defy them to conquer us within five years!”

And the war between the Florida Indians and the army of the United States continued five years; much blood was shed on both sides, and still were the Indians in possession of the country, and would perhaps have been so still, had not Osconehola been taken captive through perfidy and deceit. When under the protection of the white flag, he came to have a talk with the Spanish general, Hernandez. The treachery was, indeed, the Spaniards'; but still, it appears that the American officers were neither ignorant of it, nor yet averse to it.

Osconehola was taken as prisoner, first to St. Augustin, then to Charleston, and to Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island. From this moment it appeared as if his spirit was broken. Persons who visited him in his prison—Mr. M. was among these—say that he never saw a glance so melancholy and gloomy. He, however, never uttered any lamentation, but often spoke with bitterness of the manner in which he had been taken prisoner, and of the injustice which had been done to his people, in forcing them from their native soil to remove to a northern land where no light-wood was to be found!

His handsome person, his melodious voice, his large dark eyes, full of gloomy fire, his bravery and his fate, awoke a universal interest for him, and the ladies, in particular, felt an enthusiasm for the handsome Seminole chief, visited him and made him presents. But he seemed indifferent to all; grew more and more silent, and from the moment when he was put in prison, his health declined, although he did not appear to be ill. He ate but very little, and would take no medicine. It was evident that he wished to die. The captive eagle could not live, deprived of the free life and air of his forest.

Two of his wives—one young and handsome, the other old and ugly—accompanied him into captivity. The old one waited on and tended him, and he seemed to love her most. He was always occupied by but one thought—the certain ruin of his people in that cold land where there was no light-wood. Imbittered and silent, he wasted away by degrees, and died one month after his arrival at Fort Moultrie—died because he could not live. The light-wood in his life was consumed. A weeping willow droops over the white marble stone which covers his grave outside the wall of the fortress, by the sea-shore.

It is a few years since he died, and his life, combat, and death are an abbreviated history of the fate of his nation in this part of the world. For this reason, and also for the sake of the expression of his handsome countenance, have I wished to make a sketch of his portrait, so that you may see it. I have heard him spoken of here by many persons. Otherwise, I have not just now a weakness for the Indians, notwithstanding their stern virtues and beautiful characters, and the splendor with which novelists have loved to surround them. They are extremely cruel in their wars between the different tribes, and they are usually severe to the women, whom they treat as beasts of burden, and not as equals.

Casa Bianca, April 16th. I now write to you, my sweet child, from a hermitage on the banks of the little River Pedee. It is a solitary, quiet abode; so solitary and quiet, that it almost astonishes me to find such an one in this lively, active part of the world, and among those company-loving people.

A fine old couple, Mr. Poinsett and his lady, who remind me of Philemon and Baucis, live here quite alone, in the midst of negro slaves, rice plantations, and wild, sandy forest land. There is not a single white servant in the house. The overseer of the slaves, who always lives near the slave hamlet, is the only white person I have seen

out of the house. Nevertheless, the old couple seem to me to live as safely as we do at our Aersta, and to be about as little careful of fastening the house-door at night. The house is an old one (N.B., for this young country), with antique furniture, and rooms testifying of good old-fashioned aristocratic taste and comfort.

Round the house is a park or garden, rich in the most beautiful trees, shrubs, and plants of the country, planted by Mr. Poinsett himself, according to Mr. Downing's advice, and, as under the snow-covered roof at Concord, had I the pleasure of hearing the words, "Mr. Downing has done much for this country," so universal is the influence of Mr. Downing here in the improvement of taste, and the awakening a sense of the beautiful, as regards buildings, the cultivation of gardens, and the laying out of public grounds.

North America has also this peculiarity, that all kinds of trees and shrubs from other parts of the world may be removed here, become naturalized and flourish; in the grounds around Casa Bianca are a great number from foreign countries. Of all the trees here, I like best the native large live-oak, with its long, pendant growth of moss (two magnificent specimens of this tree stand opposite the house, on the banks of the Pedee, and form by their branches an immense portico, through which one sees the river and the landscape beyond), and the sober, lofty, dark-green magnolias. Outside my window, which is in the upper story, stands a *Cornus Floridæ*, a tree whose crown now seems to be a mass of snow-white blossom, and early in the morning I hear and see the thrushes singing their rich morning song on its topmost branches; further off is the deliciously odoriferous *Olea fragrans* from Peru, and many beautiful rare trees and shrubs. Among these sing the thrushes and the mocking-birds, and swarms of black-birds twitter and chatter, and build in the great live-oaks. Mrs. Poinsett will not allow them to be disturbed, and

every morning after breakfast come little gray sparrows and the brilliant cardinal-birds (so called from the splendor of their plumage), quite familiarly, and pick up the rice-grains which she scatters for them in the piazza before the door. On the quiet little River Pedee glides first one and then another canoe, paddled by negroes, and it is only by the steam-boats which now and then swing their tails of smoke over the River Wackamow, beyond the Pedee and by the sailing vessels which one sees on their way down to Cuba or China, that one observes that here, also one lives in this trading and trafficking world.

Mr. Poinsett is a French *gentilhomme* in his whole exterior and demeanor (he is of a French family), and unites the refinement and natural courtesy of the Frenchman, with the truthful simplicity and straightforwardness which I so much like in the true American, the man of the New World. That fine figure is still slender and agile, although he suffers from asthma. He has seen much and been among much, and is an extremely agreeable person to converse with, in particular as relates to the internal political relationship of the United States, which he has assisted in forming, and the spirit and intention of which he thoroughly understands, while he has a warm compatriot heart. I have, in a couple of conversations with him in the evening after tea, learned more of these relationships, and those of the individual states to their common government, than I could have learned from books, because I acquire this knowledge in a living manner from the sagacious old statesman; I can ask questions, make objections, and have them at once replied to. He is the first man that I have met with in the South, with one exception, who speaks of slavery in a really candid and impartial spirit. He earnestly desires that his native land should free itself from this moral obliquity, and he has faith in its doing so; but he sees the whole thing at present involved in so many ways, and the difficulties attending any

change so great, that he leaves the question to be solved by the future. He firmly believes in the onward progress of America, but he is far from satisfied with many things in the country, and especially in this very state. He is one of the New World's wise men, who more and more withdraw themselves from the world, looking calmly on from his hermitage, and apparently happy there with his excellent wife and his rural occupation.

In the morning, after I have eaten, with a good relish, my breakfast of rice, and egg, and cocoa, I help Mrs. Poinsett to feed the birds, and am delighted that the beautiful showy cardinal-birds will condescend to pick up my rice-grains. And then, if I rush out into the garden, ready to embrace the air, and the shrubs, and all nature, the good old lady laughs at me right heartily. Then out comes Mr. Poinsett, begs me to notice the beautiful *Lamarque* rose which Mr. Downing gave him, and which now is full of large clusters of yellowish-white flowers on the trellised walls of the house; and thence he takes me round the garden, and tells me the names of the plants which I do not know, and their peculiarities, for the old gentleman is a skillful botanist. He has also taken me round his rice-grounds, which are now being sown, after which they will lie under water. And it is this irrigation, and the exhalation therefrom, which makes the rice plantations so unwholesome for the white population during the hot season. Mr. Poinsett's plantations are not large, and seem not to have more than sixty negroes upon them. Several other plantations adjoin these, but neither are they large as it appeared, and my entertainers seemed not to be intimate with their proprietors.

I range about in the neighborhood, through the rice-fields and negro villages, which amuses me greatly. The slave villages consist of small, whitewashed wooden houses, for the most part built in two rows, forming a street, each house standing detached in its little yard or garden,

and generally with two or three trees about it. The houses are neat and clean, and such a village, with its peach-trees in blossom, as they are just now, presents a pleasant appearance. The weather is heavenly; "true Carolina air," say the Carolina people, and it is delicious.

Yesterday—Sunday—there was, in the forenoon, divine service for the negroes in a wagon-shed, which had been emptied for that purpose. It was clean and airy, and the slaves assembled there, well dressed and well behaved. The sermon and the preacher (a white missionary) were unusually wooden. But I was astonished at the people's quick and glad reception of every single expression of beauty or of feeling. Thus, when the preacher introduced the words from Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" there was a general movement among the people; the words were repeated; many exclaimed Amen! amen! and I saw many eyes full of tears.

In the evening I wandered out to enjoy the beautiful evening and to look about me. I have often heard it said by the friends of slavery, even in the Northern States, as a proof of the happiness of the slaves, that they dance and sing in the evening on the plantations. And now, I thought, perhaps I may chance to see a dance. I reached the slave village. The little white houses, overshadowed by the pink blossoming trees, with their little plot of garden-ground, looked charmingly; the little fat, black children leaped about, eating a large yellow root, the sweet potatoe, laughing if one only looked at them, and especially inclined to shake hands. But in the village itself every thing was very still and quiet. A few negro men and women were standing about, and they looked kind and well to do. I heard in one house a sound as of prayer and zealous exhortation. I entered, and saw an assemblage of negroes, principally women, who were much edified and affected in listening to a negro who was preach-

ing to them with great fervor and great gesticulation, thumping on the table with his clinched fists. The sum and substance of his sermon was this: "Let us do as Christ has commanded us; let us do as he wishes, let us love one another. Then he will come to us on our sick-beds, on our death-beds, and he will make us free, and we shall come to him and sit with him in glory!"

The discourse, spite of its exaggerated pathos and its circumlocution, could not have been better in its aim and in its application; and it delighted me to hear the doctrine of spiritual freedom promulgated by a slave among slaves. I have since heard that the Methodist missionaries, who are the most influential and effective teachers and preachers among the negroes, are very angry with them for their love of dancing and music, and declare them to be sinful. And whenever the negroes become Christian, they give up dancing, have preaching meetings instead, and employ their musical talents merely on psalms and hymns. This seems to me a very unwise proceeding on the part of the preachers. Are not all God's gifts good, and may they not be made use of in His honor? And why should not this people, by nature joyous and childlike, worship God in gladness? I would, instead, let them have sacred dances, and let them sing to them joyful songs of praise in the beautiful air, beneath the blossoming trees. Did not King David dance and sing in pious rapture before the ark of God?

I went on still further through wood and meadow, into the wild, silent country. When it began to grow dusk I turned back. I repassed the same slave village. Fires blazed in the little houses, but every thing was more silent and stiller than before. I saw a young negro with a good and handsome countenance, standing thoughtfully under a peach-tree, leaning against its bole. I accosted him, and asked him of one thing and another. Another slave came up, and then still another, and the conversation with them was as follows:

“At what time do you get up in the morning?”

“Before sunrise.”

“When do you leave off in the evening?”

“When the sun sets—when it is dark.”

“But when do you get time to look after your gardens?”

“We must do that on Sundays or at night, for when we come home we are so tired that we could drop down.”

“How do you get your dinners?”

“We have no dinner! It is all we can do if, while we are working, we can throw a bit of bread or some corn into us.”

“But, my friend,” said I, now a little mistrustful, “your appearance contradicts what you say; for you look in very good condition, and quite brisk.”

“We endeavor to keep ourselves up as well as we can,” replied the man by the tree; “what can we do unless we keep up a good heart. If we were to let it droop, we should die!”

The others responded to the song of lamentation.

I bade them good-night and went my way, suspecting that all was not true in the slaves' representation. But still, it *might* be true; it was true, if not here, yet in other places and under wicked masters; it might always be true in an institution which gives such irresponsible power at will; and all its actual and possible misery presented itself to me, and made me melancholy. The evening was so beautiful, the air so fragrant, the roses were all in blossom; nature seemed to be arrayed as a bride; the heaven was bright; the new moon, with the old moon in her arms, was bright in the firmament, and the stars came out, clear and brilliant. The glory of the scene, and that poor, black, enslaved, degraded people—they did not at all agree! All my enjoyment was over.

I was glad, however, to have a man like Mr. Poinsett to talk with. And to him I confided, in the evening, my conversation and my thoughts. Mr. Poinsett maintains

that the slaves have told me falsehoods. "One can never believe what they say," said he; adding, "that also is one of the evils of slavery. The people are made liars by it. Children learn from their parents to regard the white people with fear, and to deceive them. They are always suspicious, and endeavor by their complainings to get some advantage. But you may be sure that they have been imposing upon you. The slaves round here have a certain quantity of work set them for the day, and at this time of the year they have for the most part finished it by four or five o'clock in the afternoon. There is commonly kept on every plantation a male or female cook, who prepares the daily dinner at one o'clock. I have one for my people, and I have no doubt but that Mr. — also has one for his people. It can not be otherwise. And I am certain that you would find it to be so if you would examine into the affair."

Mr. Poinsett does not deny but that abuse and maltreatment of slaves has often occurred and still occurs, but public opinion becomes more and more sternly opposed to it. Some years ago extreme cruelty was practiced against the slaves on a plantation in the neighborhood by an overseer, during the prolonged absence in England of the owner of the plantation. The planters in the neighborhood united, wrote to him, told him that they could not bear it, and requested that the overseer should be removed. And this was done. Mr. P. considers that the system of slavery operates in many cases much more unfavorably on women than on men, and makes them not unfrequently the hardest masters.

18th. I am just returned from a solitary ramble into the plantations, which has done me good, for it has shown me that the slaves under the peach-tree really did impose upon me. During my ramble I saw at one place in the rice-field a number of small copper vessels standing, each covered with a lid, from twenty-five to thirty in number,

just as with us one sees the laborers' noggins and baskets standing together in the grass. I went up, lifted the lid of one, and saw that the vessel contained warm, steaming food, which smelled very good. Some of them were filled with brown beans, others with maize-pancakes. I now saw the slaves coming up from a distance, walking along the headland of the field. I waited till they came up, and then asked permission to taste their food, and I must confess that I have seldom tasted better or more savory viands. The brown beans were like our "princess beans," boiled soft with meat, and seasoned somewhat too highly for me. But it ate with a relish, and so did the maize-cakes and the other viands also. The people seated themselves upon the grass-sward and ate, some with spoons, others with splinters of wood, each one out of his own piggin, as these vessels are called, and which contained an abundant portion. They seemed contented, but were very silent. I told them that the poor working people in the country from which I came seldom had such good food as they had here. I was not come there to preach rebellion among the slaves, and the malady which I could not cure I would alleviate if it was in my power. Besides which, what I said was quite true. But I did not tell them that which was also true, that I would rather live on bread and water than live as a slave.

On my homeward way I saw an old negro, very well dressed, who was standing fishing in a little stream. He belonged to Mr. Poinsett, but had been by him liberated from all kind of work in consequence of his age. From this sensible old man I heard various things which also pleased me. I saw in two other places likewise the people at their meals, breakfast and dinner, and saw that here too the food was good and abundant.

I passed by my negroes of the peach-tree yesterday afternoon, and saw them coming home with a crowd of others at about six o'clock. One of them sprang over a

hedge when he saw me, and, grinning with his white teeth, asked from me half a dollar.

April 20th. Good-day, my sweet child! I have just had my second breakfast, at twelve o'clock, of bananas. I am beginning to like this fruit. It is gentle and agreeable, and has a wholesome effect, as well as the mild air here, that is to say, when it is mild. But even here the climate is very changeable. Yesterday the thermometer fell in one day twenty-four degrees, and it was so cold that my fingers were stiff as icicles. To-day, again, one is covered with perspiration, even when one sits quietly in the shade. We have been twice at great dinners with planters some miles from here, but I am so annoyed by great dinners, and made so ill by the things I eat, that I hope, with all my heart, not to go to any more. But my good hostess, who has a youthful soul, in a heavy and somewhat lame body, heartily enjoys being invited out.

Yesterday, as we were taking a drive, the carriage, which has generally to go through heavy sand, made a stand in a wood for the horses to rest. Deeper down in the wood I saw a slave village, or houses resembling one, but which had an unusually irregular and tumble-down appearance. At my wish, Mr. Poinsett went with me to it. I found the houses actually in the most decayed and deplorable condition, and in one house old and sickly negroes, men and women. In one room I saw a young lad very much swollen, as if with dropsy; the rain and wind could enter by the roof; every thing was naked in the room; neither fire-wood nor fire was there, although the day was chilly. In another wretched house we saw an old woman lying among rags as in a dog-kennel. This was the provision which one of the planters made for the old and sick among his servants! What a fate is theirs who have fallen into such circumstances! And what pitying eye beholds them excepting—God's?

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In one slave village, near a great house, I saw remarkably handsome people, and living in good houses. But I observed that the glances of the young men were gloomy and defiant, with no expression of kindness toward their owners. That did not look well. On our homeward way we drove through many slave villages. It was a pleasant sight to see the fire-light flickering in the small houses—for each family has its own house—and to see the negroes come so early from their day-labor. This district consists of a sandy, wood-covered soil. The wood is principally a kind of yellowish pine—the yellow-pine, or light-wood, with great tufts of six-inch long leaves, which sometimes assume the likeness of the palmetto. It is horribly monotonous; but splendid, lofty flowers, lupines, and rose-red azaleas, grow among the trees and light up the woods. It was late and dark before we reached home, and I sat and looked at the lights which I saw flash here and there near the road or in the wood, but which vanished as we approached. I called Mr. Poinsett's attention to them, and he said that they must be fire-flies. They make their appearance about this time. I hope to make a nearer acquaintance with the shining creatures.

21st. I have to-day wandered about deliciously in wood and field, and, in so doing, came to a river called the Black River. I saw slaves at work not far off, under a white overseer, from whom I requested and obtained an old negro to take me across the river. The good-humored old man was more free-spoken and clear-headed in his conversation than I have commonly found the slaves to be; and while he rowed me in a little canoe, made of a hollowed tree stem, he talked freely about the owners of the plantations that lay by the river. Of one it was, "Good master! blessed master, ma'am!" of another, "Bad master, ma'am! beats his servants. Cuts them to pieces, ma'am!" and so on.

On the other side of the river I came to a plantation

where I met with the owner himself, who was a clergyman. He conducted me through the slave village, and talked to me about the happiness of the negro slaves, which convinced me that he himself was a slave of Mammon. Certain it is that under a good master they are far from unhappy, and much better provided for than the poor working people in many parts of Europe. But under a wicked master they have fallen into direful and hopeless misery. Sophists, who are determined to see only the sunny side of the picture, deny absolutely that such are ever to be found. But I have already both heard and seen enough of them. That which the North testifies against the South I will not believe; but that which the South testifies against itself I am compelled to believe. Besides, the best master is no justification of slavery, for the best master dies sooner or later, and his slaves are then sold to the highest bidder, like cattle. The slaves out in the fields present a joyless appearance; their dark color and their gray dress, without a single white or colored garment to enliven it, give them a gloomy and dull appearance. I must, however, mention as an exception the knitted cotton caps of the men, which have generally a couple of red or blue stripes knitted into the gray ground-color. At work in the field, they look like figures of earth. Quite different is the appearance of our peasants in their white linen, their showy, ornamental attire. The slave villages, on the other hand, as I have already remarked, have rather a comfortable appearance, excepting that one very rarely sees glass in the windows of their houses. The window generally consists of a square opening, which is closed with a shutter. But so also are those in the houses of the poor white people, and in Carolina there are many such to be met with. In the room one sees, nearly always, a couple of logs burning on the hearth, and the household furniture and little provision stores resemble those which are to be found in the homes of our poorest people in town

and country. Here and there, however, one sees more attention paid to the house; a little ornament about it, together with well-supplied beds. Every house has a pigsty, in which there is generally a very fat pig; and many hens and chickens swarm about the garden-plot, in which they grow Indian corn, beans, and different kinds of roots. These little plots, however, do not look very well attended to. The slaves sell eggs and chickens, and every Christmas their pig also, and thus obtain a little money to buy treacle, or molasses (of which they are very fond), biscuits, and other eatables. They often lay up money; and I have heard speak of slaves who possess several hundred dollars. This money they generally place out to interest in the hands of their masters, whom, when they are good, they regard as their best friends, and who really are so. All the slave villages which I saw perfectly resemble each other, only that some of the houses are better, and others worse kept. The slaves are under the management of one or two overseers, appointed by the master, and under these there is, for each village, a driver, who wakes the slaves in the morning, or drives them to work when they are late. The driver is always a negro, and is often the most cruel and the most severe man in the whole plantation; for when the negro is unmerciful, he is so in a high degree, and he is the worst torment of the negroes. Free negroes who are possessed of slaves—and there are such—are commonly the worst of masters. So, at least, I have been told by trustworthy persons.

22d. I dreamed last night so livingly of you, my darling Agatha, and was delighted to see how brisk and well you looked; we talked, in my dream, about Marstrand, and you told me that mamma thought of accompanying you thither. Now that I am awake, I wonder whether the dream was a soothsaying. Mamma is always accustomed to approve of your bathing and water-cure.

My life passes quietly, as quietly as the little river be-

fore my window ; but it is well for me. I have not passed a calmer time since I have been in this country ; for, with the exception of a few occasional visits in the forenoon from neighbors, I live quite alone with my good, old married pair. Every morning there is laid on the breakfast-table, beside my plate, a bouquet of deliciously fragrant flowers, generally of the Peruvian *Olea fragrans* (and any thing more delicious I do not know), gathered by Mr. Poinsett. Every evening I sit with him and Mrs. Poinsett alone, read and talk with him, or tell stories for the good old lady, or give her riddles to guess, which very much amuses her. She sits by the fire and takes a nap, or listens to what Mr. Poinsett and I read by lamp-light at the table. I wished to make him a little acquainted with my friends the Transcendentalists and Idealists of the North, and I have read to him portions of Emerson's Essays. But they shoot over the head of the old statesman ; he says it is all "unpractical," and he often criticises it unjustly, and we quarrel. Then the good old lady laughs by the fire, and nods to us, and is amazingly entertained. Mr. Poinsett is, nevertheless, struck with Emerson's brilliant aphorisms, and says that he will buy his works. It is remarkable how very little, or not at all, the authors of the Northern States, even the best of them, are known in the South. They are afraid of admitting their liberal opinions into the Slave States.

Mr. Poinsett has traveled much, as well in Europe as in America, and he maintains that no scenery, not even the sublimest scenery of South America, its Andes and its River Amazon, equals Switzerland in picturesque beauty. Switzerland is the only country on the face of the earth which he desires to see again, and there he would like to spend his last days. He seems weary of statesmanship and of the life of a statesman. Even Calhoun, the great and almost idolized statesman of Carolina, is not great in Mr. Poinsett's opinion, excepting in ambition. His whole

life seems to have been a warfare in the service of ambition, and his death (for he is just dead, during the sitting of Congress at Washington) the result of this warfare in his breast, owing to the political feuds in which he perpetually lived.

It is very charming to see my two old friends together in every-day life. They are heartily attached to each other. One standing quarrel they have about a horrible old straw bonnet of Mrs. Poinsett's, which looks like an ancient up-turned boat, and which Mr. Poinsett can not bear the sight of, and which he threatens to make an end of, to burn, every time he sets eyes on it, but which she obstinately will keep, and which she defends with terror whenever he makes any hostile demonstration against it. But it is altogether a love-squabble, and as it has now lasted for ten years, I suppose it will last on to the days of their death. They have both of them a cough which they call "constitutional," and I also cough a little now and then, as I have always done; we have now three constitutional coughs. I contemplate this good feeling between my old couple with delight, and see how true love can bloom in and beautify old age. There are attentions, pleasing little acts of forethought or compliance, which are worth many kisses, and have certainly a greater charm than these as proofs of love.

I spend the greater part of the forenoon in the garden, among the flowers, birds, and butterflies, all splendid and strangers to me, and which salute me here as anonymous beauty. During these hours spent amid this new and beautiful nature, thoughts visit me which give me great joy, and which in every way are a great comfort to me. I will explain: I have for some time felt as if I could scarcely bear to read, nor yet to write any thing which required the least exertion of mind, as it produces in me a degree of nervous suffering which is indescribable, and the effect of which remained long afterward. I have, there-

fore, almost given up the hope of studying, and of making myself much acquainted with books during my residence in this country. This has been painful to me, and I have long striven against it, because study has always been my greatest pleasure, and now more than ever was it necessary for me to be able to devour books, so that I might be somewhat at home in the life and literature of this country. Here, however, during these beautiful early mornings, in this beautiful, fragrant, silent world of trees and flowers, there has arisen within me a clearness, a certainty, something like the *inner light* of the Quakers, which tells me that it is best for me now to lay aside books, and altogether to yield myself up to live in that living life, to live free from care for the moment, and to take and accept that which the hour and the occasion present, without troubling myself with many plans or much thought. I must let things come to me as they may come, and determine for me as they will determine. A conviction has come to my mind that a higher guidance attends me, and that it will direct every thing for the best; that I have nothing to do but to yield myself up to its inspiration, so long as I keep my eye firmly directed to the Star of Bethlehem which led me hither—and I *can not* turn my eye from that—the desire to find the truth. Thus shall I find the child of God!

Therefore, in God's name, farewell to books, to the old friends and pasture-grounds. I press forward toward that which is before me, and confide in the fatherly guidance of God. A something infinitely delightful and elevating has taken possession of my soul with these thoughts, and filled my heart with joy. Weak, I yet know myself to be strong; bound down to the earth, I yet know that I have wings; I am merely a child, and yet I can overcome the world.

And thus I go forth and converse with the flowers, and listen to the birds and to the whispering of the great live-

oak. Oaks like these, with their long, depending trails of moss, must have inspired the oracle of Dodona.

The blackbirds, which build in them in great numbers, are about the size of our jackdaw, and have on each side their necks, below the head, a fine yellow ruff, like a half-round frill. The mocking-birds are gray, about as large as our Swedish nightingale, and their song is very intricate, and often really charming; but it wants the strong inspiration of the European nightingale and lark. It is as if the bird sang from memory; sang reminiscences, and imitated a number of sounds of other birds, and even animals. There are, however, in its song beautiful, peculiar tones, resembling those both of the thrush and the nightingale. People say that these birds dance minuets with each other. I, too, have seen them here figuring toward one another, tripping quite in a minuet fashion. I suppose this is their way of wooing. It is remarkable that people never succeed in rearing in cages the young of these birds which have been taken from the nest; they always die shortly after their captivity. It is asserted that the mothers come to them and give them poison. The full-grown birds in the country thrive very well and sing in cages.

I am sometimes interrupted in my forenoon musings by a merry negro girl, servant in the house, who says, "Misis has sent me to hunt you," and it is for me to come in to my luncheon. If I am writing, I remain in my own room, and then, generally at twelve o'clock, the good old lady herself comes up to me with bananas and a glass of milk. In the afternoon I generally go on some expedition of discovery. When I am returning home in the twilight, I often see my old folks coming to meet me, she walking with a crutch and supported by his arm.

24th. Last evening I had an old negro to row me in a little canoe down the Wachamon River, spite of Mr. Poinsett's remonstrances, who fancied that no good would come

of it. The moon rose and shone brightly on the river and its banks, over which hung various trees and plants in flower with which I was unacquainted. The negro, a kind old man, paddled the boat onward, and wherever I saw an enticing flower, thither we paddled and gathered it. Thus went we on for about two hours in that clear moonlight, and every thing was as solitary and silent on the river and on its banks as in a desert.

There had, however, been this day a great wedding on the banks of the Wachamon, and all the neighbors had been invited; but either my host and hostess did not belong to their circle of acquaintance or the fame of my abolitionist views had prevented us being invited. Very good! for though I love to see brides and weddings, yet I love quietness now better than all.

My good host and hostess were glad to see me return from my river excursion, and Mr. Poinsett told me the names of the flowers which I had gathered. One of these was the *Magnolia glauca*, a white flower something like our white water-lily: this grows on a smaller tree, with gray-green leaves. The celebrated, splendid flower of the South, the *Magnolia grandiflora*, does not blossom till the end of May.

I shall in a few days leave this place and return to Charleston. My kind entertainers wish me to remain yet longer, but I greatly desire to reach Savannah before the heat becomes too great, and I must therefore hasten. I have received much kindness here and much benefit from Mr. Poinsett's conversation. The evenings spent alone with my good old friends are somewhat tedious. One can not be always talking American politics, and the old statesman takes an interest in nothing else, nor can one always have stories and riddles at hand to amuse the old lady, who sits dozing by the fire, and sometimes persuades her husband to do the same, sitting opposite, while I amuse myself as well as I can, which is not very well, as I am

not able to read, and as there is no piano, and it is then too late to go out. It is time, therefore, to be going. I now know how life looks in the plantations, know how the negro slaves live, and how rice and Indian corn are planted.

Charleston, April 26th. Again, my sweet child, am I in my good, excellent home with Mrs. W. H.

The sea voyage between Georgetown and Charleston was cheerless and cold, but now we have the full heat of the dog-days. I spent the last evening with my good old couple in mending their old gloves—of course by my own wish—while Philemon and Baucis sat, each in their arm-chair, by the fire and slept. They are aged and infirm, and have arrived at that period of life when the rest and life of the child are their highest happiness. The next morning I set off, accompanied by the courteous old statesman as far as Georgetown, and spite of good Mrs. Poinsett's troubled looks, who saw threatening clouds which would drown us. We, however, arrived quite safely, while the morning freshness, and the drive through that wild district, and through forests brilliant with the beautiful flowery azaleas, was delightful and refreshing. At Georgetown, a little town where the number of geese seemed to me the most remarkable feature, I parted from my kind companion with the promise of a second visit.

On my arrival at Charleston in the evening, I was met by Mr. M. with the carriage. When we reached Mrs. W. H.'s house, the young people were dancing to the piano in the brilliant drawing-room; Mr. M. and I danced in, arm in arm, among them, amid great jubilation; and I found myself here almost as if in my own home. Certain it is that this home has more the impression of our Scandinavian homes (N.B., when they are good and happy) than any home I have yet seen or heard of in this country. The domestic life, the dancing, the music, and the evening games are altogether in the Swedish style.

I was yesterday present at the funeral procession of the

statesman and senator of Carolina, Calhoun, whose body passed through Charleston. The procession was said to consist of above three thousand persons; and it seemed, indeed, to be interminable. The hearse was magnificent, and so lofty from a large catafalco that it seemed to threaten all gates made by human hands.

Many regiments paraded in splendid uniforms, and a great number of banners with symbolic figures and inscriptions were borne aloft; it was very splendid, and all went on well. All parties seem to have united with real devotion and admiration to celebrate the memory of the deceased, and his death is deplored in the Southern States as the greatest misfortune. He has sat many years in Congress as the most powerful advocate of slavery, not merely as a necessary evil, but as a good, both for the slave and the slave owner, and has been a great champion for the rights of the Southern States. Calhoun, Clay, and Webster have long been celebrated as a triumvirate of great statesmen, the greatest in all the land. Calhoun was the great man of the Southern States, Clay of the Western and Middle States, Webster of the States of New England, although there is great opposition in the New England States against Webster, particularly among the anti-slavery party. Each of these, although old, has been a mighty champion; at the same time admired and feared, loved and hated. There yet remain two. The third fell on the scene of combat, fighting in death, and, as it seemed, even against it.

His portrait and bust, of which I have seen many, give me the impression of a burning volcano. The hair stands on end, the deep-set eyes flash, deep furrows plow that keen, thin countenance. It is impossible from this exterior, which seems to have been ravaged by sickness and passion, to form any idea of the fascinating man in society, the excellent head of a family, with manners as pure as those of a woman, affectionate to all his relatives, a good

master, almost adored by his servants and slaves—in a word, the amiable human being, which even his enemies acknowledge him to have been.

Political ambition and party spirit seem to have been his demons, and to have hastened his death. Cláy, in his speech on Calhoun in the Senate, makes some gently warning allusions to this. His fight for slavery was “a political bravado,” said a clever lady, who was not one of the anti-slavery party. Pity that so good a man should live—and have died for so wretched a thing!

In South Carolina, the idolatry with which he was regarded was carried to the extreme, and it has been said, in joke, that “when Calhoun took snuff the whole of Carolina sneezed.” Even now people talk and write about him as if he had been a divine person.

During the procession a whole crowd of negroes leaped about the streets, looking quite entertained, as they are by any pomp. Some one told me that he heard the negroes say, “Calhoun was indeed a wicked man, for he wished that we might remain slaves.”

On the evening of this day we had strangers at home, and games, dancing, and music, all merry and gay. After this, we walked in the piazza, in the warm moonlight air, till midnight. On the country side was heard the song of the negroes as they rowed their boats up the river on their return from the city, whither they had taken their small wares—eggs, fowls, and vegetables—for sale, as they do two or three times a week.

When this letter reaches you, you also will have summer and flowers, my sweet Agatha, and God be praised for it.

To-morrow I set off for Savannah, and thence to Macon, the capital of Georgia, then to Montpelier, where I am invited by Elliott, the distinguished bishop of the Episcopal Church in the Southern States, to be present at the annual examination of a ladies' seminary which is under his care.

From that place I shall write more.

L E T T E R X I V .

Macon, Vineville, May 7th, 1850.

NAY, I did not go to Savannah the day I thought of, but went—on an excursion, to which I invite you to accompany me, but without telling you whither we go. We drive to the rail-road, we enter one of the carriages: Mrs. W. H., an agreeable young man—I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. R. to you—and myself; and now you will accompany us. Away we go, through forest and field, eighteen miles from Charleston. It is late in the afternoon and very warm. We stop; it is in the middle of a thick wood. There is wood on all sides, and not a house to be seen. We alight from the carriages and enter a fir-wood. After we have walked for an hour along unformed paths, the wood begins to be very animated. It swarms with people, in particular with blacks, as far as we can see among the lofty tree-stems. In the middle of the wood is an open space, in the centre of which rises a great long roof, supported by pillars, and under which stand benches in rows, affording sufficient accommodation for four or five thousand people. In the middle of this tabernacle is a lofty, square elevation, and in the middle of this a sort of chair or pulpit. All round the tabernacle, for so I call the roofed-in space supported on pillars, hundreds of tents, and booths of all imaginable forms and colors, are pitched and erected in a vast circle, and are seen shining out white in the wood to a great distance, and every where, on all sides, near and afar off, may be seen groups of people, mostly black, busied at small fires, roasting and boiling. Children are running about or sitting by the fires; horses stand and feed beside the carriages they have drawn thither. It is a perfect camp, with all the varied party-colored life of a camp,

but without soldiers and arms. Here every thing looks peaceful and festive, although not exactly joyful.

By degrees the people begin to assemble within the tabernacle, the white people on one side, the black on the other; the black being considerably more numerous than the white. The weather is sultry; thunder-clouds cover the heavens, and it begins to rain. Not a very agreeable prospect for the night, my little darling, but there is nothing for it, we must pass the night here in the wild wood. We have no other resource. But stop; we have another resource. That excellent young Mr. R. employs his eloquence, and a tent is opened for us, and we are received into it by a comfortable bookseller's family. The family are red-hot Methodists, and not to be objected to. Here we have coffee and supper.

After this meal I went to look around me, and was astonished by a spectacle which I never shall forget. The night was dark with the thunder-cloud, as well as with the natural darkness of night; but the rain had ceased, excepting for a few heavy drops, which fell here and there, and the whole wood stood in flames. Upon eight fire-altars, or fire-hills, as they are called—a sort of lofty table raised on posts, standing around the tabernacle—burned, with a flickering brilliance of flame, large billets of fire-wood, which contains a great deal of resin, while on every side in the wood, far away in its most remote recesses, burned larger or smaller fires, before tents or in other places, and lit up the lofty fir-tree stems, which seemed like columns of an immense natural temple consecrated to fire. The vast dome above was dark, and the air was so still that the flames rose straight upward, and cast a wild light, as of a strange dawn upon the fir-tree tops and the black clouds.

Beneath the tabernacle an immense crowd was assembled, certainly from three to four thousand persons. They sang hymns—a magnificent choir! Most likely the sound

proceeded from the black portion of the assembly, as their number was three times that of the whites, and their voices are naturally beautiful and pure. In the tower-like pulpit, which stood in the middle of the tabernacle, were four preachers, who, during the intervals between the hymns, addressed the people with loud voices, calling sinners to conversion and amendment of life. During all this, the thunder pealed, and fierce lightning flashed through the wood like angry glances of some mighty invisible eye. We entered the tabernacle, and took our seats among the assembly on the side of the whites.

Round the elevation, in the middle of which rose the pulpit, ran a sort of low counter, forming a wide square. Within this, seated on benches below the pulpit, and on the side of the whites, sat the Methodist preachers, for the most part handsome tall figures, with broad, grave foreheads; and on the side of the blacks their spiritual leaders and exhorters, many among whom were mulattoes, men of a lofty, noticeable, and energetic exterior.

The later it grew in the night, the more earnest grew the appeals; the hymns short, but fervent, as the flames of the light-wood ascended, like them, with a passionate ardor. Again and again they arose on high, like melodious, burning sighs from thousands of harmonious voices. The preachers increase in the fervor of their zeal; two stand with their faces turned toward the camp of the blacks, two toward that of the whites, extending their hands, and calling on the sinners to come, come, all of them, *now* at this time, at this moment, which is perhaps the last, the only one which remains to them in which to come to the Savior, to escape eternal damnation! Midnight approaches, the fires burn dimmer, but the exaltation increases and becomes universal. The singing of hymns mingles with the invitations of the preachers, and the exhortations of the class-leaders with the groans and cries of the assembly. And now, from among the white

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people, rise up young girls and men, and go and throw themselves, as if overcome, upon the low counter. These are met on the other side by the ministers, who bend down to them, receive their confessions, encourage and console them. In the camp of the blacks is heard a great tumult and a loud cry. Men roar and bawl out; women screech like pigs about to be killed; many, having fallen into convulsions, leap and strike about them, so that they are obliged to be held down. It looks here and there like a regular fight; some of the calmer participants laugh. Many a cry of anguish may be heard, but you distinguish no words excepting, "Oh, I am a sinner!" and "Jesus! Jesus!"

During all this tumult the singing continues loud and beautiful, and the thunder joins in with its pealing kettle-drum.

While this spectacle is going forward in the black camp we observe a quieter scene among the whites. Some of the forms which had thrown themselves on their knees at the counter have removed themselves, but others are still lying there, and the ministers seem in vain to talk or to sing to them. One of these, a young girl, is lifted up by her friends and found to be "in a trance." She now lies with her head in the lap of a woman dressed in black, with her pretty young face turned upward, rigid, and as it appears, totally unconscious. The woman dressed in black, and another, also in the same colored attire, both with beautiful, though sorrowful countenances, softly fan the young girl with their fans, and watch her with serious looks, while ten or twelve women—most of them young—stand around her, singing softly and sweetly a hymn of the resurrection; all watching the young girl, in whom they believe that something great is now taking place. It is really a beautiful scene in that thunderous night, and by the light of the fire-altars.

After we had contemplated these scenes, certainly for

an hour, and the state of exaltation began to abate, and the principal glory of the night seemed to be over, Mrs. W. H. and myself retired to the tent to rest. This lay at the outskirts of the white camp, and from a feeling of curiosity I walked some distance into the darker portion of the wood. Here horrible things were going on, not among human beings, but among frogs and other reptiles. They also seemed to be holding some sort of a great meeting, and croaked and croaked, and coughed and snorted, and made such wonderful noises and blurts of extraordinary sound, which were like nothing but a regular comedy. Never before did I hear such a concert. It was like a parody of the scenes we had just witnessed.

It was sultry and oppressive in the tent. Our kind hostess did all in her power to make it comfortable for us; and Mrs. W. H. thought merely of making all comfortable for me, taking all the inconvenience to herself. I could not get any rest in the tent, and therefore wished at least yet once more to take a look at the camp before I lay down for the night.

It was now past midnight; the weather had cleared, and the air was so delicious and the spectacle so beautiful, that I was compelled to return to the tent to tell Mrs. Howland, who at once resolved to come out with me. The altar-fires now burned low, and the smoke hung within the wood. The transparently bright and blue heaven stretched above the camp. The moon rose above the wood, and the planet Jupiter stood brilliantly shining just over the tabernacle. The singing of hymns still ascended, though much lower; still the class-leaders exhorted; still the young girl slept her mysterious sleep; still the women watched, and waited, and fanned her, in their attire of mourning. Some oppressed souls still lay bowed upon the counter, and still were the preachers giving consolation either by word or song. By degrees the people assembled in the tabernacle dispersed, scattered themselves through

the woods, or withdrew to their tents. Even the young sleeping girl awoke, and was led by her friends away from the assembly. Mr. R. had now joined us, and accompanied by him we went the round of the camp, especially on the black side. And here all the tents were still full of religious exaltation, each separate tent presenting some new phasis. We saw in one a zealous convert, male or female, as it might be, who with violent gesticulations gave vent to his or her newly-awakened feelings, surrounded by devout auditors; in another we saw a whole crowd of black people on their knees, all dressed in white, striking themselves on the breast, and crying out and talking with the greatest pathos; in a third women were dancing "the holy dance" for one of the newly-converted. This dancing, however, having been forbidden by the preachers, ceased immediately on our entering the tent. I saw merely a rocking movement of women, who held each other by the hand in a circle, singing the while. In a fourth, a song of the spiritual Canaan was being sung excellently. In one tent we saw a fat negro member walking about by himself and breathing hard; he was hoarse, and, sighing, he exclaimed to himself, "Oh! I wish I could hollo!" In some tents people were sitting around the fires, and here visits were received, greetings were made, and friendly, cheerful talk went on, while every where prevailed a quiet, earnest state of feeling, which we also experienced whenever we stopped to talk with the people. These black people have a something warm and kind about them which I like much. One can see that they are children of the warm sun. The state of feeling was considerably calmer in the camp of the whites. One saw families sitting at their covered tables eating and drinking.

At length we returned to our tent, where I lay upon the family bed with our good hostess and her thirteen-year old daughter, and slept indifferently; yet, thanks to some small white globules of my Downing medicine, I

rested nevertheless, and became calm in the hot, feverish night.

At sunrise I heard something which resembled the humming of an enormous wasp caught in a spider's web. It was an alarm which gave the sign for the general rising. At half past five I was dressed and out. The hymns of the negroes, which had continued through the night, were still to be heard on all sides. The sun shone powerfully—the air was oppressive. People were cooking and having breakfast by the fires, and a crowd already began to assemble on the benches under the tabernacle. At seven o'clock the morning sermon and worship commenced. I had observed that the preachers avoided exciting the people's feelings too much, and that they themselves appeared without emotion. This morning their discourses appeared to me feeble, and especially to be wanting in popular eloquence. They preached morality. But a mere moral sermon should not be preached when it is the heart that you wish to win; you should then tell, in the language of the heart, the miracle of spiritual life. It was, therefore, a real refreshment to me when the unimpassioned and well-fed preachers who had spoken this morning gave place to an elderly man, with a lively and somewhat humorous expression of countenance, who from out the throng of hearers ascended the pulpit and began to speak to the people in quite another tone. It was familiar, fresh, cordial, and humorous; somewhat in the manner of Father Taylor. I should like to have heard him address these people, but then I am afraid the negroes would have been quite beside themselves!

The new preacher said that he was a stranger—he was evidently an Englishman—and that it was a mere chance which brought him to this meeting. But he felt compelled, he said, to address them as “my friends,” and to tell them how glad he had been to witness the scenes of the preceding night (he addressed himself especially to the

blacks), and to give them his view of the Gospel of God as made known in the Bible, and of what the Bible teaches us of God. "Now you see, my friends"—this was the style of his discourse—"when a father has made his will, and his children are all assembled to open it, and learn from it what are the latest wishes of their father, they do not know how their father has disposed of and arranged his property; and many of them think, 'Perhaps there is nothing for me; perhaps he never thought of me!' But now, when they open the will, and find that there is something for John, and something for Mary, and something for Ben, and something for Betsy, and something for every one, and something for all, and that altogether—every individual one has got a like share in the father's property, and that he thought alike tenderly of them all—then they see that he loved them all equally—that he wished them all equally well; and then, my friends, if we were these children, and if we all of us had obtained this inheritance in the father's house, should we not, all of us, love this father, and understand his love for us, and obey his commands?"

"Yes! yes! Oh yes! Glory! Glory! Amen!" shouted the assembly, with beaming glances and evident delight.

The speaker continued in his good-tempered, naïve manner, and described to them the happy life and death of a pious Christian, a true child of God. He himself, the speaker, had been the witness of such a man's death, and although this man was a sailor, without superior education, and though he made use of the expressions which belonged to his calling, yet they testified of so clear a spiritual life, that even now, after his death, they might testify of it before this assembly. The man had been long ill of fever, which had deprived him of consciousness. He appeared to be dying, and his relations stood round his bed believing that they should never more hear his

voice, and waiting merely for his last sigh, for he lay as if in a sleep of death. But all at once he opened his eyes, raised his head, and cried, in a strong, joyful voice, "Land ahead!" After that his head sank down, and they thought it was all over with him. But again he looked up and cried, "Turn, and let go the anchor!" Again he was silent, and they believed he would be so forever. Yet once more, however, he looked up brightly, and said, with calm assurance, "All's well!" And then he was at peace.

"Amen! Amen! Glory and glory!" cried the assembly, and never did I see such an expression of joy and rapture as I then saw beaming from the countenances of these children of Africa: the class-leaders, in particular, were regularly beside themselves; they clapped their hands, laughed, and floods of light streamed from their eyes. Some of these countenances are impressed upon my memory as some of the most expressive and the most full of feeling that I ever saw. Why do not the painters of the New World avail themselves of such scenes and such countenances? The delight occasioned by the speaker's narrative would here and there have produced convulsions, had not Mr. Martin, the principal preacher of the assembly, indicated, by the movements of his hand from his pulpit, its discontinuance, and immediately the increasingly excited utterance ceased. Already during the night had he warned the people against these convulsive outbreaks as being wrong, and disturbing both to themselves and others. The Wesleyan preacher left the pulpit amid continued expressions of delight from the people.

The principal sermon of the day was preached about eleven o'clock by a lawyer from one of the neighboring states, a tall, thin gentleman, with strongly-marked, keen features, and deep-set, brilliant eyes. He preached about the Last Judgment, and described in a most lively manner "the fork-like cloven flames, the thunder, the gener-

al destruction of all things," and described it as possibly near at hand. "As yet, indeed," exclaimed he, "I have not felt the earth tremble under my feet; it yet seems to stand firm," and he stamped vehemently on the pulpit floor; "and as yet I hear not the rolling of the thunder of doom; *but* it may, nevertheless, be at hand," and so on; and he admonished the people, therefore, immediately to repent and be converted.

Spite of the strength of the subject, and spite of the power in the delineation, there was a something dry and soulless in the manner in which it was presented, which caused it to fail of its effect with the congregation. People seemed to feel that the preacher did not believe, or, rather, did not livingly feel that which he described and preached. A few cries and groans were heard, it is true, and some sinners came forth; but the assembly, upon the whole, continued calm, and was not agitated by the thunders of the Last Judgment. The hymns were, as on the former occasion, fervent and beautiful on the side of the negroes' camp. This people seem to have a keen perception of the most beautiful doctrines of religion, and understand particularly well how to apply them. Their musical talents are remarkable. Most of the blacks have beautiful, pure voices, and sing as easily as we whites talk.

After this service came the hour of dinner, when I visited various tents in the black camp, and saw tables covered with dishes of all kinds of meat, with puddings and tarts; there seemed to be a regular superfluity of meat and drink. Several of the tents were even furnished like rooms, with capital beds, looking-glasses, and such like.

The people seemed gay, happy, and gentle. These religious camp-meetings—my little heart, thou hast now been at a camp-meeting!—are the saturnalia of the negro slaves. In these they luxuriate both soul and body, as is their natural inclination to do; but on this occasion every thing was carried on with decency and befitting reverence.

These meetings have of late years greatly improved in moral character, and masters allow their servants and slaves to be present at them, partly for pleasure, and partly because they are often productive of good results. I did not observe the slightest circumstance which was repugnant to my feelings or unbecoming, except, if people will, the convulsive excitement. I had some conversation on this subject with the leader of the meeting, the amiable and agreeable Mr. Martin, the Methodist preacher, and he disapproved of it, as I had already heard. These excited utterances, however, said he, appear to belong to the impulsive negro temperament, and these sudden conversions, the result of a moment of excitement, have this good result, that such converts commonly unite themselves to churches and ministers, become members of a so-called class, and thus obtain regular instruction in the doctrines of religion, learn hymns and prayers, and become generally from that time good Christians and orderly members of society.

In the great West, as well as here in the South, and in all places where society is as yet uncultivated, it is the Methodists and the Baptists who first break the religious ground, working upon the feelings and the senses of these children of nature. Afterward come the Calvinists, Lutherans, and many others, who speak rather to the understanding. Missionaries who assemble the people and talk to them under God's free heaven, who know how to avail themselves of every circumstance presented by the time, the scenery around them, and their own free positions, are likely to produce the most powerful results; and I have heard extraordinary instances related of their influence over the masses, and of the contagious effect of that excitement of mind which frequently occurs on these occasions. These camp-meetings continue from three to seven days. The one at which we were present was to break up on the following day, and it was expected that a great

number of conversions would take place on the following night. Nevertheless, this seemed to depend on casual circumstances, and probably more than any thing else upon a preacher whose sermon had that tendency.

We spent yet a few hours in observing the spiritual and physical occurrences of the camp, wandering in the wood and botanizing. Mr. R. gathered for me many new flowers, among which was a small, very pretty little yellow flower, called the saffron-flower.

At five in the afternoon we returned to Charleston by a train which conveyed certainly two thousand persons, two thirds of them blacks. They sang the whole way, and were in high spirits.

The next morning, with a little basket of bananas and sponge-cake, which my kind hostess and friend, Mrs. W. H., provided for me, I was on my way to Savannah. She herself accompanied me on board the steam-boat, and would willingly have accompanied me the whole journey; and how willingly would I have had her with me! She is one of the persons with whom I can get on extremely well. But I set off alone, with her fruit and a bouquet of flowers from Mrs. Holbrook. Yet I was not alone, for my heart was full of many things. The day was glorious, and the vessel steamed up the Savannah, which, with a thousand windings, flows between verdant shores, which, though flat, are ornamented with charming woods and plantations, with their large mansions and pretty little slave villages, so that the whole was like a refreshing pleasure trip. True, the slave villages are not a gladdening sight, but I have hitherto seen far more happy than unhappy slaves, and therefore I have not as yet a gloomy impression of their condition here.

The crew of this little steam-boat consisted merely of slaves, blacks, and mulattoes. The captain told me that they were very happy, as well as faithful and clever.

“That man,” said he, indicating with his glance an el-

derly man, a mulatto, with a remarkably handsome, but as it seemed to me, a melancholy countenance, "is my favorite servant, and I need wish for no other as care-taker and friend by my death-bed."

The crew appeared to be well fed and cared for. A handsome and fat mulatto woman said to me, in an under tone, when we were alone,

"What do you say about the institution of slavery here in the South?"

"I think," replied I, "that the slaves, in general, appear happy and well cared for."

"Yes, yes," said she, "it may seem, but—" and she gave a very significant glance, as if to say, "All is not gold that glitters."

"You do not consider them to be well treated, then?" asked I.

"Some are, certainly," said she, "but—" and again she gave a significant glance.

I could have wished that she had said more, but as she belonged to the vessel, I could not ask any questions. I would not become a spy; that is against my nature, and any thing which I could not become acquainted with by my own experience, or by my own direct ability, that—I would not know. Scarcely in any case could the mulatto woman have told me any thing which I did not already know: there are good and there are bad masters—happy and unhappy slaves; and the institution is—a great lie in the life of human freedom, and especially in the New World.

There were on board the steamer some persons with whom I was acquainted, among them Miss Mary P., a lively, intelligent young girl from the State of New York, who was spending the winter in Savannah on account of her health. She had a pulmonary affection, and suffered greatly from the winters of the Northern States; but with the southern air, especially the air of Savannah, and

homeopathic treatment, she was recovering. I associated with people as little as possible; enjoyed the silence and the river journey, the beautiful day, the quiet delicious scenery, so unlike the occurrences of the preceding day. When the sun went down, and the evening suddenly became dusk—as is always the case in these latitudes—I saw a clear white light ascend from the southern heavens to the zenith. They told me it was the zodiacal light. It was not flashing, colored, and brilliant, as our northern lights are most frequently, but calm, soft, and clear. A grave, elderly gentleman, in whose company I contemplated the starry heavens on the upper deck, told me that later on in the summer the southern cross might be perceived on the horizon, as well as the uppermost star in the Ship Argo. Thus you see that new lights and new constellations now rise above my head! I bid them welcome!

In the deep twilight came a boat rowing up to the steamer. Several blacks and one white man were in the boat. The white man came on board after taking a friendly leave of the blacks, a voice from among whom cried after him, “Don’t forget yourself long away, massa!” “No, no!” cried massa back to them.

At about half past eleven we reached Savannah. I accompanied Miss P., her sister, and a young, agreeable physician, to the largest hotel in the city, the Pulaski House: so called from the Polish hero of that name, who fought and fell in the American War of Independence, and whose monument, a handsome, white marble obelisk, stands upon a green spot of ground before the hotel, surrounded by splendid trees.

At seven o’clock the next morning I was in a rail-way carriage on my way to Macon, a long and very wearisome day’s journey, especially in the great heat, and with the smoke and steam which filled the carriages. The road lay through a barren, sandy extent of country, overgrown

with pine forest, and almost entirely without human habitations, excepting on the rail-way stations, where small colonies began to form themselves, trades were followed, and the meagre soil cultivated. At a few of these I alighted, and botanized in the wood, where I found several yellow orchises.

The amusement of the journey was in the carriage in which I sat, from a fat, jolly-looking gentleman in a cap and gray coat, in person not unlike a mealsack, upon which the head was set, round and movable as a top, and who talked politics, and poured out his vials of wrath against the late Tom Jefferson, president, and author of the "Declaration of Independence:" called him, in a loud voice, the worst of names, always turning himself as he did so to a tall, very thin military man of a noble appearance, who sat on the other side of the carriage, and who seemed to be half amused by the fat man's ebullitions, although he endeavored to appease them. But it was like pouring oil upon fire.

"Sir!" exclaimed our fat gentleman, with a stentorian voice, on one occasion, while the train stood still, "sir, I say that if it had not been for Tom Jefferson, the whole Union would be five hundred years further advanced, and Carolina at least a thousand!"

"Oh! do you think so?" said the other, smiling.

"Yes, I say that Tom Jefferson was the worst man who has yet been placed at the head of a nation; he has done more mischief than all the presidents after him can do good!"

"Yet he drew up our Act of Independence!" said the thin gentleman.

"He stole it, sir!" exclaimed the fat one; "he stole it, stole it! I can prove to you that he did. There is," &c. And here followed proofs, and many observations and replies between the two gentlemen, which I could not exactly follow.

At length up sprung the fat gentleman, and grasping with both hands at two seats, stood before the thin one, exclaiming,

“Sir! I regard Tom Jefferson as the compound of every thing which is rascally, mean, wicked, dishonorable, &c., &c., &c., &c.—” the great flood of accusation continuing certainly for three minutes, and ending with, “yes, that is what I say, sir!”

“That is strong language, sir;” said the other, still calm, and half smiling.

“Sir!” again exclaimed the other, “Tom Jefferson was the cause of my father losing fifty thousand dollars, through the embargo!”

With these words he reseated himself, red in the face as a turkey-cock, and with an air as if to say that after that nothing could be said. A smile was on almost every countenance in the rail-way carriage; and when Tom Jefferson’s enemy almost immediately after took his departure, the thin gentleman turned to me, saying, in his good-tempered, calm way,

“That settles it! Jefferson was certainly a bad man; but, in any case, he was a patriot.”

A hundred young men, soldiers from Charleston, traveled by this train, on a visit to the Georgia militia in Macon. They were handsome, pleasant-looking, merry young fellows, who got out at every station to refresh themselves, and then hurried in again.

A couple of so-called Indian mounds, that is, ancient burial hills of the Indians, and which resemble our sepulchral mounds, excepting that they are larger and flatter at the top, and in which arms and weapons are found, were the only remarkable things we saw on the way.

At sunset we reached Macon. The country had now assumed another character; we saw verdant hills and valleys, and beautiful white country houses shining out upon the hills amid their gardens.

On all hands lay lofty trees; we drove over a couple of small rivers, with chocolate-hued water and wooded banks; the city lay, as it were, imbedded in wood. It looked young and romantic, half concealed in the valley, and half stretching itself out on the open hills. It took my fancy; I was glad to be there, and had, besides, a certain pleasure in finding myself here alone and unknown, and able to live at an inn. I engaged a room at a hotel, the "Washington House," where I found a remarkably handsome and kind landlady; had the pleasure of washing off the dust, putting on fresh linen, and drinking a glass of excellent milk, and then to be still, and contemplate the life and movement in the market-place, the largest in the city, and near to which the hotel stood.

Five-and-twenty years ago the ground on which the city stood, and the whole region around, was Indian territory and Indian hunting-ground. Where those wild dances were danced, and their wigwams stood, now stands Macon, with six thousand inhabitants, and shops and workshops, hotels and houses, and an annually increasing population; and in the middle of its great market stands Canova's *Hæbe* in a fountain, dispensing water. The young militia of Carolina and Georgia paraded the streets and the market-place this evening by moonlight. All the windows were open, and the negro people poured out of the houses to see the young men march past with their music.

I was up early the next morning, because it was glorious; the world looked young and fresh as morning, and I myself felt as fresh as it. I went out on a voyage of discovery with merely a couple of bananas in my "old man" (you know that I give my traveling-bag that appellation). All was as yet still in the city; every thing looked fresh and new. I had a foretaste of the young life of the West. The pale crescent moon sank slowly amid a violet-tinted mist, which wrapped the horizon in the west, but a heaven

of the most beautiful blue was above me. Trees and grass glittered with dew in the rising sunlight. I walked along streets planted with trees, and, leaving the city, found myself upon a broad high road, on each side of which lay a dense, dark forest. I walked on; all was hushed and silent, but my heart sang. That which I had wished for, and longed for through the whole of my youth; that which I seemed to myself to be more excluded from than any thing else, a living acquaintance with the manifold forms of life, had now become mine, had become so in an unusual degree. Did I not now wander free—free as few could be, in the great, free New World, free to see and to become acquainted with whatever I chose? Was I not free and unfettered as a bird? My soul had wings, and the whole world was mine! Precisely because I am so alone, that I go so solitarily, relying on God's providence, through the great wide world, and become associate with it—precisely this it is which gives me such an unspeakable feeling of vigor and joy; and that I do not positively know whither I would go, or what I would do during my solitary wanderings; this makes me ever ready to set out on my journeys of discovery, and every thing within me be so particularly new and invigorating.

I was not, however, on this occasion, wholly without an object; I knew that at some distance from Macon there was a beautiful new cemetery, called Rose-hill Cemetery, and I was now bent upon finding it. In the mean time, as the road which I had taken seemed to lead down to the quiet sea, I determined to make inquiries after Rose Hill at a dwelling which I saw upon a height not far from the road. It was one of those white, well-built, and comfortable frame-houses which one so often sees in the rural districts of America. I knocked at the door, and it was opened, but by a person who almost shocked me: it was a young lady, tolerably handsome, but with an appearance of such a horridly bad temper that—it quite troubled me.

She looked thoroughly annoyed and worn out, and bade me, crossly enough, to go as far as the road went, or till it parted. I went, almost astonished, on so beautiful a morning, amid such beautiful, youthfully fresh scenes, to meet with so perfectly inharmonious a human temper. Ah! human feelings, dispositions, and tempers are every where the same, and can every where imbitter life—in every new paradise can close the gates of paradise. But sad impressions could not long remain in my mind this morning. I advanced onward along the high road, which now ascended a hill. On the top of this hill I could look around me, I thought. Arrived here, I saw an iron gate on my right hand, which led into a beautiful, well-kept park. I opened the gate without any difficulty, and was soon in a very beautiful park, the ground of which was undulating, through which wound roads and foot-paths, with lofty trees and groves on all hands, and beds of flowering, fragrant shrubs and plants. It was some time before I could see a single monument, before I discovered that I really was in the place consecrated to death, and that my little traveling fairy had faithfully conducted me to my goal, Rose-hill Cemetery.

Wandering on through the silent, solitary park, I came to the banks of a river which ran in gentle windings between banks as beautiful, and as youthfully verdant as we, in our youth, imagine the Elysian Fields. On my side of the river I beheld white marble monuments glancing forth from amid the trees, speaking of the city of the dead. The trees here and there bent over the water. Large, splendid butterflies, the names of which I did not know, flew softly with fluttering wings backward and forward over the stream, from one bank to the other. I thought of the words, "And he showed me a clear river of living water," &c. And the whole scene was to me, at the same time, a living symbol of the most beautiful presentiments of the human race regarding the mystery of death. Here

was the City of the Dead, and here, beside it, living water pouring from invisible fountains, whispering in the fields of death, of life and the resurrection; here were trees, that glorious life of nature, bearing abundant fruit, and the leaves of which serve for the "healing of the heathen;" there, on the other shore, were the fields of the blessed, where no weariness and no woe shall ever enter; where none that are accursed shall come any more, where the light of God's countenance enlightens all; and the butterflies represented the souls, which, now released from earthly intrallment, are borne by their wings from the one shore to the other, to sip all the flowers of the field!

I seated myself on a piece of rock which shot out into the river in a convenient, ledge-like form, and beside which grew some beautiful wild flowers. And here I inhaled deep draughts of the elixir of life, which both nature and the spirit presented to me. More glorious refreshment could not have been offered to a wanderer. And much such have I received, and shall yet enjoy during my pilgrimage.

I have often thought that it would be well if running water could be included or introduced into large cemeteries, the resting-places of the dead, as a symbol at once beautiful and appropriate. Here, for the first time, have I seen my idea carried out. The river in this cemetery is the Ocmulgee, an Indian word for the beautiful. It is of that warm, red tinge, like English sepia, or chocolate mixed with milk, which is said to be peculiar to nearly all the rivers of the South, from the Rio Colorado, in New Mexico, to the Savannah, and the Pedee, and others, in the East, and is said to be caused by the reddish sandy soil peculiar to the Southern States. This tint of water produces a remarkably beautiful effect in contrast with the rich, bright green vegetation of the banks. The Ocmulgee is, besides, a rapid and abundant river, and is in all respects deserving of its name.

As my spirit had not by any means failed of its object, I began to think of my body and my bananas, on which I made a splendid breakfast. I have become very fond of this fruit, which is very beneficial to me. I can eat it at any time of the day, and always find that it agrees with me. I fancy that I could live on it and bread alone (N.B.—Swedish clap-bread, I miss that here). A little lizard, which seemed to study me very profoundly, was my companion on the rock, and turned its little head this way and that, with its glimmering black eyes always riveted upon me. Neither man nor human dwelling were within sight. It was a scene of the profoundest solitude.

This beautiful morning was the 1st of May. I wonder what sort of morning it was in the park at Stockholm!

I would willingly have spent a day in Macon and its beautiful neighborhood; but when I returned to my hotel, I was met by an agreeable and respectable gentleman, who was going to the seminary at Montpellier to fetch his daughter thence, and who invited me to accompany him. As I did not know whether Bishop Elliott was aware of the day on which I might be expected at Macon, and as I wished, besides this, to spare him the trouble of sending for me, there being neither rail-road nor public conveyance to Montpellier, and as the polite gentleman seemed to be very agreeable, I gratefully accepted his offer, begged the hostess of the hotel to take charge of my portmanteau, and soon was seated most excellently in a large, comfortable, and spacious covered carriage beside my kind conductor. We had not, however, driven a couple of hours, when we met a dusty traveling carriage, within which was Professor Sherbe, whom I had met at Mr. Emerson's, at Concord, and who was now a teacher at the seminary in Montpellier. It was the carriage to fetch me to the Elliots'. I therefore returned with him to Macon, where the horses rested, and Sherbe refreshed himself after the fatiguing morning's journey. The after-part

of the day we spent in great heat on the journey to Montpellier, along roads of which you would say "*ça n'a pas de nom!*" and the description of which is wearisome—I continually believed we should be upset—and over bridges which looked like fabrics simply designed to help the carriage and the people down into the rivers over which they were scrambled together—*built* I can not say. We seemed to be in a wild and newly-inclosed country. At Bishop Elliott's lovely country seat all was again cultivated and beautiful—a continuation of the romantic and luxurious district around Macon; and in the bishop himself I became acquainted with one of the most beautiful examples of that old cavalier race which gives tone and stamp to the nobler life of the Southern States. Personal beauty and dignity, and the most agreeable manners, were, in this instance, ennobled by great Christian earnestness.

Bishop E. is said to have been in his youth a great lover of social life, of dancing, and ladies' society, and to have been a great favorite in the gay world. His conversion to religious earnestness is said to have been rapid and decided. He is now known as one of the most pre-eminently religious men in the country, and his kindness and amiability win all hearts. Mine he also won; but of that by-and-by.

On the evening of my arrival, I sat with him and his family on the piazza in front of his house, and saw the fire-flies shining in the air, among the trees and on the grass, every where in the park. These little insects produce an effect which delights me during the dark evenings and nights here. They are small beetles, somewhat larger, and certainly longer, than our wood-louse, and they emit, as they fly along, a bright light, quickly shining out, and then again extinguished, like a lightning-flash, but soon renewing itself again. It is a phosphoric light, and presents on incessant display of fire-works in the air and

on the earth at this season. If these little creatures are injured, nay, even trampled upon, as I have seen happen by accident, they still give out light, and shine beautifully as long as there is any life left in them. Their light is never utterly extinguished but with their life, and even outlives that a good hour.

The bishop's wife is an agreeable lady, lively and intellectual, and truly musical, playing on the piano as the bird sings, and who seems to have inherited from her Indian foster-mother an unusual degree of acuteness and perfection of organization. Her husband often jokes her on this subject. The family consists of several pretty children, among which "the outlaw," the youngest son, a lovely, good little lad, who leaped about unrestrained without shoes and stockings, was my especial favorite.

The family state of mind was not at this moment cheerful, from various causes, and the good bishop was evidently depressed. How agreeable he was, nevertheless, during the few hours which he was able to devote to social intercourse and conversation! In him I found much of the Emersonian truth and beauty of mind, both in expression and manner, without any of his critical severity, and permeated by the spirit of Christian love as by a delicious summer air. He is one of those rare men of the South who can see, with a clear and unprejudiced glance, the institution of slavery on its dark aspect. He believes in its ultimate eradication within the United States, and considers that this will be effected by Christianity.

"Already," said he, "is Christianity laboring to elevate the being of the negro population, and from year to year their condition improves, both spiritually and physically; they will soon be our equals as regards morals, and when they become our equals, they can no longer be our slaves. The next step will be for them to receive wages as servants; and I know several persons who are already treating their slaves as such."

This conversation delighted me, for I am convinced that Elliott's views on this subject are correct.

The school examination was already nearly over, and a great number of the young girls, the flowers of the Southern States, had left. Still I saw a part of them, and heard their compositions in prose and verse. Nearly all the teachers were from the Northern States; mostly from New England, and mostly also young, pretty, and agreeable girls. All were assembled at the house of the bishop in the evening of the concluding day of the examination. I was not well that day, partly from the heat, and partly from the fear I have of company, and the duties which it imposes upon me; but, in the midst of the heat and the company, I was roused by my Scandinavian spirit, and proposed the game of "Lend me your fire-stiek," into which all the hitherto stiff young girls entered merrily, and there was a deal of laughter, and the good bishop himself became so amused that he laughed heartily; and when we rested from that game, he himself began another—a quiet and intellectual game, in which his clever little wife distinguished herself, as did he also. Thus passed the evening, amid games and merriment, and I forgot the heat, and weariness, and indisposition, and went lightly and cheerfully to rest, glad, in particular, that I had seen the good bishop cheerful.

The next morning I was to set off with Bishop Elliott and two of the young girls. We assembled, the bishop's family and I, to morning prayers. But how deeply was I affected this morning, when, after the customary prayers (the bishop and we all, as usual, kneeling), I heard him utter for the stranger who was now visiting in his family a prayer as warm, as beautiful, as appropriate, as if he had read the depths of my heart and knew its secret combats, its strivings, its object—my own soul's inmost infinite prayer. I could merely, with tears in my eyes, press his hand between mine.

Accompanied by him and the two young ladies, I found myself once more on the paths of the wilderness between Montpellier and Macon, where I was received under the roof of his curate, young Mr. S., and his handsome young wife; for the bishop would not permit me to return to the hotel, which I greatly wished to do. I have had, however, beneath the young oaks near the curate's house, a conversation with him on the trials which the Christian may experience under ordinary circumstances in the every-day world, which I shall never forget, because much that had occurred in my own soul had occurred also in his; and I saw in him a cross-bearer—but one greater and more patient than most. On the following day, which was Sunday, he preached in the Episcopal church of Macon, a small but handsome building, in which some youthful communicants were to receive the Lord's Supper for the first time. Elliott's sermon had reference to the occasion; he was about to consecrate them to the Christian faith, its duties, trials, and greatness; to the crown of thorns and the crown of glory; an excellent sermon full of truth, in the admonition to the life both human and divine. Not brilliant and dazzling, not merely half true aphorisms; but the purest light, shining because it was pure and perfect, and because it contained the whole truth.

After divine service, I took leave of the noble bishop, glad to have become acquainted with him, and in him a true Christian gentleman. I hope to see him again, probably in the West, whither he goes this autumn, to a great assembly of the clergy. He has now lately returned from an official journey to Florida, up the beautiful River St. John, and speaks of the exuberance of natural life on its shores, the beauty of its flowers and birds, so that I have a great desire to go there. I parted from Elliott grieving that human sorrow should thus depress so good, so noble, and so amiable a man.

If you wish to see upon what spot of all the globe I am

now to be found, you must look into the very middle of the American State of Georgia, where is a small town by the name of Macon; and near to it a pretty village of country houses and gardens, called Vineville, in one of the prettiest of which I may be found with the amiable and highly esteemed family of a banker, named M., who came up to me in the church, after divine service at Macon, and invited me to his house.

Every where throughout this country, in the South as well as in the North of the United States, do I meet with the same cordiality, the same incomparable hospitality. And my little traveling fairy goes every where with me, and makes every thing happen for the best; and should any thing go contrary, I consider that is for the best also, and doubt not but it is so, or will be. The morning after to-morrow I intend returning to Savannah; I can not now extend my journey further west, into Alabama, as I wished to do, on account of the heat of the season. I must contrive to reach Washington before I am melted.

The St. When do I think of going home, my Agatha? Whenever you and mamma wish it—next month, next week, in the morning! My own wishes, it is true, have been for some time a little expansive; but they can be restrained. I have, however, wished to remain in this hemisphere through another winter, that I might see certain portions of it, and certain things which otherwise I can not see, and thus obtain a glimpse of the tropical glory in Cuba. I wish to leave certain impressions time to mature—certain old ones time to fall off under the influence of the New World. The indisposition under which I suffered last winter has deprived me of at least three months, for during that time I was merely half alive, often merely in a state of suffering. But as I have said, my child, this is a floating wish ready to be done away with on the least call from home; and in that case we shall see each other next autumn. No feeling of *inward necessity* like that

which bade me come hither bids me now remain here over the winter. And my wish to stay here will, on the first earnest call of my beloved ones, dissolve into that of returning to them; and I shall, in that case, consider it as for the best. Merely one word from you and mamma, and—I hasten home to you!

LETTER XV.

Macon, Vineville, May 8th.

MY BELOVED MAMMA,—It grieves me much to know that you and Agatha have had a more than usually trying winter. Thank God, however, that it is now past, and that the sunny side of the year is come with its more cheerful prospects. The baths of Marstrand will do Agatha good; but we shall never see our poor little friend strong! With regard to the wish which I have now expressed to Agatha, I can merely here repeat that it will not be difficult; and that I am ready to yield it to another from my beloved ones at home.

How well and happy I am among the kind people in this hospitable country, which has become to me like a vast home, mamma has already seen in my letters. I go from home to home in America, and am every where received and treated like a child of the house. Besides the excellent effect of this, as regards the health both of soul and body, it affords me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the domestic life and the homes of the New World—with the innermost life of this hemisphere, in a manner which scarcely any other traveler ever enjoyed, and which is of the highest consequence to me, because it is precisely that which I wished to become familiar with here. But I had scarcely any idea of the degree in which the kindness and the hospitality of this people would respond to this wish. Each family, if it is in any thing like

easy circumstances, inhabits an entire house, and has, besides, generally a little garden, or, at all events a grass-plot. The house has one or two parlors on the ground floor, besides eating-room, kitchen, &c. All the chambers are in the upper stories, and there are always one or two (sometimes more) guest-chambers. The guest-chamber, in an American house in the city, is the same thing as for us, in Sweden, to have a guest-chamber in our country houses. Every house here, whether in town or country, must have its room in which to lodge the stranger. And now if a stranger comes hither from a foreign land quite alone, and not very large either, it is not a very difficult thing to lodge her in the guest-chamber; and in this way the whole country is one great home, with guest-chambers for mamma's daughter. Finding there the comforts of my own home, finding there motherly mistresses of families; sisters and brothers with whom I have lived and conversed, and live and converse as openly and familiarly as with my own family—all this has made me feel that the kingdom of heaven is not, after all, so far from earth, at least not from the homes of earth; else otherwise how should one be able to keep up an intercourse with people altogether strangers, as unreservedly and as delightfully as one could with the angels of God?

I am thus now writing to you from a good, beautiful, and happy home, which comprises three generations: old Mr. M. and his wife, still handsome and active; their only son, a highly esteemed banker of Macon, and his gentle and motherly wife and their children. The whole family is remarkably cordial, earnest, and pious, as I often find families in this country to be, and in the practice of morning and evening devotion, which I like much, although I sometimes think that the prayers are too long. The two eldest daughters are handsome, sweet young girls, and sing better than ladies generally do in this country. A quiet sorrow broods over the family from the late decease

of a dearly beloved daughter and sister, whose loss seems especially to weigh upon the mother's heart.

I am living here in the midst of a large garden, in which are many rare plants, and I hear the hundred-tongued American mocking-bird every morning singing before my window. It is very agreeable to hear, but more singular than charming, and not to compare with our larks and nightingales, any more than the singing voices here are to be compared with those of Sweden. Every land has its own.

There are various features of family life here which I wish were more general with us. To these belong family worship morning and evening, and the simple prayer with which the meal is generally sanctified by the father or mother of the family, "O God, bless these Thy gifts to our profit, and us to Thy service!"

With us it is usually the youngest child of the family that says grace before meals, if it is said aloud; and this also is beautiful, excepting that in this way it seldom has or can have the true spirit given to it. Most frequently, however, our form of grace is a silent inclination of the body, but the thought is of nothing but the meal before us. On the contrary, I like better our usages at table than in this country. With us people can enjoy the pleasures of conversation, and they need not think about the dishes, except in so far as enjoying them goes. Every thing, with us, is done silently and in due order by the attendants. At a glance from the hostess you are offered a second supply, but this also silently; the dishes come round to the guests, each in his turn, and after that people are not troubled with them. Here it is not so. Here there is an incessant asking and inviting, so that what with asking and inviting, and selecting and answering, there is really no time for the enjoyment of the meal, much less of conversation. Neither is one able to help one's self; but the host or hostess, or aunt or uncle, or some

other polite person, or it may be the servants, which here in the South are always negroes, help you, and you seldom get just what you wish for, or as much or as little as you want, and not on that part of the plate where you wish to have it. You are asked, for example,

“Will you have butter?”

“Yes, I thank you.”

And with that comes a piece of butter on the edge of the plate, on which the annoying thought always suggests itself, that it is certainly exactly where the servant put his thumb. Then it goes on:

“Will you take fish or meat? chicken or turkey?”

“Chicken, if you please.”

“Have you any choice? The breast or a wing?”

Then comes, “Will you have pickles?”

“No, I thank you.”

A pause and calm ensues for two minutes. But then somebody on your left discovers that you have no pickles, and pickles come to you from the left. “May I help you to pickles?”

“No, I thank you.”

After a few minutes more somebody on the right sees that you have no pickles, and hastens to offer you the bottle. “Will you not take pickles?”

“No, I thank you.”

You then begin an interesting conversation with your next neighbor; and, just as you are about to ask some question of importance, a person opposite you observes that you are not eating pickles, and the pickle-bottle comes to you across the table, and you are called upon to say once more, in self-justification,

“No, I thank you, not any,” and continue your conversation.

But again, at the moment you are waiting for some reply interesting to you, comes the servant, perhaps the very best daddy in the whole black world, and shoots the

pickle bottle in between you and your conversable neighbor, and with horror you again behold pickles ready to be put upon your plate, so that in the end you find yourself quite overcome by the pickle persecution.

Thus goes on the meal; one incessant bustle of serving, which takes from you all enjoyment of the food. I have at last a regular palpitation of the heart from disquiet and impatience; but that is in great measure my own fault—the fault of my weakness, though something must be allowed to the fault of the custom here, which is not quite in harmony with the higher pleasures of social intercourse. This custom, however, did not originate in this country. It belongs to England, and must be put down to the account of England. Our mode of taking our meals and our customs at table are more like those of France; and for this I commend us. In one particular, however, it seems to me that the homes of the New World excel those of all other countries, excepting of England, with which they have a close connection, and that is in cleanliness. Our very best homes in Sweden are, in this respect, seldom so admirable as is usually the case here; for all here is kept neat and clean, from the bed-rooms to the kitchen, and the servants have the same smartness and neatness of attire, the same suavity of manner as the lady and daughters of the house. An American house and home is in many respects the ideal of a home, if I except the apparatus for warming their houses in the Northern States. Every thing is to be found there which can make existence fresh, and comfortable, and agreeable, from the bathroom to the little garden, in the town as well as in the country, with its trees, even if they be but few, its beautiful grass-plot and plants, which are frequently trained on trellises on the walls, whence their flowers, wafted by the wind, diffuse their fragrance through the windows. And if here the mistress of the house, especially in the South, has lighter domestic cares than our ladies as re-

gards housekeeping (for fresh meat and vegetables may be had every day, at all seasons, in this country, where the year may be reckoned by summers, not by winters, as with us and which compels us to dry, and salt, and lay in stores during the living portion of the year, in preparation for the dead), yet has she much to look after and to provide for, so that house and home may be supplied with not merely the material things, but with those that shall beautify it; and this more especially in the Southern States, where all the domestics are of the negro race, which is by nature careless and deficient in neatness. I admire what I saw of the Southern ladies and mistresses of families. The young girls, on the contrary, I should like to see a little more active in the house, and more helpful to their mothers in various ways. But it is not the custom; and the parents, from mistaken kindness, seem not to wish their daughters to do any thing except amuse themselves, and enjoy liberty and life as much as possible. I believe that they would be happier if they made themselves more useful. The family relationship between parents and children seems to me particularly beautiful, especially as regards the parents toward the children. The beautiful, maternal instinct is inborn in the American women, at least in all its fervent, heartfelt sentiment; and better, more affectionate family-fathers than the men of America I have seen nowhere in the world. They have, in particular, a charming weakness for—daughters. And God bless them for it! I hope the daughters may know how to return it with interest.

Now must I bid mamma adieu, as I am going out with the family here to visit some ancient Indian graves—Indian mounds as they are called. They are a sort of barrows, now overgrown with trees, and are the sole memorials which remain here of the original inhabitants of the country, with the exception of the names which they gave to rivers and mountains, and which, for the most part, are

still retained. These names are symbolie, and are generally melodious in sound. It is not more than twenty years since the last Indian tribes in Georgia were driven thence by an armed force; and I have heard eye-witnesses relate the scene, how on the morning when they were compelled to leave their huts, their smoking hearths, their graves, and were driven away, men, women, and children, as a defenseless herd, the air was filled with their cry of lamentation! Now no Indians are to be met with in Georgia or Carolina, though in Alabama, the furthest state west, may still be found tribes of Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians. Lively picnics are now held on these ancient Indian mounds.

I have for two nights in succession dreamed most lively that mamma was here—was come to America to see me. I was very glad of it, but at the same time much surprised, because Agatha was not with her, and I thought in my dream, it is impossible that mamma could leave Agatha alone—"It *must* be a dream!" And a dream, and a foolish dream it was, certainly, my sweet mamma; but I should be very glad that one part of it were true, namely, that I saw you looking so well and so happy. If I could only see that, then would I have the joy of embracing mamma, not in sleep and in a dream, but in wakeful reality!

To-morrow I set off for Savannah.

Savannah, May 11th. And here I now am, sweet mamma, after an affectionate parting from the amiable family in Vineville, whom I was sorry to leave. I got rid of a headache as soon as possible last evening, after the fatiguing day's journey by rail-way in the heat of the sun, the smoke, and the steam, during which my little basket of bananas was my only comfort and support. Long live the banana!

To-day I have received visits and flowers—among the latter a *Magnolia grandiflora*, a magnificent flower, as

noble as it is beautiful, a child of primeval light—and among the former, one from a piquant young lady, who was herself married at fourteen years of age—she is now only seventeen, but looks as if she were twenty—and who will carry me off this afternoon on a promenade to Bonaventura—some romantic spot. Her dark romantic eyes have something quite interesting in them.

Later. I have had a visit from the greatest autograph collector in the world, Mr. T., who kindly invited me to his house and home at Savannah! and here comes now my Swiss professor, and will talk to me of poetry and religion, and the spirit of things; and now it is dinner-time, and I must think about my body, and therefore I must make an end of all. But first a kiss—on the paper and in spirit to my beloved!

L E T T E R X V I.

Savannah, May 14th, 1850.

“The greatest autograph collector in the world” is also the most friendly, the best-hearted man in the world, and so kind to me that I shall always think of him with gratitude. His collection of autographs is the first which I have ever been able to examine with interest and respect—not because it occupies many folios, and has a whole room appropriated to it, and could not be fully examined in less than six or seven months, which certainly might inspire respect, but because a portrait is appended to the handwriting of each distinguished person, mostly an excellent copper-plate engraving, together with some letter or interesting document belonging to the history of that individual. All this gives to the autograph collection of Mr. T. a real historical or biographical interest.

His house is one of those excellent, agreeable ones which I described in my former letter. His kind little

wife, two younger sons, and the young wife of the eldest son, constitute the family; a quiet, kind, hospitable family, over which death, however, has lately cast its shadow. Here, too, the mothers have sorrowed most; and here sorrow two mothers—the elder, her eldest, grown-up son; the younger, her little boy, both lately deceased!

Savannah is the most charming of cities, and reminds me of “the maiden in the green-wood.” It is, even more than Charleston, an assemblage of villas which have come together for company. In each quarter is a green market-place, surrounded with magnificent, lofty trees; and in the centre of each verdant market-place leaps up a living fountain, a spring of fresh water, gushing forth, shining in the sun, and keeping the green-sward moist and cool. Savannah might be called the city of the gushing springs; there can not be, in the whole world, a more beautiful city than Savannah! Now, however, it is too warm; there is too much sand, and too little water. But I like Savannah. I find here a more vigorous spiritual life, a more free and unprejudiced looking at things and circumstances, in particular at the great question of slavery, than in Charleston, and I have here become acquainted with some excellent, true people—people who will look the question directly and fairly in the face; who, themselves slaveholders from the more remote times, are yet laboring for the instruction of the slave, for emancipation and free colonization. Ah, Agatha! I have felt on this occasion like a weary and thirsty wanderer of the desert, who has arrived all at once at a verdant oasis, where palms wave and fresh waters spring forth, and I have watered with tears of joy the flowers of freedom on the soil of slavery; for I suffered greatly at first in society, from the endeavors of many people to thrust upon me their contracted views, and from a want of honesty, if not in the intention, yet in the point of view from which they regarded slavery. One evening, however, when I was more than usually annoyed, and quite

disconcerted by the observations of the people who came to see me, I found my—deliverance.

But I must give the history in the form which it has assumed in my memory.

DIFFERENT IMPRESSIONS.

I was in company
 With men and women,
 And heard small talk
 Of little things,
 Of poor pursuits,
 And narrow feelings,
 And narrow views
 Of narrow minds.
 I rushed out
 To breathe more freely,
 To look on nature.

The evening star
 Rose pure and bright,
 The western sky
 Was flushed with light,
 The crescent moon
 Shone sweetly down
 Amid the shadows
 Of the town.
 Where whispering trees
 And fragrant flowers
 Stood hushed in silent,
 Fragrant bowers.
 All was romance,
 All loveliness,
 Wrapped in a trance
 Of mystic bliss.
 I looked on
 In bitterness,
 And sighed, and asked
 Why the great Lord
 Made such rich beauty
 For such a race
 Of little men ?

I was in company
 With men and women ;
 I heard noble talk
 Of noble things,

Of manly doings,
 And manly suffering,
 And man's heart beating
 For all mankind.

The evening star
 Seemed now less bright;
 The western sky
 Of paler light.
 All nature's beauty and romance—
 The realm of Pan—
 Retired at once,
 A shadow but to that of *Man!*

Since then my world here has changed, as well as my feelings, toward the Southern life and people. My mental vision has become clear, so that I can perceive a noble South in the South, even as its own hills arise and enable me to breathe across its plain of sand the invigorating atmosphere of the hills, and which will yet become to the people of the South that which Moses and Joseph were to the children of Israel; for when people speak of the slave race of the South, it is a mistake merely to imply the blacks. And it is also unjust to think of the people of the Southern States as a population of slaves and slave owners. Of a truth, there exists a free people even in the Southern Slave States, who are silently laboring in the work of emancipation. And though they may be but a small number, "doubt not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom!"

It appears to me probable, from what I have seen and heard, that Georgia will become one of the leading powers in this advancing work of emancipation. Georgia, the youngest of the first thirteen States of the Union, was one of the most prominent in the work of American independence, and the spirit of freedom has been powerful here from the beginning.

All nations preserve traces of their origin, and receive a certain stamp from the men and the circumstances which determine the character of their youthful minds. This is

quite natural. And it is easy to see a cause for the more free and fresh spirit which prevails in Georgia if we reflect upon the character of the first founder of the state, James Oglethorpe, and the colony which grew up under his protection.

I must tell you something about this man, whose history I have lately read, and of his work, because among so much which is here incomplete, halting, imperfect, from which the eye turns away dissatisfied, it is a refreshment to fix it upon a human life which will stand the test, which pursued one great purpose from the commencement to the close of its working-day, labored for it and brought it to a successful issue; upon a man whose sole object in life was to liberate the captive, to make the unfortunate happy, and who, for this purpose, founded a state!

It is not much more than a hundred years since James Oglethorpe came to this country at the head of a little band of emigrants, and pitched his tent upon the high ground between the River Savannah and the sea, where now stands the city of Savannah. He was an Englishman, and had spent a richly diversified life at the university, in the army, and as a member of Parliament. A man of heroic character, with a heart full of benevolence and energy, he was the first who sought to alleviate the sufferings of debtors, which at that time were extreme in England; these unfortunate men being often immured in prison for life on account of the smallest debt. As a commissioner for the inspection of jails, he obtained the liberation of great numbers, and then sought out for them, as well as for persecuted Protestants, an asylum, a home of freedom in the free lands of the New World, where poverty should not be opprobrium, where true piety might freely worship God in its own way.

It was not difficult for him to find in England men who could take an interest in a grand scheme for human

happiness. A society was organized for the carrying out of Oglethorpe's plan, which became realized by a grant from George II. of the land which lay between the Savannah and Alatomaha, from the head springs of those rivers due west of the Pacific, and which was placed for twenty-one years under the guardianship of a corporation "in trust for the poor." The common seal of the corporation bore on one side a group of silk-worms at their labor, with the motto, *Non sibi sed aliis*—"Not for themselves, but for others"—thereby expressive of the disinterested intention of the originators, who would not receive for their labors any temporal advantage or emolument whatever. On the reverse side was represented the Genius of Georgia, with a cap of liberty on her head, a spear in one hand, and a horn of plenty in the other. The reported wealth and beauty of this land of promise awoke the most brilliant hopes for the future.

Oglethorpe sailed from England in November, 1732, with his little band of liberated captives and oppressed Protestants, amounting in number to about one hundred and twenty persons, and after a voyage of fifty-seven days reached Charleston. Immediately after his arrival in the New World, he proceeded up the Savannah River, and landed on a high bluff, which he at once selected as the site of his capital, and where Savannah now stands. At the distance of half a mile dwelt the Yamacraw tribe of Indians, who, with their chief Tomo-chichi at their head, sought alliance with the strangers.

"Here is a little present," said the red men, stretching out before him a buffalo-hide, painted on the inner side with an eagle's head and feathers. "The eagle's feathers are soft, and betoken love. The buffalo's hide is warm, and betokens protection. Therefore love and protect our little families!"

Oglethorpe received with kindness these friendly demonstrations.

It was on the first day of February when the little band of colonists pitched their tents on the banks of the river. Oglethorpe's tent stood beneath four tall pine-trees, and for twelve months he had no other shelter. Here in this beautiful region was the town of Savannah laid out, according as it stands at the present day, with its regular streets and large square in each quarter of the town, while through the primeval woods a road was formed to the great garden by the river side, which was soon to become a nursery-ground for European fruits and the wonderful natural products of America.

Such was the commencement of the commonwealth of Georgia. The province became already in its infancy an asylum for the oppressed and suffering, not only among the people of Great Britain, but of Europe itself. The fame of this asylum in the wilderness rang through Europe. The Moravian brethren, persecuted in their native land, received an invitation from England of a free passage to Georgia for them and for their children, provisions for a whole season, a grant of land to be held free for ten years, with all the privileges and rights of native English citizens, and the freedom to worship God in their own way: this invitation they joyfully accepted.

On the last day of October, in the year 1733, with their Bibles and hymn books, with their covered wagons, in which were conveyed their aged and their little children, and one wagon containing their few worldly goods, the little evangelical band set forth in the name of God, after prayers and benedictions, on their long pilgrimage. They sailed up the stately Rhine between its vineyards and ruined castles, and thence forth upon the great sea in the depth of winter. When they lost sight of land, and the majesty of ocean was revealed to them, they burst forth into a hymn of praise. When the sea was calm and the sun rose in its splendor, they sang "How beautiful is creation—how glorious the Creator!" When the wind was

adverse, they put up prayers ; when it changed, thanksgivings. When they sailed smoothly with a favoring gale, they made holy covenants like Jacob of old ; when the storm raged so that not a sail could be set, they lifted up their voices in prayer, and sang amid the storm, for “ to love the Lord Jesus gave great consolation.”

Thus arrived they at the shore of the New World. Oglethorpe met them at Charleston, and bade them welcome ; and five days afterward the far wayfarers pitched their tents near Savannah. Their place of residence was to be yet further up the country. Oglethorpe provided them with horses, and accompanied them through the wilderness, through forest and morass. By the aid of Indian guides and blazed trees, they proceeded onward till they had found a suitable spot for their settlement : it was on the banks of a little stream, and they called it Ebenezer. There they built their dwellings, and there they resolved to erect a column in token of the providence of God, which had brought them safely to the ends of the earth.

The same year was the town of Augusta founded, which became a favorite place of resort for the Indian traders. The fame of Oglethorpe extended through the wilderness, and in May came the chiefs of the eight tribes of the Muskhogees to make an alliance with him. Long King, the tall old chief of the Oconas, was the spokesman for the eight.

“ The Great Spirit which dwells every where around us,” said he, “ and who gave breath to all men, has sent the Englishmen to instruct us.” He then bade them welcome to the country south of the Savannah, as well as to the cultivation of such lands as their people had not used ; and, in token of the sincerity of his words, he laid eight bundles of buckskins at the feet of Oglethorpe. The chief of the Coweta tribe arose and said, “ We are come five-and-twenty days’ journey to see you. I have never desired to go down to Charleston, lest I should die

by the way ; but when I heard that you were come, and that you are good men, I came down to you that I might hear good things." He then gave the European exiles leave to summon such of their kindred as loved them out of the Creek towns, so that they might live together. "Recall," added he, "the Yamassees, that they may be buried at peace among their forefathers, and that they may see their graves before they die."

A Cherokee appeared among the English : "Fear nothing," said Oglethorpe, "but speak freely."

"I always speak freely," replied the mountain chief. "Wherefore should I be afraid ? I am now among friends ; I feared not when I was among enemies." And the settlers and the Cherokees became friends.

A Choctaw chief, "Red-Shoes," came the following year, and proposed to trade : "We come from a great distance," said he, "and we are a great nation. The French built forts among us. We have long traded with them, but they are poor in goods ; we desire that a trade may be opened between you and us."

The good faith which Oglethorpe kept in his transactions with the Indians, his noble demeanor and bearing, the sweetness of his temper, won for him the confidence of the red men. He was pleased with their simple manners and customs, and endeavored to enlighten their minds, and to instruct them in the knowledge of that God whom they ignorantly worshiped.

Oglethorpe framed laws for Georgia ; one of which forbade the introduction of intoxicating liquors, another the introduction of slavery. "Slavery," said Oglethorpe, "is contrary to the Gospel, as well as to the fundamental law of England. We will not permit a law which allows such horrid crime." And when, later, various of "the better class" of people endeavored to introduce negro slaves, Oglethorpe resolutely opposed it ; declared that if slaves were introduced into Georgia, he would no longer concern

himself with the colony. He continued steadfast, enforcing his determination by his almost arbitrary power, although many of the planters, in the belief that they could not successfully cultivate the land with white laborers, threatened to leave the colony.

Oglethorpe continued with unabated activity to labor for the well-being and prosperity of Georgia, extending and securing its boundaries, establishing towns, and regulating the commonwealth. He visited the Evangelical brethren at Ebenezer, laid out the streets for their new town, and praised their good management. Within a few years the product of raw silk within this little colony had increased to ten thousand pounds' weight yearly, besides which indigo had become a staple article of traffic. In the most earnest manner these colonists opposed the use of negro slaves, maintaining that the whites could equally well labor under the sun of Georgia. Their religion united them with each other; they settled their disputes among themselves. Every occurrence in life became significant of a divine providence, and the fervency of their worship disturbed not the calmness of their judgment. They had peace, and were happy.

From the Moravian towns Oglethorpe journeyed southward, passing through the narrow inland channels where the shores were covered by woods of pine, evergreen oaks, and cedars, which grew down to the water's edge, and which resounded with the melody of birds. On St. Simon's Island, fire having cleared the grass from an old Indian field, the streets of Frederica were laid out, and, amid the caroling of hundreds of birds, a fort was constructed on a bluff commanding the river.

The Highlands of Scotland had already sent a company of bold mountaineers, who sought for a home under Oglethorpe's banner; and, now attired in the Highland costume, Oglethorpe sailed up the Alatomaha to visit them at Darien, where they had taken up their quarters. By

the help of these brave men, Oglethorpe determined to extend the boundaries of Georgia as far as St. John's River, in Florida ; and the Indians of the Coweta tribe hearing the rumor of war, sent forth their gayly-painted warriors to wield the hatchet in aid of Oglethorpe. Long speeches and exchange of presents were followed by the wild war-dance, and the Muskhogees and the Cherokees gathered around him to renew their former friendly alliance.

A great council of the Muskhogee chiefs was held at Cusitas, on the Chattahoochy ; and Oglethorpe, making his way by solitary paths, fearless of the noonday heat or the dews of night, or of the treachery of hireling Indians, came to this great assembly to talk to his red friends—to distribute presents, to drink the sacred sakkey with the Creek warriors, to smoke the pipe of peace, and to conclude a firm alliance with them in war or in peace.

In 1734 Oglethorpe made a voyage to England, and won universal favor for his young colony. In the year 1736 he returned, taking with him three hundred emigrants, whom he cared for like a father ; and having reached land, he ascended with them a rising ground, not far by Tybee Island, where they all fell on their knees and returned thanks to God for having safely conducted them to Georgia. Among these was a second company of Moravians, men who had "a faith above fear," and who, in the simplicity of their lives, seemed to revive the primitive Christian communities, where state and rank were unknown, but where Paul the tent-maker, and Peter the fisherman, presided with the demonstration of the Spirit.

With this company came John and Charles Wesley ; Charles the secretary of Oglethorpe, and both burning with desire to become apostles of Christ among the Indians, and to live in the New World "a life wholly and entirely consecrate to the glory of God." They desired to make of Georgia a religious colony. "The age in which religious and political excitements were united was pass-

ed," adds Bancroft, from whose "History of the United States" I have taken the above narrative, "and with the period of commercial influence fanaticism had no sympathy. Mystic piety, more intense by its aversion to the theories of the eighteenth century, appeared as the rainbow; and Wesley was as the sower, who comes after the clouds have been lifted up and the floods have subsided, and scatters his seed in the serene hour of peace."

After this we find Oglethorpe at the head of the English army in the war with the Spaniards in Florida; and here he was brave and victorious, foremost always in danger, sharing with the common soldier all the hardships of the camp, and even amid all the excitements of war regardless of the property of the peaceable inhabitants, and in victory humane and gentle toward his captives. In July, 1742, Oglethorpe ordered a general thanksgiving throughout Georgia for the re-establishment of peace.

Thus was Georgia colonized and defended; and when its founder and preserver, James Oglethorpe, approached his ninetieth year, he was able to look back to a good work, to a flourishing state—the boundaries of which he extended and established, and the spiritual and material life of which he was the founder, so that it well merited the praise that was given to it in England—"Never has a colony been founded on a more true or more humane plan."

He was spoken of, even in the last year of his life, as one of the finest figures that had ever been seen—a type of venerable old age. His faculties and his senses were as fresh as ever, and his eye as bright; on all occasions he was heroic, romantic, and full of chivalric politeness—the most beautiful impersonation of all the virtues and endowments which distinguish our ideal of a true cavalier. And so warm was his heart, so active his zeal for the well-being of humanity, it mattered not of what race or nation, that long after his death his name became a watch-word for vast benevolence of heart.

After his death, many of his high-minded laws were annulled; intoxicating liquors were introduced into Georgia, and, by degrees, even negro slavery. But the spirit of freedom and hospitality which was the life of Oglethorpe's life, which was the animating influence of the earliest settlers of Georgia, lives still in Georgia. I see it, I hear it, I feel it. And the emigration hither from the Northern States, and in particular from the states of New England, and which increases more and more, and which has exercised an influence upon the people and the institutions, are to me a proof of this, and a pledge for the still further development of the life of freedom. I observe this, also, in the more free and happier life of the negroes in Savannah; in the permission which is given them there to have their own churches, and where they themselves preach. Besides this, much is done in Georgia for the instruction of the negro slaves in Christianity, for their emancipation, and their colonization at Liberia, on the coast of Africa. And every year a vessel goes thence from Savannah with colored emigrants from among the emancipated slaves of the Slave States, provided with the necessaries of life, money, and furniture for their dwellings. I have seen various letters from this colony written by the emigrants themselves, which showed the good understanding which existed between them and the mother states, and various individuals there, in particular, through their religious associations; for each religious denomination maintains its connection with its members in the African colony, which is for the rest under the direction of its own colored officials and ministers.

The more I see of these colored people, the more is my curiosity and my interest aroused; not that I see among the negroes any thing great, any thing which makes them superior to the whites. I can not divest my mind of the idea that they are, and must remain, inferior as regards intellectual capacity. But they have peculiar and un-

usual gifts. Their moral sense is, it seems to me, as pure and delicate as their musical perception; their sensibility is acute and warm, and their good temper and cheerful disposition are evidently the peculiar gifts of nature, or, more correctly, gifts of God. And though they may not have shown themselves original in creative genius, yet there is in their way of comprehending and applying what they learn a really new and refreshing originality: that may be heard in their peculiar songs—the only original people's songs which the New World possesses—as soft, sweet, and joyous as our people's songs are melancholy. The same may be observed in their comprehension of the Christian doctrines, and their application of them to daily life.

Last Sunday I went to the church of the Baptist negroes here with Mr. F., one of the noble-minded and active descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, who resides in Savannah, and who has shown me much kindness. The name of the preacher was Bentley, I believe, and he was perfectly black. He spoke extempore with great animation and ease. The subject of his discourse was the appearance of the Savior on earth, and the purpose for which he came. "I remember," said he, "on one occasion, when the President of the United States came to Georgia, and to our town of Savannah—I remember what an ado the people made, and how they went out in great carriages to meet him. The carriages were decorated very grandly, and the great cannon pealed forth one shot after another. And so the president came into the town in a grand, beautiful carriage, and drove to the best house in the whole town, and that was Mrs. Scarborough's house! And when he came there he seated himself in the window. But a cord was drawn around the house, to keep us negroes and other poor folks from coming too near. We must stand outside, and only get a sight of the president as he sat at the window. But the great gentlemen and the rich

folks, they went freely up the steps and in at the door, and shook hands with him. Now, did Christ come in this way? Did he come only to the rich? did he shake hands only with them? No! Blessed be the Lord! he came to the poor! He came to us, and for our sakes, my brothers and sisters!" "Yes, yes! Amen! He came to us! Blessed be His name! Amen! Halleluiah!" resounded through the chapel for a good minute or two; and the people stamped with their feet, and laughed and cried, with countenances beaming with joy. The preacher then continued to tell how Christ proved himself to be the messenger of the Highest. "Now imagine, my friends," said he, "that we here are a plantation of negro laborers. But the owner of the plantation is away; he is a long, long way off, over the sea in England, and the negroes on the plantation have never seen his face. They have never seen the face of any man higher than the overseer. But now they hear that the owner of the plantation, their lord and master, is coming there. And they are very curious to see him, and they inquire about him every day. One day they see the overseer coming, and with him another gentleman whom they have never seen before. But his dress is not so good, and much simpler than the overseer's; the overseer has a fine, buttoned coat on, a white cravat, a handsome hat on his head, and besides that, gloves on his hands. The strange gentleman, on the contrary, has no gloves on, and is dressed in quite a simple, careless way. And if the negroes had not known the overseer, they never would have believed that this was the master. They see, however, that the strange gentleman gives orders to the overseer that he shall send one negro here and another there, that many shall be called to him and to the overseer, and the negroes must do all that he wishes and commands, and from this they can see that he is the master."

How living and excellent is this representation of negro-

life to the negroes, drawn as it is fresh from their everyday experience!

In the afternoon of the same day, I also accompanied Mr. F. to hear another negro preacher. This was an old mulatto, a powerful, handsome old man, who had acquired some property, and who was greatly looked up to by his people as a preacher and baptizer. He resembled the whites both in appearance and manner. He mentioned, during his discourse, that he was ninety-five years old; and he related his religious experience; his spiritual afflictions and agony, which were so extreme as to drive him almost to self-murder; and, lastly, his feelings when the comprehension of Christ, and salvation through Him, became clear to his understanding. "The whole world became changed to me," continued he; "every thing seemed as if new-born, and beaming with new beauty. Even the companion of my life, my wife, seemed to me to be again young, and shone before me in new beauty, and I could not help saying to her, 'Of a truth, my wife, I love thee!'" A young woman on the bench where I sat bent down, almost choked with laughter. I bent down also, but to shed tears, which pleasure, sympathy, my own life's experience, and the living, child-like description, so faithful to nature, had called forth. After the sermon Mr. F. and I shook hands with the powerful old Andrew Marshall.

The choir in the gallery—negroes and negresses—sang quartettes, as correctly and beautifully as can be imagined. At the close of the service a woman came forth, and, kneeling before the altar, seemed to be under great distress of mind, and the old preacher prayed for her, in her sorrows and secret grief, a beautiful and heartfelt prayer. Thus to pray in the chapel for the afflicted seems to be customary among the Baptists in this country.

May 15th. It is now very warm here, and the heat is enervating. If it were not so I should enjoy myself in

Savannah, in the family where I am staying; where the master and mistress, as well as the domestics—negroes—seem all to be influenced by the same spirit of good temper and kindness, and where I have made some very agreeable acquaintance. Among those whom I love most are a family named M'L., one of those who labor for the instruction and colonization of the slaves. The daughters themselves instruct the little negro children on their father's estate, and praised very much their facility of learning; in particular, they seemed to have pleasure in pictures and stories, and easily understood them. This gave me great delight; and what a beautiful sphere of action is opened by this means for the young daughters of the South! But I fear they are yet few who embrace it. I have arranged, next year, to take a pleasure trip with this amiable family to Florida, where they have a son residing. But man proposes, and God disposes!

There are many beautiful places in the neighborhood of Savannah, on the high banks of the river, and the number of beautiful trees and flowers is untold. It delighted me to hear Swedish family names in many of the appellations of these, and thus to recognize tokens of Linnæus; as, for instance, I here found *Kudbeckia Lagerströmia*, a very pretty shrub with pale-red flowers, resembling *Tellandsia*, and many others. The kind ladies here—and I have become acquainted with some extraordinary women among them—drove me about in their carriages to see the places and forest parks in the neighborhood. Bonaventura is a natural park, and is one of the remarkable features of the place and the South. The splendid live-oaks, growing in groups and avenues, with their long hanging moss, form on all sides the most beautiful Gothic arcades, and when the evening sun casts his glowing beams through these deep, gloomy vistas, the most lovely effects are produced. The young artists of America ought to come here and study them.

A portion of this beautiful park is being converted into a burial-ground, and white marble grave-stones raise themselves below the hanging mosses of the live-oaks. This moss vegetation is now in blossom; the blossom is a small green button-like flower of the pentandria class, with a delicate scent. Other magnificent flowers of the South, the *Magnolia grandiflora*, the Cape jasmin, and many others, are now beginning to be generally in bloom, but the scent of these is strong, and too powerful for my taste. The scent of the woods is overpowering, and not wholesome. Ladies of delicate complexions become flushed, and suffer from riding through the woods at this season. The flowers operate upon them like poison. To me they appeared suffocating. What odor is there so pleasant and refreshing as that of our fir-woods and our lilies of the valley?

To-day, when I went out alone to a little grove in the midst of the plain of sand, near the town, I found an abundance of the most beautiful strawberries, and wondered how it could be that the negro children left them in peace. I gathered and tasted them, nay I did not taste them, for they had no sign of taste. They were a kind of spurious strawberry. Another spurious beauty in the green fields of the South is a little, low shrub, a kind of Cactus, which is very common, called "the prickly pear," and which bears a beautiful pale-yellow flower, like a single mallow, but which is full of an invisible kind of minute hooked prickle, and after gathering a flower it is many days before you can free your fingers from the tiny spines.

One beautiful institution which I visited here is the asylum for the orphan children of all nations and all religious persuasions. It is under the direction of ladies, also of various nations and religious opinions. I visited it with one of the directresses, who was a Jewess, and much attached to her peculiar religious doctrines, which, according to her representation, approached those of the

Christian Unitarian. The asylum was under the care of Catholic Sisters of Mercy, women with good countenances, but horrible bonnets or hooded caps, which would require a person to be very far gone in world renunciation before they could endure. Both the children and the establishment were a gladdening sight. The children are allowed to make choice of the religious sect to which they will attach themselves, and I saw three young sisters, one of whom was a Methodist, the second a Baptist, and the third a member of the Episcopalian Church.

I must now prepare to leave Savannah and go to Augusta, higher up in the state. I think of ascending the river from Savannah, although I am told that the journey is wearisome and the scenery monotonous. But I greatly prefer the steam-boat to the rail-way.

I shall write more from Augusta, my little Agatha!

P.S.—When I come home I shall bring you lovely work-baskets, made from the scales of the fir-cone, and lined inside with red silk, which these kind ladies have given me, and which are their own work. They look queer, but very ornamental.

LETTER XVII.

Columbia, South Carolina, May 25th.

WHAT a long time it is, my sweet Agatha, since I last conversed with you! but days and hours rush on like the river, and I have not many minutes to myself.

I wrote to you, last at Savannah. Soon after that I left the city, overwhelmed with kindness and presents from its friendly inhabitants up to the last moment. I shall always have to thank my host, Mr. T., for his heartfelt kindness and good-will toward me. At the last moment he compelled me to allow him to pay for my journey to Augusta. People talk about the Americans' spirit

of acquisition, and with justice; but with the same justice they ought to speak of their spirit of giving. They love to give, even as they love to acquire.

Just as I was about to go on board there came a Swedish sea-captain, who told some persons of my acquaintance in Savannah that he wished to see me, because he was brought up at the same place as myself and Jenny Lind. There was not much that was agreeable for me to remember in the educational establishment where we three could have been all together. And when my sea-faring countryman presented himself before me, and we shook hands, he asked, "Was not mademoiselle brought up in Stockholm?"

I assented. "Ay, ay!" said he, with a significant nod of the head, "it is so; I was certain of it, and in Stockholm I was also brought up!"

We shook hands again, and the good man—for he looked like a hearty, good fellow—gave me likewise a present, which I shall bring home with me to Sweden. Almost sinking under presents, which to the last moment were laid in my arms, I set off.

This voyage up the Savannah River, which I had been warned against as slow and monotonous, was more agreeable than I can tell. The weather was charming, and as the stream was strong and the river swollen from the spring-floods, the voyage was slow; I had plenty of time to observe the banks between which the river wound, and though mile after mile and hour after hour presented me with only one scene, yet this scene was *primæval forest*. Masses of foliage from innumerable trees and shrubs, and beautiful climbing plants, seemed resting upon the water on each side of the river, the shores of Georgia and Carolina. Lofty, deep, and impenetrable extended the primeval forest, as I was told, for many miles inland.

But here it existed in its original luxuriance and splendor. I seemed to myself to be present on the third day

of creation, when God called forth the vegetable world, "every tree whose seed was in itself after its kind." On the day when the earth opened its maternal breast and produced all the various trees and flowers of the earth, Savannah, with its red-brown water, was a river newly sprung from chaos, and rich with its essence, nor yet had had time to settle itself and clear its water, when the green plants of earth sprang forth in wild luxuriance; it seemed to play with them, and they, newly upsprung from the water, seemed to have no wish to part from it, but half longed to fall back into it. Flower-laden, climbing plants flung themselves to the very tops of the trees, and then fell down to dip again in the waves of the river. From amid these masses of verdure, forming porticoes, pyramids, and the most fantastic and massive creations, glanced forth, now and then, a Catalpa, all flaming with its yellowish-white flowers; dark-green, solemn magnolias lifted up their snow-white blossoms toward the light, beautiful and pure as it. I noticed sycamores, amber-bearing poplars, tulip-trees, with their splendid yellow and red flecked blossoms, mulberries, many kinds of oak, elms, and willows as I went along, and high above all towered cypresses, with their long, depending mosses, spreading their vast arms abroad, like patriarchs over the lower tribes of vegetation. Not a human dwelling was to be seen on these shores, not a trace of human activity. There was neither the sight nor sound of animal life, and although alligators are numerous in the Savannah River, I did not see one; not a bird sang, and all was silent and hushed, even the wind itself. It was a desolation full of fantastic beauty, and just now in the pride of its splendor. At length I saw, sitting on the naked boughs of a dead fir-tree, two large birds of prey, reminding the beholder that "death was come into the world."

Thus we sped on, in a high-pressure boat, the Oregon, with its two reeking chimneys, up the river, mile after mile, hour after hour, while the morning and the evening,

the sun and the moon, seemed to contend which should most beautify the scene. And I sang in my soul, as the earliest colonists of Georgia had done before me, "How beautiful is creation, how glorious the Creator!" and then I thought, what a poem, what a glorious romance is this portion of the world in its natural life; what wealth, what beauty, what varied scenes it embraces in its bosom! I was now again alone with America; America revealed her mysteries to me, and made me aware of her wealth, the inheritance of future generations.

The Savannah forms the boundary between Carolina and Georgia. I had tenderly-beloved friends both in Carolina and Georgia. I loved Georgia the most, and turned toward its shore as toward a more free, a more youthfully, fresh land.

The voyage was an incessant feast for me, and I wished only to be silent and enjoy it. But in order to do that, I had to avoid, in the saloon, a throng of handsome, but wild young girls, who had made, on their own account, a pleasure-party, and now ran about here and there, chattering, calling to one another, and laughing; and on deck, a few gentlemen, planters, who were polite and wished to talk, but talked only of "cotton, cotton, cotton," and how the world was beginning to busy itself about American cotton. I fled away from these worshipers of cotton, and endeavored to be alone with the river and the primeval forest, and with the light and shadows within it. There was with the troop of young girls, also, a youth, a handsome young man, a brother or relative of some of them. Later on in the evening he had to leave the vessel, and then the wild young girls took hold of him, embraced and kissed him, the one after the other, in fun and amid laughter, while he, half annoyed and half amused, endeavored to get loose from them. What impression would that young man carry away with him of that night's scene? Not esteem for woman. One of the elder gentlemen on

deck shook his head at the young girls' behavior; "They make a fool of that young man!" said he to me. It was not till late in the night that I could get to sleep for the noise which these girls made.

The next day was Sunday, and life seemed to celebrate a holy-day, so still and so festively adorned appeared all nature. The wild young girls had become quiet, and assembled before the door of my cabin, which was open toward the river. They were evidently in a state of mind to hear something serious. The peace of the Sabbath rested upon them. Had now some sower, commissioned of Heaven, sown the seed of truth and the comprehension of the higher life in the souls of these young girls, the seed would assuredly have fallen in good ground. I have faith in the inborn, pure earnestness of woman's nature, and its kinship with the highest spiritual life, and it grieved me when I saw it running wild as in this case. Not that I think a moment of wildness is of much consequence in a human life; all depends upon the main direction of the whole. But if nature is left to itself, it becomes a wilderness, and wildernesses of human nature are very much less beautiful than those of the primeval forest—nor would even these be good to live in. The spirit of a superior nature must lay his hand upon the young heathen before he can become full of human dignity and beauty.

Fathers and mothers in the young, New World do not seem rightly to know the good old proverb, "*Use is second nature*;" nor the other equally excellent one, "*It is easier to stem a brook than a river.*"

Toward the evening of this day, the young girls were landed here and there at different plantations, from which boats were put out to fetch them; and from the banks of the river I heard words of affectionate welcome, and saw cheerful fires blazing through the thick darkness, for the young moon had already set, and the darkness of night

is very dark here at this season, while the evening glow of our skies lights up earth and heaven till it is dimmed by the glow of morning.

On Saturday afternoon I went on board at Savannah. On Monday morning I arrived at Augusta, where I was met by the agreeable, excellent Mr. B., who took me in his carriage to his house, where I was received with great kindness by his wife, a handsome and agreeable Irish lady, with a handsome English countenance, remarkably like Frances von K., but with a softer expression, and by Hannah L., the pale girl from the South, whom I first met with on the voyage from England, and whom I liked so much. It was a pleasure to me to find her health now better after her European tour, and she seemed to me, here in her home and her own circle of friends, more amiable even than before.

I spent here some very agreeable days, receiving visitors only in the evening, and spending the mornings in driving out to the plantations in the neighborhood and elsewhere. Here, also, I often had to listen to and to answer the same multitude of trivial and wearisome questions, one of the worst and most frequent of which was, "Do the United States answer your expectations?"

Yet even here I also became acquainted with some excellent people, both men and women, real Christians and true citizens of the world, who are silently laboring at the work of emancipation, wisely and effectually; assisting the slaves into the path of self-emancipation; that is to say, giving opportunity to those slaves to acquire money, helping them to keep it, and encouraging them to industry and good conduct, with a view to their liberation at a certain time—in a few years perhaps, or it may be less, and afterward giving them that freedom for which they have worked. How beautiful it seemed to me when I saw them; in particular, an elderly gentleman and lady, how good they seemed to me, and how amiable! How happy

I felt myself in knowing them! One of these friends of humanity had advanced to a negro woman a little capital, which enabled her, by her own labor, not only to pay monthly interest to her owner for the money he had paid for her, but by which she had the means of purchasing the freedom of four of her children; the fifth had yet to be purchased, but even this one, also, would shortly be free, through the help of a benevolent man. And who does not admire this slave, who thinks nothing of continuing herself a slave, but merely of purchasing the freedom—of emancipating her children? Such a mother would, in the times of Athens and Sparta, have been proclaimed as “an honor to humanity.” But this mother remains an unknown slave. It is true that she feels herself well off in her situation, and does not wish for a freedom which at her age could not be obtained but at the exchange of a life free from care, for one much harder—at least in Liberia. “When I am old,” said she, “and no longer able to work, master and mistress will take care of me!” So think many old slaves, and do not trouble themselves about a freedom in which they would have to take care of themselves. And this is good when the master and mistress are good, and do not die before the old slaves, in which case the fate of these is very uncertain, and becomes sometimes, under new owners, worse than that of the domestic animals.

During my visit to a few of the plantations, I could clearly see that the ladies looked on me with suspicious glances. I liked one of these ladies, nevertheless. She seemed to me of a fresh, fine, motherly character. I requested her to accompany me to a slave village at a short distance from the house. She agreed to do so. The hands, as the working negroes of the South are called, were now out in the fields reaping the corn, and their houses were mostly locked up; I went into the few that remained open. In one of these an old negro, who had a

bad foot, sat on the bed. Both himself and the whole dwelling bore the stamp of good care and attention. "He is well provided for in his old age, because he is one of our own people," said Mrs. E. aloud to me, so that the negro might hear her; "if he were free, he would not be so well off."

"And why not?" said I, but silently, to myself, for I would not say it aloud lest the negro should hear. "We too, on our estates in Sweden, have old and sick servants, and although they are free and enjoy freely the wages for which they serve, yet we consider it no less incumbent on us, in justice to them and as our own duty, to take all possible care of them in their sickness and old age; and if they serve us faithfully, to make their old age as happy as we possibly can consistently with our own means. The bad master with us, as well as the bad slaveholder, goes where he belongs."

This is what I wished to say to Mrs. E., and would have said it if we had been alone together, because I could not help seeing in her a somewhat proud, but at the bottom a noble character, who, by the injustice of the Abolitionists against the position of the slaveholder, has been driven to injustice against that of the workers, but who could and who would look at the truth, if, without any polemical asperity, it were placed before her unbiased judgment. But I did not find any opportunity for trying the experiment, because we never were alone.

The slave villages in Georgia have the same exterior as those in Carolina, and the condition of the slaves on the plantations seem to me similar also. The good and the bad masters make the only difference; but then, in such circumstances, this is immeasurable.

"Here lives the owner of a plantation who is universally known as cruel to his people," was once said to me as I went past a beautiful country house almost concealed by thick trees and shrubs. People know this, and they do

not willingly hold intercourse with such a man, that is all. Neither the angel of justice nor of love ventures into these mystical groves, where human beings are sacrificed. What paganism amid Christianity! But this avenges itself, nevertheless, on the white races, as is evident in many things.

One day I went to see, in the forest, some of the poor people called "clay-eaters;" these are a kind of wretched white people, found in considerable numbers both in Carolina and Georgia, who live in the woods, without churches, without schools, without hearths, and sometimes, also, without homes, but yet independent and proud in their own way, and who are induced by a diseased appetite to eat a sort of unctuous earth which is found here, until this taste becomes a passion with them, equally strong with the love of intoxicating liquors; although, by slow degrees, it consumes its victim, causes the complexion to become gray, and the body soon to mingle with the earth on which it has nourished itself. Clay-eaters is the name given to these miserable people. No one knows whence they come, and scarcely how they exist; but they and the people called "Sand-hill people"—poor whites who live in the barren, sandy tracts of the Southern States—are found in great numbers here. The Sand-hill people are commonly as immoral as they are ignorant; for as by the law of the States it is forbidden to teach the negro slaves to read and write, and in consequence there would be no support for schools, where half the population consists of slaves, and the country in consequence is thinly inhabited; therefore the indigent white people in the country villages are without schools, and very nearly without any instruction at all. Besides which, these people have no feeling for the honor of labor and the power of activity. The first thing which a white man does when he has acquired a little money is to buy a slave, either male or female, and the slave must work for the whole family. The poor

slaveholder prides himself on doing nothing, and letting the whole work be done by the slave. Slave labor is generally careless labor, and all the more so under a lazy master. The family is not benefited by it. If the master and mistress are furnished, the slaves are furnished also, and all become miserable together. But again to the clay-eaters.

Mr. G. and his family were a good specimen of this class of people. They lived in the depths of a wood quite away from any road. It was a hot and sultry day, and it was sultry in the wood. The poison-oak (a kind of dwarf oak, said to be extremely poisonous) grew thickly on all sides in the sand. Deep in the wood we found a newly-built shed, which had been roofed in for the poor family by some benevolent persons. Here lived the husband and wife, with five or six children. They had a roof over their heads, but that was all; I saw no kind of furniture whatever, not even a fire-place, and door there was none. But Mr. G., an affable little man of about fifty, seemed delighted with his world, with himself, his children, and in particular with his wife, whom he described as the best wife in the world, and with whom he seemed to be enchanted. The wife, although gray as the earth, both in complexion and dress, and pitifully thin, was evidently still quite young, and possessed real beauty of feature. She looked good but not gay, was silent, and kept her eyes very much fixed on her children, the handsomest, the most magnificent, unbaptized young creatures that any one can imagine, tumbling about with one another in perfect freedom, with natural grace, liveliness, and agility—very excellent human material, thought I, and better than many a baptized, over-indulged drawing-room urchin. Mr. G. was talkative, and volunteered us various passages out of his life's history.

He had at one time been the overseer of a slaveholder and churchman; but the office was one of so much cruel-

ty that he gave it up. He could not endure having to flog the slaves himself, nor yet to have them flogged. But his master would not permit him to abstain from it. And others were no better. He had tried them. 'This one, it seemed to him, ought to have been better, as he was a religious man. "And in the beginning he was not bad," said he; "but after a while he married a rich planter's daughter, which changed him greatly, and he grew worse and worse every year. But that was the fault of his marriage, for he was unhappy with his wife."

The clay-eater in the forest looked down with compassion upon the rich planter—religious professor though he was—unhappy with his wife and cruel to his people. He, the freeman in the wild forest, with his pretty, gentle wife, and his handsome children, was richer and happier than he! Mr. G. seemed proud as a king in his free, innocent poverty.

"But can not overseers be gentle to the slaves?" inquired I. "No," replied he, "they must be severe; they must drive them with the whip, if they are to work as they ought; and the planters will have nothing else."

I leave this man's *must* to its own intrinsic value, and to the question whether it may not have had its origin in a want of wise management and gentleness in himself. But true it is that the overseers which I have as yet met with displease me by a certain severity, a certain savage expression in their countenance, particularly in their eye. And one of the heaviest grievances in the life of the planter seems to me to be, that the slaves, after a long series of years, are left in the power of the overseers while the master and his family are absent from the plantation for the sake of their health or their pleasure.

The day after my visit to the clay-eaters, I was present at a festival at Augusta, on occasion of the presentation of a sword of honor, on behalf of the State of Georgia, to a young officer of Augusta, who had distinguished himself,

and had been severely wounded in the war with Mexico. A stage was erected for the occasion in a little park within the city, and around it, in the form of an amphitheatre, a gallery, with benches and seats, which were filled with spectators. The sword was presented to the young soldier on the elevated platform, which was covered with carpets and adorned with banners. It was a very beautiful scene, under the open sky and the beautiful trees, only there was rather too much talking. I was pleased that the young hero of the day, in his speech, mentioned, with affection and praise, many of his comrades in the war, who had, he said, deserved this distinction better than he; and he related their achievements. He seemed to have a heartfelt delight in speaking of the deeds of his companions-in-arms. The assembly applauded his speech rapturously. We had, besides, several other speeches. I can not help always being astonished at the Americans' great facility in talking. When, however, the speeches are too numerous and too long, I can not but recall the words of Mr. Poinsett, when on one occasion I spoke with admiration of this wonderful facility in making speeches, "It is a great misfortune!"

After the ceremony the cannon fired loud enough to split the drums of one's ears, if not the walls of the fortress.

The hero of the day descended from the platform amid a host of friends and acquaintances; his sword of honor, with its handsome silver hilt, its inscription and belt, was passed from hand to hand among the spectators. After this, music struck up, and the company proceeded in a promenade dance under the trees, which were illuminated with colored lamps, the young hero at a given sign taking the lead. Dancing then became general. I noticed a number of little girls dancing; they looked pretty, though I am not fond of seeing children so fine, and such little women, in the dance. The ladies who did not dance sat in grand style on the galleried seats under the trees.

Many were very handsome. It astonished me when Mrs. E., the planter's lady who had looked suspiciously on me, and yet whom I took a liking to, introduced me to her husband, and when they both invited me very kindly and warmly to pay them a visit for as long a time as might be agreeable to me. I was sorry to be obliged to decline so polite an invitation, one which proved to me that I had not been mistaken in my liking for the lady. Her husband, also, appeared extremely agreeable.

A heavy shower of rain, which came on quite unexpectedly, put a sudden end to the fête, and sent every body helter-skelter home.

When at home with Mr. B., I heard the negroes singing, it having been so arranged by Hannah L. I wished rather to have heard their own *naïve* songs, but was told that they "dwelt with the Lord," and sang only hymns. I am sorry for this exclusiveness; nevertheless, their hymns sung in quartette were glorious. It would be impossible to have more exquisite or better singing. They had note-books before them, and seemed to be singing from them; but my friends laughed, doubting whether they were for actual use. In the midst of the singing a cock began to crow in the house, and kept on crowing incessantly. From the amusement this occasioned, I saw that there was more in it than appeared. Nor was it, in reality, a cock that crowed, but a young negro from a neighboring court, who, being possessed of the cock's ability to crow, chose to make one in the concert.

After this, another young negro, who was not so evangelical as the rest, came and sang with his banjo several of the negro songs universally known and sung in the South by the negro people, whose product they are, and in the Northern States by persons of all classes, because they are extremely popular. The music of these songs is melodious, *naïve*, and full of rhythmical life, and the deepest, tenderest sentiment. Many of these songs remind me

of Haydn's and Mozart's simple, *naïve* melodies; for example, "Rosa Lee," "Oh, Susannah," "Dearest May," "Carry me back to old Virginny," "Uncle Ned," and "Mary Blane," all of which are full of the most touching pathos, both in words and melody. The words, however, are frequently inferior to the music; they are often childish, and contain many repetitions both of phrases and imagery; but frequently, amid all this, expressions and turns of thought which are in the highest degree poetical, and with bold and happy transitions, such as we find in the oldest songs of our Northern people. These negro songs are also not uncommonly ballads, or, more properly, little romances, which contain descriptions of their love affairs and their simple life's fate. There is no imagination, no gloomy background, rich with saga or legend, as in our songs; but, on the other hand, much sentiment, and a *naïve*, and often humorous seizing upon the moment and its circumstances. These songs have been made on the road; during the journeyings of the slaves; upon the rivers, as they paddled their canoes along or steered the raft down the stream; and, in particular, at the corn-huskings, which are to the negroes what the harvest-home is to our peasants, and at which they sing impromptu whatever is uppermost in their heart or in their brain. Yes, all these songs are peculiarly improvisations, which have taken root in the mind of the people, and are listened to and sung to the whites, who, possessed of a knowledge of music, have caught and noted them down. And this improvisation goes forward every day. People hear new songs continually; they are the offspring of nature and of accident, produced from the joys and the sorrows of a childlike race. The rhyme comes as it may, sometimes clumsily, sometimes no rhyme at all, sometimes most wonderfully fresh and perfect; the rhythm is excellent, and the descriptions have local coloring and distinctness. Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee, Carolina, "Old Virginny," all the

melodious names of the Southern States and places there, the abodes of the slaves, are introduced into their songs, as well as their love histories, and give a local interest and coloring not only to the song, but to the state and to the place which they sing about. Thus these songs are like flowers and fragrance from the negro life in those states—like flowers cast upon the waves of the river, and borne hither and thither by the wind—like fragrance from the flowers of the wilderness in their summer life, because there is no bitterness, no gloomy spirit in these songs. They are the offspring of life's summer day, and bear witness to this. And if bitterness and the condition of slavery were to cease forever in the free land of the United States, these songs would still live, and bear witness to the light of life, even as the phosphorescent beam of the fire-fly shines, though the glow-worm may be crushed.

The young negro whom I heard sing this evening, sang among other songs one of which I would that I could give you an idea, so fresh was the melody, and so peculiar the key. Of the words I only remember this first verse :

I am going to the old Pedee !
And there on the old Pedee,
On a summer's night,
When the moon shines bright,
My Sally I shall see !

The last syllable of the first and last verse is long drawn out. The little romance describes how the lover and Sally will be married and settle themselves down, and live happily all on the banks of the old Pedee. A heartfelt, charming Southern idyll.

The banjo is an African instrument, made from the half of a fruit called the calabash, or gourd, which has a very hard rind. A thin skin or piece of bladder is stretched over the opening, and over this one or two strings are stretched, which are raised on a bridge. The banjo is the negroes' guitar, and certainly it is the first-born among stringed instruments.

The day following, when dining with a Mr. and Mrs. G., I also had the pleasure of hearing some negro songs, which pleased me greatly. The young negro who sang, having weak lungs, was not able to do much work, and some kind people, therefore, had enabled him to cultivate his musical gifts by instruction and practice. He sang excellently. And in order to understand the peculiar fascination of their songs, they should be heard sung by negroes, with their beaming glances and *naïve abandon*.

Augusta is a little city of the same style as Savannah, but less great, less beautiful, smaller in every way; but very pretty, nevertheless, and situated in a broad bend of the Savannah. Around it are many charming country houses with their gardens. I visited several such; saw beautiful and earnest family groups, and heard the hundred-tongued birds singing in the oak woods. Of oaks, such as our Swedish oak, I find none; but many other kinds of oaks, of which the live-oak, with its delicately cut oval leaf, is the most splendid kind.

During my stay at Augusta, I have been for some time deliberating upon an excursion which I proposed to make northward. I wished greatly to visit the Highlands of Georgia, and Tellulah Falls in that district, which had been described to me in Charleston as the most picturesque in America. I should like to have seen that original, who a few years since built the first inn at the Falls, and who christened his eldest daughter Magnolia Grandiflora, his second Tellulah Falls, and his son some other curious name, which I have forgotten. I had already half determined to undertake the journey, and a kind young lady had given me letters to her friends in Athens and Rome, places on the road to Tellulah Falls, and which I presume are related in about the same degree to the great of these names as we probably are to Adam and Eve; but the heat became great, and I felt myself so weak in consequence of it, and the journey would have been so

fatiguing, that I gave it up, and determined instead to go back to Charleston by way of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, and which I have been told has a remarkably beautiful site in the neighborhood of the Highlands.

Having promised to return, I parted from my kind entertainers, thankful for the residence in their house, and for that which the residence in Augusta had given me, of gold, better than that of California.

The excellent, agreeable Mr. B. accompanied me a short distance to the rail-road, on the other side of the river. On our way we passed through the slave market. Forty or fifty young persons of both sexes were walking up and down before the house in expectation of purchasers. They were singing; they seemed cheerful and thoughtless. The young slaves who were here offered for sale were from twelve to twenty years of age. There was one little boy, however, who was only six: he belonged to no one there. He attached himself to the slave-keeper. Poor little fellow! Who was his mother? Who his sister or his brother? Many of these children were fair mulattoes, and some of them very pretty. One young girl of twelve was so white, that I should have supposed her to belong to the white race; her features, too, were also those of the whites. The slave-keeper told us that the day before, another girl, still fairer and handsomer, had been sold for fifteen hundred dollars. These white children of slavery become, for the most part, victims of crime, and sink into the deepest degradation. Yet again—what heathenism in the midst of a Christian land!

The greater number of these young slaves were from Virginia, which not needing much slave labor itself, sells its slaves down South. Some gentlemen were on the spot, and one or two of them called my attention to the cheerful looks of the young people.

“All the more sorrowful is their condition,” thought I; “the highest degradation is not to feel it!”

But from this shame-spot in the young and beautiful State of Georgia, I turn my glance with pleasure to another spot, one rich in honor and hope—that so-called “Liberty county;” and it was a great loss to me not to have been able to visit this, the oldest home of liberty in the State of Georgia. Here began the first movement in the South for American freedom. “The Liberty Boys” originated here; and here it was that, still later, commenced the first effectual movements for the instruction of the negroes in Christianity, for their emancipation and colonization in their African father-land.

A short time ago there died in Liberty county a rich planter, Mr. Clay, universally known for his zeal on these subjects, and for his human kindness generally. His corpse was followed to the grave by a great number of persons, both whites and blacks. The whites, as soon as the grave was covered in, returned to their homes, but the negroes remained by the grave through the whole night, singing hymns. The sister of Mr. Clay participated with him in the work of elevating the slaves, and it is said continues it since his death. God bless all such noble and liberal-minded persons!

I found that in Georgia the following view of slavery prevailed generally:

Slavery is an evil; but under the wise direction of God it will become a blessing to the negroes. The whites who have enslaved them will make them compensation for their sufferings through the gift of Christianity, and by instructing them in agriculture and the handcraft arts—thus they may be first instructed, and then gradually emancipated and colonized in Africa; the heathen nations of Africa being finally Christianized and civilized through the Christianized and emancipated slaves of America.

I am convinced that this is the truth and the way. And by this view of the question in Georgia, and from what it has already begun, I see a proof of how much

public opinion in this country goes ahead of legislation; for the law, as regards the treatment of slaves, takes a very low stand in Georgia, as well as in South Carolina.

Georgia may, with more justice than Carolina, be called the Palmetto State, as the palmetto is really very abundant there, besides many other plants, which indicate the neighborhood of the tropics, and a new face of nature; and how gladly would I contemplate this face still more closely! One of those plants, called *Yucca gloriosa*, as well as the Spanish dagger, sends forth its pointed dagger-like leaves in all directions from the stem, and has a cluster of splendid white bell-shaped flowers.

And now adieu for the present, amid the beautiful flowers of Georgia, and its still more beautiful human beings.

Columbia is a pretty little city of handsome villas and gardens, and in the midst of these a fine Senate House, for Columbia is the capital of South Carolina. Every state in the Union has its capital situated in the centre of the state, and commonly it is of small importance, excepting as a place of meeting for the two legislative bodies, the Senate and Representatives, who sit in the Senate House of the capital some months of each year. Besides which, each state has its large trading towns situated by the sea, or upon some of the great rivers which pour in all directions through this abundantly-watered portion of the earth. Columbia, in Carolina—every state in the Union has, I believe, a city which is called Columbia or Columbus—is beautifully situated on a height near the River Congaree.

I have derived great pleasure, through the kindness of a Mr. Gibbs, here, a natural historian, who has shown me much attention. In his collection I have seen the remains of those antediluvian creatures, the Megatherium and Mastodon, the bones of which have been dug up here. These remains belong to Titanic creatures. A single tooth is as large as my hand. Mr. Gibbs has had the kindness to give me drawings and descriptions of these animals, which

I shall be glad to send home to our Professor Sundeval. He has also given me a little humming-bird's nest, the prettiest thing in the world, built of small, delicate blades of grass and tiny pieces of paper.

I was one day invited by Professor F. to the weddings of two couples of his house slaves. The bridal pairs were young people, and looked very well, especially one of the bridegrooms, a negro black as night, and whom his master commended for the excellence of his character and his general intelligence, and one of the brides—but not of *the* bridegroom *par excellence*—were regularly handsome. Both the brides were dressed very prettily in white, and wore garlands. The clergyman entered the negro-company, stepped up to the bridal couples and very soon dismissed the marriage ceremony, after which they began dancing in the same room. Negroes and negresses swung round in a lively waltz; ladies dressed and decked out in gauze and flowers, altogether like our ladies, the only difference being that these had more finery about them, and considerably less grace; and, after all, they looked very much better in this borrowed and imitated finery than I should have believed possible. While the black company danced zealously, the white people went to see the wedding dinner-table, which was splendidly covered with flowers and fine cakes, and seemed really almost to bend under the abundance of meats.

I here became acquainted with a German, Professor Lieber, an author of talent, and a worthy man. For the rest there was nothing very remarkable here, unless it were the great number of colonels. All gentlemen of wealth, planters or others, it matters not, are called colonel, though they may not have been military. Such colonels abound in the Southern States. When I expressed my astonishment at this general promotion, I was told that when the President of the United States visited the various states, he nominated many of these gentlemen to be his adjutants

for the occasion; and these adopted and have since retained the title of colonel. But that sounding title for so small service, and the passion for titles which evidently distinguished a portion of the republican people of America, especially in the South, is—a little possessed of the devil, and but little in harmony with the aim of this community. The old Adam in the old uniform is going about still!

Yesterday I went out alone on a ramble of discovery through wood and field. I came to a pretty little house in the midst of a wood, and there stood at its door, and apparently its owner, a fat mulatto woman. With the excuse of obtaining a glass of water, I went into the house and fell into discourse with the old couple, a negro and his wife, to whom the house and a little garden belonged. The mulatto woman was talkative, and showed me the whole house, which the master of herself and her husband had built for them and given them for their lifetime. It showed throughout that the old couple had a love of order and excellence, not only in the house but the garden. Their children were all dead, and some dark words, accompanied by dark glances, escaped the old woman in the bitter feeling of the loss of her children through the fault of others, which made me aware of a dark background to this bright picture. But I would not seek to know more. The old negro, I thought, looked anxious when his wife talked gloomily.

At another place in the wood I saw, at a very little residence, two elderly white ladies, evidently sisters, and meanly clad, sitting enjoying the shade of a live oak. I asked permission to sit down with them in the shade. They consented, and thus I fell into discourse with them, was shown their house, and made acquainted with their circumstances. These were narrow. The sisters had seen better days, but had, since the death of their father, fallen into need; they were now supported by the product of their place and by dress-making. But they were contented, and

piety and labor made life serene and the days short. If only the health of one of the sisters were a little better, and the summers and the sand a little less hot! How similar every where are human circumstances, how similar are the causes of suffering and of happiness, of joy and of sorrow! Here is it the summer and the sand which is in the way of happiness; elsewhere it is the winter and the granite—every where it is sickness!

Charleston, June 2d. This Charleston—this “owl’s nest,” is nevertheless right pleasant as it now stands, like an immense bouquet of fragrant trees and flowers, and with its kind, amiable people! It has affected me deeply to have been received here as I have been by old and new friends. I have come to love Charleston for the sake of its inhabitants, especially for my two ladies there, Mrs. W. Howland and Mrs. Holbrook. I am now once more in the excellent home of the former, where I have been received as a member of the family.

I arrived here the day before yesterday half suffocated by the heat of the atmosphere, sunshine, smoke, and steam, but found here a real Swedish, fresh summer air, which still continues and has greatly refreshed me, to say nothing of all that is good, comfortable, and charming, with which this home abounds. God be thanked for *this* good home and for every good home on earth! “All good homes!” is my usual toast when I propose one at the American tables.

I found upon my writing-table a bouquet of beautiful flowers from Mrs. Holbrook, and a book which both surprised and pleased me. I little expected in the New World, and least of all in a great city, to meet with a profoundly penetrative, liberal spirit, which, like Böklin in Sweden, and H. Martensen in Denmark, places the ground of Christian faith in the highest reason. It is, however, precisely this pure German spirit which I find in the *Philosophic Theology*, or the *first Principles* of all

Religious Faith founded in Reason, by the young missionary, James W. Miles ; a small book, but of great import, written with English clearness and precision, without any German prolixity. This little work comes very near Martensen's "Autonomi;" that excellent treatise which Martensen has yet to develop ; and it rejoices me all the more, as it proves that the laws of thought develop themselves in the human race from an inner necessity, irrespective of accidental circumstances. Truths, discoveries, do not emigrate from one country to another. Among all people who have advanced to about the same degree of intellectual cultivation the same phenomena and the same views present themselves. Thus here, a young, solitary, retired, but profoundly thinking man arrived at the same train of thought as our greatest Scandinavian philosophical theologians, and that without knowing them or the fountains from which they have quaffed the new life of thought. One instance in the book, by which the young Miles elucidates the connection of the subjective reason with the objective—that is, of man's with that of God, has struck me from the same cause—namely, how different minds in far distant countries and under different circumstances arrive at the same results of thought, because I myself have frequently made use of the same in conversation, as proof on this subject—and have always regarded it as my own discovery, and have had my own little selfish pleasure in so doing. But how much greater is my pleasure in seeing that it also flashes forth before another seeking soul, and becomes for him a guiding star. The instance I alluded to is the well-known one of Le Verrier, who calculated that a star existed in a certain spot of the universe, and of the star being afterward discovered there.

I must immediately write to Mrs. H., to express my pleasure in the book and its author. And now once more I hope to wander with her in the shades of the myrtle grove.

Justina, the eldest daughter of Mrs. W. H., is just now returned, after about a year's residence in Baltimore, in Maryland. It was a delight to me to see her joyful reception at home. How alike are all good homes and relationships! The same sorrows, the same joys! But that I have long known, even without seeing it.

There is here this evening a great *soirée* for my sake. I am very glad that I am not responsible for it. I have nothing to do but to go about, tolerably elegantly attired, *faire la belle conversation*, reply to the questions of "How do you like this?" and "How do you like that?" and be amiable according to my ability.

June 10th. Now, my sweet child, I must prepare this letter, which is even now too long, for its departure. I have enjoyed myself for several days in doing—nothing, watching the humming-birds, fluttering about the red flowers of the garden, or looking at the great turkey-buzzards, sitting on the roof and chimneys, spreading out their large wings in the wind or the sun, which gives them a very strange appearance; and for the rest, looking about me a little in the state and in the city.

South Carolina is a state of much more aristocratic character, as well in law as social life, than Georgia, and has not the element of freedom and humanity as the fundamental principle of its life, like its younger sister state. Massachusetts and Virginia, the old dominions, the two oldest mother hives, from which swarms went forth to all the other states of the Union, sent also its earliest cultivators to South Carolina. Puritans and cavaliers were united, but that merely through pecuniary interests. The Englishmen. Lord Shaftesbury and John Locke, established here an aristocratic community, and negro slaves were declared to be the absolute property of their masters. Nevertheless, South Carolina lacks not in her earliest history the moment which made her a member of the New World, and which, according to my view, was when she

offered a sanctuary and a new home to the persecuted children of the Old World; yes, when she gave to all persecuted, oppressed, or unhappy human beings the opportunity and the means of beginning anew a new life, a new hope, a new and more happy development.

The noble Coligny, in France, long ago cast his glance toward South Carolina as a place of refuge for the Huguenots. And when persecution broke forth in all its unbounded ferocity, they who could save themselves fled hither across the sea to the land which rumor had described as the pride and envy of North America, and where, throughout the year, every month had its own flowers—which last is perfectly true.

“We quitted home by night, leaving the soldiers in their beds, and abandoning the house with its furniture,” says Judith, the young wife of Pierre Manigault. “We contrived to hide ourselves for ten days at Romans, in Dauphigny, while a search was made for us; but our faithful hostess would not betray us. After our arrival in Carolina we suffered every kind of evil. In eighteen months my eldest brother, unaccustomed to the hard labor which we were obliged to undergo, died of a fever. Since leaving France, we had experienced every kind of affliction, disease, pestilence, famine, poverty, hard labor. I have been for six months without tasting bread, working the ground like a slave; and I have passed three or four years without having it when I wanted it. And yet God has done great things for us in enabling us to bear up under so many trials.”

The son of Judith Manigault, who became an affluent man, intrusted the whole of his large property, during the war of American Independence, “for the use of the country which had adopted his mother.” From Languedoc, from Rochelle, from Saintange, from Bourdeaux, and from many other French towns and provinces, fled the persecuted families, who “had all the virtues of Puritans,

without their bigotry, to Carolina." Assignments of land were made to them on the flowery and peaceful banks of the River Cooper, beneath the shade of the glorious primeval forest, whence they could lift their voices in hymns of praise to their God. Thus became South Carolina the asylum of the French Puritans, and thus it takes its place in that great asylum for all people which the New World offers at this day.

And still, to this day, is Carolina, and most of the Southern provinces, full of families descended from these oldest settlers, but who have little more in common with them than the name. Language, manners, memories have become obliterated under the influence of the legislative, amalgamating race of the New World. Yet, nevertheless, somewhat of the French mode, of the French tone of mind, exists still in the life and temperament of the Southern people.

In South Carolina the spirit and the links of social life are aristocratic to a degree which I can not approve of, however much I may like certain people there. And aristocracy there has this in common with aristocracies of the present time; that, while the aristocratic virtues and greatness have vanished, the pretension merely remains. The formerly rich, magnificent planters exist no longer. Wealth, power, munificent hospitality are all gone. And, bowed beneath the yoke of slavery, the Southern States are a long way behind those of the North in their rapid development, in prosperity and population. The emigration of the present day is also beginning to bring in its manufactories and mechanical art even into the Southern States, but much more into Georgia than Carolina. Yet even here has a man from New England, Mr. Gregg, lately established a cotton manufactory, similar to that of Lowell, laid out beautifully with garden-plots for the work-people. Far behind the Northern States stand the South in any case, as regards moral and intellect-

ual culture, and this in consequence of the unhappy slave institution, with all its consequences, both to the black and the white population. There are great individuals in the Southern States, but no great community, no united, aspiring people. The fetters of slavery bind, more or less, all and every one. Yet I love the South. I have found there many things to love—many things to esteem—many things to enjoy—many things to be grateful for; and as it is natural to me to enter into the life amid which I am living or observing, I have in the South felt myself to have a Southern tendency; and having entered into the peculiar life of the South, its circumstances and position, having a living sense of the good which abundantly exists here, which here is in operation, I have perfectly understood that bitter feeling which ferments, even in noble minds, toward the despotic and unreasonable North, against that portion of the North which is so opposed to the South; against the ultra-abolitionists and their violence. It is merely when I oppose them to the ultra of the pro-slavery party that I hold with the former. But what would I not give if the South, the true, the noble South, would itself take the subject of contention in hand, and silence the mouth of their opponents, silence their blame, both just and unjust, in a great and noble way, by laws which would bring about a gradual emancipation, by *one law, at least*, which should allow the slaves to purchase their own freedom and that of their families at a reasonable price, a price which should be established by law. This, it seems to me, might be required from the Southern States, as an act of justice to themselves, to their native land—so far as they desire to have part in its proud charter of liberty, and that they do desire—as an act of justice to their posterity, to the people whom they have enslaved, and for whom they thereby would open a future, first by means of hope, by a noble object for which to strive, and then a new existence in a life of freedom, either

in Africa, or here in their adopted country, as the free servants or laborers of the whites; for I confess that, according to my opinion, the Southern States would lose a great part of their charm and their peculiar character in losing their black population. Bananas, negroes, and negro-songs are the greatest refreshments of the mind, according to my experience, which I found in the United States. And to every one, whether in Old or New England, who is troubled by spleen or dyspepsia, or over-excitement of brain or nerves, would I recommend, as a radical cure, a journey to the South to eat bananas, to see the negroes, and hear their songs. It will do them good to go through the primeval forest, with its flowers, and its odors, and to sail upon the red rivers! But the negroes are preferable to every thing else. They are the life and the good humor of the South. The more I see of this people, their manners, their disposition, way of talking, of acting, of moving, the more am I convinced that they are a distinct stock in the great human family, and are intended to present a distinct physiognomy, a distinct form of the old type, man, and this physiognomy is the result of temperament.

Last evening I went with Mrs. W. H. to a place in the city where the negroes, who come during the day to Charleston from the plantations to sell their small wares, baskets, woven mats, and such like, as well as garden produce, lie to with their boats. It was now evening, and the negroes were returning to their boats to row back up the river; they came with bundles in their hands, jugs on their heads, and all sorts of vessels filled with things which they had purchased with the product of their wares, wheat-bread and molasses being apparently the principal articles. Already were two boats filled with people, and baskets, and jugs, amid the merriest chatter and laughter; but still they waited for more, and I heard Adam, and Aaron, and Sally, and Mehala, and Lucy, and Abra-

ham, and Sarah called for! We, in the mean time, fell into discourse with the negroes who stood on the shore, asking them to whom they belonged, whether they were well off, and so on. Two of those with whom we spoke could not sufficiently praise their masters, and told all that they had given them; on the contrary, they spoke ill of a planter in the neighborhood.

“I fancy you are talking against my master!” said a young negro, somewhat tartly, who came forward with a threatening gesture; on which the others immediately recalled their words. “No, Heaven forbid! They had said nothing, only that their masters—” But again they were interrupted by the champion of the censured master, who maintained that his master was not worse than theirs, and so on. And now a great cry was sent forth for Sally, and Nelly, and Adam, and Abraham, and Aaron! And directly Nelly, and Sally, and Abraham, and Adam, and Aaron, and I do not know how many other of Adam’s captive sons and daughters, came running along with jugs, and baskets, and bottles toward the shore, and then down into the boats, amid loud shouting, and talking, and laughter; and how they all got into the boats, men and molasses, women and jugs, and baskets and bottles, helter-skelter, rolling and tumbling, without method or measure, rhyme or reason, which I could discover, is more than I can tell! I only could stare at it in astonishment. It was like a confused mass of arms, and legs, and heads in one black movement; but merry was it, and all went on good-humoredly, and good-humoredly they went off. And all the black mass was quiet, and then the boats put off from the shore with little zigzags, and talk and laughter was heard from one boat to the other, and white teeth shone out in the dark. When, however, they had got out in the river, and the oars kept time on the mirror-bright waters, they began to sing, and the chaotic confusion dissolved itself in the most beautiful harmony.

One peculiarity in these so-called children of nature is their aristocratic tendency ; but I have always regarded the children of nature as natural aristocrats. They pride themselves on belonging to rich masters, and consider a marriage with the servant of a poor master as a great misalliance. They look up to their rich masters as an Oriental Grefac of the old race upon his ancestors. That which beyond every thing else is an impediment to the emancipation of this people, and in great masses, is their want of nationality, their want of popular spirit, and a general unity of feeling. They have merely a feeling for family or for kindred, and perhaps for the tribe, where the tribes still continue unbroken, as in Africa. They have no common memories, and no common object of lofty, popular aspiration. The tribes and small principalities of Africa prove this also. And to imagine that the emancipated slaves of America could, beyond the sea, in Liberia, in Africa, establish a community according to the American republic, is, I believe, a mistake. Small monarchical communities are, however, that which they appear to me formed for. They feel in a high degree the sentiment of piety and loyalty, and would always be easily governed, and would like to be governed by a naturally superior person. I see, therefore, the ideal of negro life in small communities, ennobled by Christianity, arranging itself round a superior—their priest or king, or both in one person. And in America I see them thus by preference around a white man, either as his free servants or small tenants, convinced that as a means of leading the people to order and reasonable industry the slaves' fetters and the whip are not needed, but merely Christian, human instruction, which leads to industry and order ; the preaching of Christianity, and that great influence which a man of the white race, by his natural intellectual superiority, and systematic turn of mind, will always have over the black. And if he would add to this in the

scale a moral superiority also, he would become very powerful. To the white gentlemen of the South may be applied the words which Victor Hugo addressed to the monarchs of Europe :

“ Oh rois ! soyez grands, car le peuple grandit ! ”

The slave population of the South is increasing every day in numbers, in intelligence—is becoming more intelligent through the influence of the free blacks and the mulattoes, who are daily increasing in the Slave States and who participate in the educational advantages of the whites. In a word, the black race is in a state of growth, in every way, in the Southern States. May the white race be wise enough to grow also, in spirit, in laws, in life ! It has a great problem to solve. But I have hopes from the noble South, from the children of the light, from the truly emancipated in the Slave States. They will bring the right thing about.

And that would not be difficult, if the women would but awake. But ah ! the greater number here sleep still—sleep still on soft couches, fanned by their slaves, not as free women. Man has so long talked to woman about her listening to the small voice, and that is good ; but it is now time that she should listen to the great voice, to the voice of God’s Spirit in the human race, which sounds over the whole earth, and vibrates through all free nations. Of a truth, it is time !—time that she listened to it, that she became magnanimous in heart and in thought. “ If the mothers became noble-minded, would not the sons be noble ? ” said one of America’s noble women ; and history replies “ Yes ! ”

As regards the slave owners, I may divide them into three classes : Mammon-worshippers, patriarchs, and heroes, or men of progress. The first regard the slaves merely from a pecuniary point of view, and use or misuse them at pleasure. The second consider themselves responsible for their office ; consider that they can not,

and ought not to surrender the property which they have inherited from their fathers, and which, perhaps, is all that they possess for themselves and their children; and they regard it as an imperative duty to preserve these inherited servants, to provide for their old age, and to make their present life as happy as possible, by means of instruction and Christianity, and to allow them as much freedom and as much innocent pleasure as possible. The third, highest class, advances the well-being of the slave with reference to their emancipation; and this is done by means of education, and such practical aids. They advance both people and country on the path of human cultivation. I have heard mention made of some persons even in Carolina as belonging to this latter class, and in particular of two wealthy ladies who have lately liberated their slaves. This is forbidden by the law; but here also has public opinion begun to go ahead of law; and the lawyers themselves aid by passing statutes to this end, and when they are reproached with this, they laugh, and seem untroubled by conscience.

I have heard some very beautiful traits of the patriarchs as well as of their slaves, and of the devotion on both sides. I believe them, because I have seen various instances of the kind, and they appear to me very natural. There is, upon the whole, no human being for whom I have a greater esteem and sympathy than the good and conscientious slaveholder, for his position is one of difficulty, and full of trouble.

By this assertion, however, I stand, that the institution of slavery degrades the white man still more than the black; it operates prejudicially on his development—on his justice—on his judgment; it operates prejudicially, in an especial manner, on the education of his children, and that subjection of their naturally violent tempers, which is so important in their earlier years. Private as well as public morals suffer therefrom. But enough, however—

and perhaps for you too much of this shadow-side of the state which is beloved by the sun.

I must now give you a short summary of my late doings.

I believe I last left off at the party which was going to be given in the house. It was very beautiful, and all went on well, and very charmingly too. Mrs. Hammarsköld (Emilie Holmberg) sang very sweetly; I played Swedish dances; people talked, and walked about, and drank—*tout comme chez nous*. I saw Mr. Simms, one of the best poets and novelists of South Carolina, this evening. He is an enthusiast for the beautiful scenery of the South, and that pleased me, and therein we agreed very well. Not so on the great question; but that I did not expect. I could embrace a young man who is able to look at this question with an unprejudiced and truthfully pure glance; that is, if he would permit it. I saw also a brother of young Miles, who said, speaking on this subject to me, "The world is against us, and we shall be overpowered by voices and condemned without justice, for what we are, and for what we are doing on behalf of our servants." I could not help sympathizing with him in this respect. The excitement is great and the bitterness is strong at this moment between the Northern and Southern States of the Union. Many voices in Carolina are raised for separation and war.

I have, besides, been to a great entertainment given by the Governor of South Carolina, Mr. Akin, and his lovely wife. There was very beautiful music; and for the rest, conversation in the room, or out under the piazzas, in the shade of blossoming creepers, the clematis, the caprifolium, and roses, quite romantic in the soft night air. Five hundred persons, it is said, were invited, and the entertainment was one of the most beautiful I have been present at in this country.

I saw many lovely young daughters of the South, but no great beauty; on the contrary, many were very pale.

The ladies here universally use pearl-powder, which they afterward wipe off, and hence the skin has a sort of velvety, soft color for the moment, but the complexion only becomes more sallow in consequence. I am told that the great heat renders the use of this powder necessary. I have nothing exactly against it, if the powder be only rubbed quite off again; but that is often very imperfectly done. I fear that this white powdering is probably an heir-loom of the old French ancestry.

Yet once more have I wandered with Mrs. Holbrook in the myrtle groves of Belmont, and enjoyed with her an intellectual feast. I have also seen the young intelligent missionary, Mr. Miles; he has a pale, expressive countenance, a deeply penetrative eye—but ah! it has penetrated no more deeply to the heart of the great question than most other eyes here. On other subjects I have been delighted with the free, strong flight of his spirit.

I was invited one evening with Mrs. H. to meet various elderly members of her family. I met on this occasion a couple of old unmarried ladies, the owners of two beautiful islands on the coast of Carolina, where they live alone among three hundred negroes, as their owners, their advisers, and physicians, and in all cases on the best understanding with them. One white man only is on the plantation as overseer.

I regret much not having been able to accept an invitation, at least at this time, and that was to a Mr. Spalding's, a rich old gentleman, who, upon the beautiful island where he lives, has allowed the palmettoes to grow in freedom, and the negroes to live and work in freedom also, governed alone by the law of duty and love, and where all succeeds excellently; and all this have I been invited to see by this noble man. May he live forever!

The coasts, both of Georgia and Carolina, abound in islands, which, I understand, are beautiful as paradise, and rich in vegetation. The finest cotton grows on them.

Cotton is cultivated on the hills and on the islands of Georgia and Carolina; rice upon the lowlands. Even Carolina has hills and mountains abounding in metals, and fresh, clear mountain streams, which do not assume their chocolate hue till they are far on their course.

I intended to have made my journey northward through the highlands of Carolina, and thence through Tennessee and Virginia—because I must of necessity see “the Old Dominion,” one of the oldest parent states, and the native land of Washington; but to travel through Tennessee would have been too fatiguing, where the roads are bad and the inns are bad—for that portion of the state is yet in its infancy—so that I did not dare to undertake the journey in the great heat; but instead shall return by the sea, beautifully and quietly as I came. On the 15th instant, therefore, I shall go on board the steamer to Philadelphia, and thence to Washington. Until then I remain quietly here, and only make little excursions in the city and its neighborhood.

I am quite well, my little Heart, thank God and homeopathy, and unremitting care as regards diet, and my beloved bananas! Besides this, I have availed myself of sea-bathing here; and though I bathe in a swamp and under cover, I feel that it is good for me. The Misses A., two wealthy unmarried sisters, of middle age, have had the kindness to lend me their carriage and horses to take me to the baths. The youngest of these ladies generally accompanies me. The coachman and the horses are faithful old servants of the family, and we are obliged to be driven as they will, and that is not rapidly. The other morning the following conversation occurred between the slave and his mistress.

She. “Dear Richard, don’t drive us down —— Street; it is so long and so sandy, we shall never get along. Do you hear, Richard?”

He. “Yes, I will drive that way, Missis.”

She. "Ah, dear Richard, can't you drive another; for instance, along —— Street?"

He. "No, Missis. I have something to get in —— Street."

She. "Ah, dear Richard, can not I avoid going there?"

He. "No, Missis. I want to go there, Missis."

And, spite of renewed prayers, his mistress was obliged to yield, and we were driven the way which the obstinate Richard chose. These faithful old servants are more obstinate than ours, but then their eyes beam with a something so kind, with such a cordial life, that one can not help letting them have their way sometimes. They desire all for the good of the family.

Among other persons here who have shown me much kindness, and in whose society I have had pleasure, is the minister of the Lutheran Church, the clever natural historian, Mr. Bachman, a cheerful and agreeable man, and a universal favorite.

The master of the house where I am staying, Mr. William Howland, is now returned home. He is a man of refined, gentlemanly demeanor, and evidently a kind and beloved head of the family; one who seems particularly to enjoy being able to live, now for a time, quietly at home with his family. The children seem to dance in the evening more gayly than ever since Justina is at home, and Justina is a noble young girl, well grown, and with a noble exterior, but too pale in complexion. She has a fine talent for the piano, and in the evening, when the dancing is over, she and her sister Ilione sing to the piano negro songs, which amuse their father as much as they amuse me, and we sit under the piazza in the delicious night-air often till midnight.

One evening which I spent at Mr. G.'s I was present at the evening worship of the negroes, in a hall which that good, right-thinking minister had allowed them to use for that purpose. The first speaker, an old negro,

was obliged to give place to another, who said he was so full of the power of the word that he could not possibly keep silence, and he poured forth of his eloquence for a good hour, but said the same thing over and over again. These negro preachers were far inferior to those which I heard in Savannah.

Finally, he admonished one of the sisters "to pray." On this, an elderly, sickly woman began immediately to pray aloud, and her evident fervor in thanksgiving for the consolation of the Gospel of Christ, and her testimony on behalf of its powers, in her own long and suffering life, was really affecting. But the prayer was too long; the same thing was repeated too often, with an incessant thumping on the bench with her fists, as an accompaniment to every groan of prayer. At the close of this, and when another sister was admonished to pray, the speaker added, "But make it short, if you please!"

This sister, however, did not make it short, but longer even than the first, with still more circumlocution, and still more thumping on the bench.

A third sister, who was admonished to pray, received the short, definite injunction, "But *short*." And when she lost herself in the long bewilderment of prayer, she was interrupted without ceremony by the wordy preacher, who could no longer keep silence, but must hear himself talk on for another good hour. Nor was it until the singing of one of the hymns composed by the negroes themselves, such as they sing in their canoes, and in which the name "Jerusalem" is often repeated, that the congregation became really alive. They sang so that it was a pleasure to hear, with all their souls and with all their bodies in unison; for their bodies wagged, their heads nodded, their feet stamped, their knees shook, their elbows and their hands beat time to the tune and the words which they sang with evident delight. One must see these people singing if one is rightly to understand their

life. I have seen their imitators, the so-called "Sable Singers," who travel about the country painted up as negroes, and singing negro songs in the negro manner, and with negro gestures, as it is said; but nothing can be more radically unlike, for the most essential part of the resemblance fails—namely, *the life*.

One of my pleasures here has been to talk with an old negro called Romeo, who lives in a little house in a garden near, and which said garden he takes care of, or rather neglects, according to his pleasure. He is the most good-tempered, merriest old man that any one can imagine, and he has a good deal of natural wit. He was, in the prime of his life, stolen from Africa and brought hither, and he tells stories about that event in the most *naïve* manner. I asked him one day what the people in his native land believed respecting life after death! He replied "that the good would go to the God of heaven who made them." "And what of the bad?" asked I. "They go out into the wind," and he blew with his mouth around him on all sides.

I got him to sing me an Ethiopian death-song, which seemed to consist of a monotone vibration upon three semitones; and after that an African love-song, which seemed to be tolerably rude, and which convulsed the old fellow with laughter. I have his portrait in my album, but he laughed and was so shame-faced while I made the sketch, that it was difficult for me to catch the likeness. He is dressed in his slave garments, gray clothes, and knitted woolen cap.

The negro people and the primeval forest have made a peculiarly living impression upon me, and have extended my vision as regards the richness of those forms in which the Creator expresses his life. The earth seems to me as a great symbolic writing, a grand epic, in which the various species of man, of vegetable productions and animals, water and land, form groups of separate songs and

paragraphs which we have to read, and from which to learn the style of the Great Master, His design, and His system. My soul, in this view, spreads forth her wings and flies—alas! only in spirit—around the whole world; across the deserts and the paradise of Africa; across the icy tracts of Siberia; over the mountain land of the Himalayas—every where between the poles and the equator, where man lives, and animals breathe, and vegetation ascends toward the light; and I endeavor involuntarily to group and arrange the dissimilar forms into harmonious constellations around one central, all-illuminating Sun; but—all is yet only anticipation, glimpses, flashes of light into my soul—merely the dawn, the morning watch! Perhaps at length the perfect day may appear; perhaps in the native land of runes, in my own silent home, I may be enabled to expound these runes of the earth, and that runic song which has been given me to ponder upon.

Of the mysteries of Charleston I shall not tell you anything, because I know them not, excepting by rumor, and that which I know merely by rumor I leave untold. Dark mysteries, more indeed than rumor has told, can not fail in a great city in which slavery abides. I have heard it said that there is a flogging institution in Charleston for slaves, which brings the city a yearly revenue of more than ten thousand dollars. Every person who wishes to have his slave punished by the whip sends him there with money for his chastisement. I have both heard and read of this many times, and I believe it to be true. But the position of things here makes it difficult, nay, next to impossible, for me to search into such things. But I can not and will not become a spy. I receive merely that which comes to me compulsively by my own experience, and which I therefore consider as a knowledge by higher design, as a something which I ought to know and to receive. I have here properly to do with the ideal, and to

seize and present it purely and faithfully. And it is in the feeling of that ideal South, as it already exists in some degree, and as it some time may wholly exist, in order to fulfill the design of the Creator, that I now bid farewell to the South, with both admiration and love—sorrowing for that which it now is not, and hoping again to return.

I shall write you no more from this place, but next from one of the Northern States. I long to go northward for cooler air and a freer people. Here one is often obliged to swallow down one's innermost thoughts and be silent, if one would avoid either wounding others or disputing with them. And this heat—if it continues without intermission, as it is likely to do from one month to another, till October—rather would I dwell at North Cape, and be lighted by fire-wood three parts of the year!

But, notwithstanding, farewell thou beautiful, flowery South, the garden of North America! Thou hast warmed and refreshed me deliciously! farewell to thy piazzas covered with blossoming creepers shading pale beauties; farewell fragrant forests, red rivers where the songs of the negro resound; farewell kind, beautiful, amiable people, friends of the slave, but not of slavery! When now in spirit I look back to the South, I shall think upon you, and, through you, on the future of Carolina and Georgia. I see you, then, beneath your palmettoes or your magnolia and orange groves, the fruits of all the earth, and beyond all, the tropical bananas, spread out before you upon your hospitable boards; see you distribute them, as I have done many a time, to the stranger, to the needy, to the messengers of all nations! I see around you blacks as servants and friends. They are free, and you have made them so. They sing hymns which you have taught them, joyful songs which they themselves have made. And for them and for you sing the hundred-tongued birds in the cool live-oaks, which wave their long pendent moss-

es, while above them and you beams the mild blue southern heaven, and the blessing of heaven! May it be so!

P.S.—Yes, I must tell you about one of the mysteries of Charleston, because I have often seen it steal hastily by like a shadow in the streets and alleys there. It appears to be a woman, meanly clad, in the hues of twilight. She is called Mrs. Doctor Susan, for she is the physician and helper of the poor. She belongs to one of the higher families of the city, but, having made a false step in her youth, became an outcast from society, which in North America endures much secret immorality, but none which becomes public. It might perhaps, in the course of years, have forgiven, and again admitted the young delinquent to its circles, but she no longer sought for pardon from man. She turned her heart and her eye to One much higher. She became the servant of his poor and afflicted people. And since then she may only be met with among them, or on the way to them. That which is given to her, either of money or of clothing, is applied by her to the use of the poor, and she herself lives in voluntary poverty.

The negroes in my friend's family were at one time so ill of an infectious fever that every one fled from them. But Doctor Susan came and tended them, and restored them to health, and when she was rewarded for it she considered her reward too great. Known throughout the whole city, she goes every where in her poor, dark attire, like a messenger of consolation, but always rapidly, silently, and as if fearful of being seen. Like the fire-fly, it is only in the dark that she sends forth her clear indwelling light; like it has she been trampled upon by mankind, and she yet gives forth light.

Farewell, dear heart! Greet those you know, and wish it from your

FREDRIKA.

LETTER XVIII.

Philadelphia, June 23d.

At length, my sweet little Agatha, I have a moment's calm in which to converse with you ; but it has been hard to find in this friendly city of the Friends.

I left Charleston the fifteenth of this month, overwhelmed, as in all other places, with presents, and an infinity of kindness and attentions. But ah ! how weary and worn out I was during the last days there with the labor of incessant society. Sea-bathing kept me alive, as well as a few hours of rest in the kind house of my friend, Mrs. W. H.

My last evening at Charleston was spent in company with a lively little astronomer, Mr. Gibbs, brother of the natural historian at Columbia, and in contemplating from the piazza the starry heavens. The three great constellations, Scorpio, with its fiery-red heart, Antares, Sagittarius, and Capricornus, as well as the Southern Crown (insignificant), shone brightly in the southern heavens, and the zodiacal light cast its white splendor up toward the Milky Way. We directed the telescope upon a nebulous spot in the latter, and then to that place where—we found ourselves, ah ! lost in immensity, like the animalculæ in the ocean. But I can now look upon this relative condition without being depressed, without its producing uneasy thoughts. Oersted's treatise on the "Entirety of

Reason in the whole Universe," and the data upon which he founds his argument, has given me the feeling of home in this universe, and made me a citizen of the world. The whole universe is to me now merely the world and home of man. The night was very dark, and the stars, therefore, all the brighter; yet they were not as bright as with us, nor yet did they appear so large. The atmosphere was full of fragrance, and was so calm that the strokes of the oars and the songs from the negroes' boats on the river were plainly heard. — It was not till half past twelve that I went to rest.

The following day I took leave of my excellent and beloved home in South Carolina. My good Mrs. W. H. took a sisterly, nay, a motherly, care of me to the last. My little hand-basket was filled with beautiful fruit, oranges and bananas, by her "fruit-woman," a handsome mulatto, who always wore a handkerchief tied picturesquely on her head, and a sketch of whom I made in my album. Old Romeo gave me flowers. At half past three in the afternoon I went on board the steam-boat, the "Osprey"—the steam company of Philadelphia and Charleston, the proprietors of this vessel, having sent me a free ticket, so that I went to Philadelphia free of cost; it was thus a gift to me of twenty dollars, and could not have been made in a more polite manner.

The first four-and-twenty hours on board were extremely hot. Both the air and the sea were still, as if the wind was dead. And I felt how people might die of heat. A number of Spaniards from Cuba were on board; and it was amusing to watch them, from their peculiar physiognomy and demeanor, so unlike that of Americans. The vivacity of their action, their strongly-accentuated, melodious language, the peculiarity of feature, seemed to indicate a more important race than that of the Anglo-Saxon; and yet it is not so, at least not at the present time. The Spaniards, particularly in this hemisphere, stand far behind the Amer-

icans in moral and scientific cultivation. One portion of these Spaniards was said to be escaping from the investigations which the unsuccessful expedition of Lopez had occasioned in the island; others were going to New York to consult physicians, or to avoid the summer in the tropics. A young couple of a high family, and near relations, were going to be married, as the Spanish law is said to place impediments in the way of marriage between near relatives, and that with reason, as the children or grandchildren of such frequently become idiotic, or unfortunate beings in some other way. The young bridegroom was handsome, but looked ill-tempered, with a good deal of hauteur. The bride and her sister were young and pretty, but too stout. An old count, who was evidently suffering from asthma, was waited upon with the greatest tenderness by a negro. Little children were amusing by their lively antics and talk. The voyage was calm, and, upon the whole, good. Mr. Linton, from the city of the Friends, took charge of me with chivalric politeness. The sea sent us flocks of flying-fish as entertainment on the voyage. Pelicans, with immense beaks, floated like our gulls through the air, on search for prey, while a large whale stopped on his journey through the ocean, as if to let us witness various beautiful waterspouts.

The sailing up the River Delaware on Tuesday morning was very agreeable to me, although the weather was misty. But the mist lifted up again and again its heavy draperies, and revealed bright green shores of idyllic beauty, with lofty hills, wooden country houses, grazing cattle, and a character of landscape wholly unlike that which had been lately familiar to me in the South.

I was met at Philadelphia by the polite Professor Hart, who took me to his house; and there have I been ever since, and there am I still, occupied, both soul and body, by social life and company, and by a great deal which is interesting, although laborious.

The Quakers—the Friends, as they are commonly called—are especially kind to me, take me by the hand, call me Fredrika, and address me with *thou*, or, rather, *thee*, and convey me, in easy carriages, to see all that is remarkable and beautiful, as well in the city as out of it. And what large and excellent institutions there are here for the public good! The heart is enlarged by the contemplation of them, and by the manner in which they are maintained. One can not help being struck here, in a high degree, by the contrast between the Slave States and the Free States; between the state whose principle is selfishness and the state whose principle is human love; between the state where labor is slavery and the state where labor is free, and the free are honored. And here, where one sees white women sweeping before the doors, how well kept is every thing, how ornamental, how flourishing within the city as well as in the country! And these public institutions, these flowers of human love—ah! the magnolia blossoms of the primeval forests are devoid of fragrance in comparison with them; they stand as far behind these dwellings, these asylums for the unfortunate and for the old, as the outer court of the Sanctuary did to the holy of holies.

I could not help weeping tears of joy when I visited, the other day, the great Philadelphia Lunatic Asylum—so grand, so noble appeared the human heart to me here, the work and the tenderness of which seemed to present itself in every thing. The Asylum is situated in large and beautiful grounds, in which are shady alleys, seats, and flower-gardens. The whole demesne is surrounded by a wall, so managed as to be concealed by the rising ground, both from the park and the house, so that the poor captives may fancy themselves in perfect freedom. There is also a beautiful museum of stuffed birds and other animals, with collections of shells and minerals, where the diseased mind may divert itself and derive instruction, occupation

and amusement being the principal means employed for the improvement of these unfortunates. For this reason, lectures are delivered two or three times a week in a large hall. They frequently meet for general amusement, as for concerts, dances, and so on, and the appliances for various kinds of games, such as billiards, chess, &c., are provided. I heard on all hands music in the house. Music is especially an effective means of cure. Many of the patients played on the piano remarkably well. They showed me an elderly lady, who had been brought hither in a state of perfect fatuity. They gave her a piano, and encouraged her to play some little simple pieces, such as she had played in her youth. By degrees the memory of many of these early pieces reawoke, until the whole of her childhood's music revived within her, and with it, as it seemed, the world of her childhood. She played to me, and went with visible delight from one little piece to another, while her countenance became as bright and as innocently gay as that of a happy child. She will probably never become perfectly well and strong in mind; but she spends here a happy, harmless life in the music of her early years. Many of the ladies, and in particular the younger ones, occupy themselves in making artificial flowers, some of which they gave me, and very well done they were. The men are much employed in field labor and gardening. A niece of the great Washington's was here: a handsome old lady, with features greatly resembling those of the president, and well-bred manners. She was very pale, and was said to be rather weak than diseased in mind. The number of beautiful flowers here, particularly of roses, was extraordinary; and even the incurables, if they have a moment of sane consciousness, find themselves surrounded by roses.

While my conductor hither, an agreeable and humorous Quaker, and one of the directors of the asylum, was listening with much attention and apparent interest to

an old lady's communication to him respecting her affairs in Jerusalem, another whispered to me, ironically, "A magnificent place this is; yes, quite a paradise! Don't you think so?"—and added, with some *réserve*, and in a lower voice, "It is a hell! dreadful things are done here!"

Alas! the poor unfortunates can not always occupy themselves with music and flowers. Some compulsion must at times be made use of; but it is enough that the former means preponderate, and the fact of so many patients being cured proves it; and that the latter are made use of as seldom, and in as mild a form as possible.

A young, good-looking officer said to me, "Ah! I see that you are come to liberate me, and that we shall go out together arm in arm!" Then added he, "Tell me now, if you had a sister whom you loved better than any thing else in the world, and you were kept shut up to prevent your getting to her, how should you like it?" I said that, if I were not well, and it was right for me to take care of my health for a time, I would be patient. "Yes, but I am well," said he; "I have been a little unwell, a little *tête montée*, as they say; but I am altogether right again, and these people are certainly gone mad who can not see it, who obstinately keep me here."

The insane have commonly this resemblance to wise people, that they consider themselves to be wiser than others. My young colonel was evidently *tête montée* still, and accompanied us with warm expressions in favor of ladies.

Gerard College is a large school, in which three hundred boys, otherwise unprovided for, are instructed in every kind of handcraft trade. A naturalized Frenchman, a Mr. Gerard, left the whole of his large property for the establishment of this school. The building itself, which is not yet completed, is of white marble, and in imitation of the Greeian temple of Minerva; it has cost an unheard-of sum of money, and many persons disapprove of expend-

ing so much on mere outward show, by which means the real benefits of the institution are deferred. As yet there are scarcely one hundred boys in the school.

The fancy which the Americans have for the temple-style in their buildings is very striking. For my part, I have nothing to say against it, even though the use of the colonnade and other ornaments is sometimes carried to an excess not in accordance with the idea of the building, particularly as regards private houses; nevertheless, this magnificent style proves that the popular feeling has advanced beyond the stage when the dwelling was merely a shelter for the body, without any further intention. The desire is now that the habitation should be symbolic of the soul within; and when one sees any grand and magnificent building, like a Grecian temple or Pantheon, or a Gothic castle, one may then be sure that it is not a private dwelling, but a public institution; either an academy, a school, a senate-house, a church, or an—hotel.

Mr. Gerard, in his will, expressly ordered that no religious instruction should be given in his institution to the young, and that no teacher of religion should have a place, either among the teachers or the directors of his establishment. Yet so decided is the view which these people take of the necessary relationship of religious instruction both with the man and the school, and so strong their attachment to it, that they always find some expedient for evading such prohibitions; and although they have adhered to the testator's wishes with regard to the exclusion of religious teachers and instruction, yet every morning in Girard College, as in all other American schools, a chapter of the New Testament is read aloud to the assembled youths of the college before they begin their daily work.

The statue of Mr. Gerard, in white marble, stands in one of the magnificent galleries of this scholastic temple. It is an excellent work, as the faithful portraiture of a simple townsman in his every-day attire; yet an extreme-

ly prosaic figure, presented without any idealization, but which pleases by its powerful reality, although it stands almost like a something which is out of place in that beautiful temple.

I must also say a few words about the Philadelphia Penitentiary. In the centre of the large rotunda, into which run all the various passages with their prison-cells, like radii to one common centre, sat, in an arm-chair, comfortable and precise, in his drab coat with large buttons and broad-brimmed hat, the Quaker, Mr. S., like a great spider watching the flies which had been caught in the net. But no! this simile does not at all accord with the thing and the man—that kind, elderly gentleman, with a remarkably sensible and somewhat humorous exterior. A more excellent guide no one can imagine. He accompanied us to the cells of the prisoners. The prisoners live here quite solitary, without intercourse with their fellow-prisoners; they work, however, and they read. The library is considerable, and contains, besides religious books, works of natural history, travels, and even a good selection of polite literature. It is with no niggard hand that the nobler seed of cultivation is scattered among the children of imprisonment, “those who sit in darkness.” The spirit of the New World is neither timid nor niggardly, and fears not to do too much where it would do good. It is careful merely to select the right seed, and gives of such with a liberal heart and a liberal hand. I have often thought that beautiful stories, sketches of human life, biographies, in particular of the guilty who have become reformed, of prisoners, who, after being liberated, have become virtuous members of society, might do more toward the improvement of the prisoner’s state of mind and heart than sermons and religious books—except always the books of the New Testament—and I have therefore wished much to do something of this kind myself. And I now found my belief strengthened by what “Friend S.”

told me of the effect of good stories upon the minds of the prisoners. He had lately visited one of the male prisoners, a man noted for his hard and impenetrable disposition during the whole time that he had been in prison, upward of twelve months. This morning, however, he appeared much changed, very mild, and almost tender.

“How is this?” asked the Quaker; “you are not like yourself! What is the meaning of it?”

“Hem! I hardly know myself,” said the prisoner, “but that there book”—and he pointed to a little book with the title of “Little Jane”—“has made me feel quite queer! It is many a year since I shed a tear; but—that there story!”—and he turned away annoyed because the stupid tears would again come into his eyes at the recollection of “that there story.”

Thus had the history of the beautiful soul of a little child softened the stony heart of the sinner—the man had committed murder.

A young prisoner, who had now been in prison for two years, and who when he came in could neither read nor write, and had not the slightest religious knowledge, now wrote an excellent hand, and reading was his great delight. He was now shortly to leave the prison, and would go thence a much more intelligent and better human being than he entered it. His countenance, in the first instance, had indicated a coarse nature, but it now had a good expression, and his voice and language showed considerable cultivation.

Another prisoner had, with some artistic feeling, painted his cell, and planted a bower in the passage where he went once a day for fresh air. All the prisoners have this refreshment once a day in one of the passages which strike out like rays from the prison, and separated from the other passages by a high wall. The sight of Friend S. was evidently a sight of gladness to all the prisoners. It was plain that they saw their friend in the Friend, and

his good-tempered, sensible countenance put them in good humor. One young woman, who was soon to leave the prison, declared that she should do so, unwillingly, because she should then no longer see good Mr. S.

In the cells of the female prisoners, among whom were two negro women, I saw fresh flowers in glasses. Their female keeper had given them these. They all praised her.

I left this prison more edified than I had often been on leaving a church. Friend S. told me that the number of the prisoners had not increased since the commencement of the prison, but continued very much about the same, which is a pleasing fact, as the population of the city has considerably increased during this time, and increases every year. Less pleasing and satisfactory is it, as regards the effect of the system, that the same prisoners not unfrequently return, and for the same kind of crime. But this is natural enough. It is not easy to amend a fault which has become habitual through many years, nor easy to amend old criminals. Hence the hope of the New World is not to reform so much through prisons as through schools, and still more through the homes; when all homes become that which they ought to be, and that which many already are, the great reformatory work will be done.

Two houses of refuge, asylums for neglected boys, which I have visited, seem to be well-conceived and well-managed institutions. The boys here, as well as in the great establishment at Westboro', in Massachusetts, which I visited with the S.s last autumn, are treated according to the same plan. They are kept in these establishments but a few months, receive instruction, and are well disciplined, and then are placed out in good families in the country, principally in the West, where there is plenty of room for all kinds of working people.

The Sailors' Home is an institution set on foot by private individuals, and intended to furnish a good home at

a low price to seamen of all nations during the time that they remain in the city and their vessels in harbor. I visited it in company with Mrs. Hale, the author of "Miriam," a lady with a practical, intellectual brow, and frank, and most agreeable manners. She is now occupied in the publication of a work on the position of women in society, a work not sufficiently liberal in its tendency, according to my opinion.

Of all the public institutions which I visited I was least satisfied with the great Philadelphia Poor-house, an immense establishment for about three thousand persons, which costs the city an immense sum, and yet which can not possibly answer its purpose. Every thing is done too much in a massive, manufacturing way ; the individual becomes lost in the mass, and can not receive his proper degree of attention. The lazy mendicant receives as much as the unfortunate, the lame, and the blind, and they can not have that individual care which they require. At least so it appeared to me. Neither did it seem to me that the guardian spirit of the place was so generous and so full of tenderness as in the other institutions, and I failed to find places of repose under the open sky, with trees, and green space, and flowers for the aged. The little court with a few trees was nothing to speak of. For the rest, the institution was remarkable for its order, and cleanliness, which are distinguishing features of all the public institutions of the New World. Large, light halls, in the walls of which were formed small, dark rooms, like niches or cells, the sleeping-rooms of the aged, and which thus gave to every person his own little apartment, with a door opening into the common hall, in which an iron stove diffused warmth to all, seemed to me the prevailing arrangement for the poor. And it is certainly a good arrangement, as the old people can thus, when they will, be alone, and also can, when they will, enjoy society and books in a large, light, warm room, furnished with tables, chairs, or benches.

I have also heard of various other benevolent institutions in the city, which I yet hope to visit. And in every one of these the Quakers take part, either as founders or directors, and in every case the same spirit of human love is observable as animated the first lawgiver of Pennsylvania, the founder of Philadelphia, William Penn; and the more I see of the Quakers the better I like them. The men have something sly and humorous about them. a sort of dry humor which is very capital; they are fond of telling a good story, commonly illustrative of the peace-principle, and which is to prove how well this and worldly wisdom may go together, and how triumphantly they are doing battle in the world. Christian love shows itself in them, seasoned with a little innocent, worldly cunning in manner, and a delicate sharpness of temper. The women please me particularly, from that quiet refinement of demeanor, both inward and outward, which I have already observed; their expression is *sensible*; nobody ever hears them ask senseless questions. One meets with many striking countenances among them, with remarkably lovely eyes, purely cut features, and clear complexions. The interest which the Quaker women take in the affairs of their native land, and especially in those which have a great human purpose, is also a feature which distinguishes them from the ordinary class of ladies.

The Quakers have always been the best friends of the negro slave, and the fugitive slaves from the Slave States find, at the present time, their most powerful protectors and advocates among the Friends. Many of the Quaker women are distinguished by their gifts as public speakers, and have often come forward in public assemblies as forcible advocates of some question of humanity. At the present time they take the lead in the anti-slavery party, and a celebrated speaker on this subject, Lucretia Mott, was among one of my late visitors here. She is a handsome lady, of about fifty, with fine features, splendid eyes,

and a very clear, quiet, but decided manner—crystal-like, I might say.

June 25th. Yesterday, midsummer-day, I visited the old Swedish church here; for the Swedes were the first settlers on the River Delaware, and were possessed of land from Trenton Falls to the sea, and it was from them that William Penn bought the ground on which Philadelphia now stands. It was the great Gustavus Adolphus who, together with Oxenstjerna, sketched out a plan for a Swedish colony in the New World, and the king himself became surety to the royal treasury for the sum of 400,000 rix-dollars for the carrying it out. Persons of all conditions were invited to co-operate in the undertaking. The colony was to exist by free labor. "Slaves," said they, "cost a great deal, work unwillingly, and soon perish from hard usage. The Swedish people are laborious and intelligent, and we shall certainly gain more by a free people with wives and children." The Swedes found a new paradise in the New World, and believed that the proposed colony would become a secure asylum for the wives and daughters of those who had become fugitives by religious persecution or war; would be a blessing at once for individual man and the whole Protestant world. "It may prove an advantage to the whole of oppressed Christendom," said the great monarch, who, in his schemes for the honor of Sweden, always united with them the well-being of humanity.

After the king's death this plan was carried out under the direction of Oxenstjerna. Land was purchased along the southern banks of the Delaware, and peopled by Swedish emigrants. The colony called itself New Sweden, and enjoyed a period of prosperity and increasing importance, engaged in agriculture and other peaceful employment, during which it erected the fortress of Christiana, as a defense against the Dutch who inhabited the northern banks of the river. The number of Swedes did not

exceed seven hundred, and when contests arose with the more powerful colony of New Netherland, and the Swedish governor, Rising, attacked the Dutch fortress Casimir, the Dutch avenged themselves by surprising the Swedish colony with an overwhelming force, and they submitted. The Swedish arms in Europe had by this time ceased to inspire respect on the other side the Atlantic, and spite of their protests the Swedes were brought under the jurisdiction of the Dutch. The connection with the mother country ceased by degrees. And after the death of the last Swedish clergyman who emigrated hither—Collin—and who died at a great age, the Swedish congregation and church have been under the care of an American clergyman. Mr. Clay, the present minister, invited me to meet at his house all the descendants of the earliest Swedish settlers whom he knew. It was a company of from fifty to sixty, and I shook hands with many agreeable persons, but who had nothing Swedish about them, excepting their family names, of which I recognized many. But no traditions of their emigration hither remained; language, appearance, all had entirely merged into that of the now prevailing Anglo-Saxon race. The church clock alone had something truly Swedish about it, something of the character of the peasant's clock in its physiognomy, and was called *Jockum*.

The church, a handsome and substantial, though small building of brick, was ancient only in its exterior. The interior was new, and very much ornamented. A large book was placed upon a sort of tall stand in the middle of the church, and upon its page might be read in large letters, which however had been somewhat altered by restoration, "The people who dwelt in darkness have seen a great light." And this inscription, together with the old church at Wilmington, in Delaware, and a few family names, are all that remain of the colony of New Sweden on the eastern shores of the New World. Yet no! not

all. A peaceful, noble memory of its life continues to exist on the page of history, like a lovely episode of idyllian purity and freshness. The Pilgrims of New England stained its soil with blood by their injustice and cruelty to the Indians. The Swedish pilgrims, in their treatment of the natives, were so just and wise, that during the whole time when this coast was under the Swedish dominion not one drop of Indian blood was shed by them, and the Indians loved them, and called them "our own people." "The Swedes are a God-fearing people," say the old chronicles of those times. "They are industrious and contented, and much attached to the customs and manners of the mother country. They live by agriculture and the breeding of cattle; the women are good housewives, spin and weave, take care of their families, and bring up their children well."

William Penn, in his letter to the tradesmen of London, August 6, 1633, wrote thus of them :

"The Swedes and the Finns inhabit the tracts by the River Delaware, where the water rises high. They are a simple, strong, and industrious people, but do not appear to make much progress in agriculture and planting. They seem rather to desire to have enough than to have abundance or to carry on trade. I can not but commend them for their hearty good-will toward the English. They have not degenerated from the old friendship which existed between the two kingdoms. As they are a moral, strong, and healthy people, they have handsome children, and every house seems full of them. It is seldom that you find any family without three or four lads, and as many girls too; some have six, seven, or eight sons. And I must do them the justice to say that I have seen few young men more useful or more industrious."

Thus spoke the earliest witness of the old Swedish colony. They and the old Swedish church stand there still. A new Swedish church is now rising in the valley of the Mississippi, in the West. I must see it.

I visited also yesterday Franklin's grave, and bound clover and other field-flowers into a garland for it. Franklin belongs to the group of fortunate men who are the heroes of peace, and the quiet benefactors of the human race. He was the third man in that great triumvirate (Fox, Penn, Franklin), and the first man in the battle of the press for freedom of thought in America, and for American independence.

Franklin, with his quiet demeanor, his simple habits, his free, searching glance, directed always upon the simplest and the most common laws as regarded every thing, who "played with the lightning as with a brother," and "without noise or tumult drew the lightning down from the sky"—Franklin, with his practical philosophy of life, which, however, was broad rather than deep; his great activity and his excellent temper—seems to me a fine representative of one phase of American character.

But I must tell you a little more about the Quakers, who not only founded Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, and gave to the state and the city their peculiar character, but who exercised a deep and lasting influence upon the spiritual life of the people, both of England and New England. In Sweden we know the Quakers merely as a strange sect which says *thou* to every body, will not take an oath, and wear their broad-brimmed hats in the presence of every one. We know them only from little outward peculiarities. I have here become acquainted with their inward significance for the whole of humanity.

It is about two hundred years since George Fox was born in England. His father, who was called "Righteous Christopher," was a weaver of Leicestershire, and his mother was descended from the stock of the martyrs. As a boy Fox was early distinguished by deep religious feeling, and an inflexible and upright disposition. He was put apprentice to a shoemaker in Nottingham, who also owned some land, and by him was employed to keep his

sheep. Reading the Bible, prayer, and fasting occupied him while so engaged. His young soul thirsted after perfection, and was excited by a vague longing for the supreme good, for the steadfast, true light. His youth was passed during one of the most stormy periods, when Church and State were alike shaken by hostile parties, and the different religious sects were divided among themselves, and opposed the one to the other. The youth, who longed for the immovable truth, for a foundation which would sustain him, a clearness which would guide him and all men to the truth, to the supreme good, heard around him merely the strife of opinion and war. These darkened his soul still more.

Driven, as it were, by inexpressible anguish, he forsook his business and his flock, and burying himself in the solitudes of woods, he yearned after a revelation of God. He went to many priests for consolation, but obtained none.

He went to London to seek for the light; but there contending sects and the great professors encompassed him only with a deeper darkness. He returned to the country, where some advised him to get married; others, to go into Cromwell's army. But his restless spirit drove him into solitude and out into the fields, where he wandered about for many nights in anguish of mind "too great to be described." Yet, nevertheless, now and then a ray of heavenly joy beamed in his soul, and he seemed to rest in peace in Abraham's bosom.

He had been brought up in the Church of England. But he now saw that a man might be educated in Oxford and in Cambridge, and yet be in no condition to solve the great problem of existence. He thought also that God did not live in temples made of stone, but in the living human heart. From the Church he went over to the Dissenters. But neither with them did he find "the fixed truth," the firm foundation for that moral conviction which he sought.

He gave up, therefore, all religious sects, and the seek-

ing for the truth among them, and, although shaken by tempests of opinion, he confided his heart to a Power superior to the storm, and found the anchorage of the Spirit.

One morning, as Fox sat silently musing by the fire and glancing into his own soul, a cloud came over his mind, and he thought he heard a voice, which said, "All things come by nature!" And a pantheistic vision darkened and troubled his soul. But as he continued musing, another voice arose from the depths of his soul, which said, "There is a living God!" All at once it became light in his inmost being; all clouds, all doubts fled; he felt himself irradiated, and raised upward by an infinite conviction of truth, and an unspeakable joy.

And the light and the conviction of truth which had enlightened his soul, which had arisen in him without the help of any man, spake thus: "There is in every man an inner light, which is God's revelation to man; an inner voice which witnesses of the truth, and which is God's voice in the soul of man, and which guides it to all truth. In order to come at the truth, it is only needful for man to turn attentively toward that inner light—to listen to that inner voice."

That *inner light*! that inner voice bade him go forth and proclaim that message to the human race. It commanded him to go into the churches, and in the midst of divine service to cry aloud against the priests—"The Scriptures are not the rule, but the Spirit, which is above the Scriptures!" It bade him stand against the hired ministers of religion, as against wolves in sheep's clothing.

I shall not tell you of all the persecution which raged against this man, who thus opposed himself to old belief and custom, of the stones which were flung at him, who in the power of the Spirit made the walls of the Church to quake, although nothing is more interesting than to follow this divinely possessed man, and to see him, after ill usage, imprisonment, danger of death, again stand

forth, always the same, only stronger and more resolute, and with a more fervent zeal ; to see the crowd of disciples increasing around him, drunken with that flood of inner light, while the servants of the State Church feared and trembled, when it was said, " The man in the leathern breeches is come !"

And nothing is more interesting than to see these unlearned disciples of that revelation of the inner light and the inner voice stand forth in the power of that incorruptible seed which lives in every human soul, and deliver the oracles of conscience. Plowmen and milkmaids became preachers, and sent forth their voices through the world, calling upon the Pope and the Sultan, upon Puritans and Cavaliers, negroes and Hindoos, all to listen to the solemn judgment of the inner voice.

That light which had enlightened the noblest of the heathens, which had enlightened Socrates and Seneca, as the surest foundation of moral determination, as the clearest spring of life in heathenism, this had, by means of the shepherd, George Fox, been diffused among the people, and had become their possession ; even the meanest might be participant thereof. For the teacher said, " Sit down, whoever thou art, sit down on thy own hearth, and read the divine word in thy heart. Some seek for the truth in books, others from learned men. But that which they are seeking for is within themselves ; for man is an epitome of the whole world ; and for us to understand it, we need only to read ourselves aright."

The bursting forth of these opinions at a time when old ascendancies were tottering to their fall, and old oracles gave only confused answers, will explain the enthusiasm, bordering upon insane fanaticism, with which many of George Fox's adherents promulgated his doctrines. They believed themselves designed to be the founders of a world's religion, and went forth to preach the revelation of the inner light " in Rome and Jerusalem, in America and Egypt, in China and Japan."

Fox, led and guided by the inner light, still proceeded onward with innovation on the usages of the world. That inner voice, which commanded him to set the Spirit above the Scriptures, bade him say *thee* and *thou* to all men, commanded him to swear no oath, and not to approve of any form of government which was not in accordance with the dictates of the inner voice. On the contrary, it commanded him to inclose all mankind in an embrace of brotherly love, and to treat even animals with tenderness. He voyaged to the New World, and said to the Indian, "Thou art my brother!"

Wherever he went preaching his doctrines, the inner beauty of his soul, and his love for eternal goodness and truth, were felt by all; and every where crowds accompanied him, and he made innumerable converts to a way which seemed so clear and so easy; for George Fox taught that the human soul was by nature good, and a pure child of God. William Penn, a young man of extraordinary powers, handsome person, and high and wealthy family, became one of George Fox's most zealous disciples. He also suffered for his opinions, and strengthened them by becoming one of his most powerful apostles.

The weapons of persecution and ridicule had long been directed against the increasing multitude of Quakers; human reason, too, directed her arguments to oppose them. They were charged with self-deception. "How can you know that you are not mistaking the fancies of a heated brain for the manifestation of the Spirit of God?" said the caviller.

"By the same spirit," replied Penn. "The Spirit witnesseth with our spirit."

"The Bible was the guide and rule of the Protestants. Had the Quakers a better guide?"

The Quakers answered that truth was one. God's revealed word can not be opposed to God's voice in the conscience. But the Spirit is the criterion, and the Spirit

dwells in the spirit of man. The letter is not the spirit. "The Bible is not religion, but the history of religion. The Scriptures are a declaration of the fountain, but not the fountain itself." "God's light in our souls bears witness to the truth of God in the Scriptures and in Christianity."

The Christian Quaker maintained his relationship to all the children of light in all ages, and received the revelation of the light of Christianity only because it became strengthened by the inner light in his soul. His faith was founded upon the universal testimony of the conscience. This assisted him through all knotty controversy. When they propounded to him the doctrines of predestination, the questions of free will and necessity, the Quaker laid his hand upon his breast. The inner voice there testified of free will and responsibility; and it said more than that; it said, "All men are equal, because the inner light enlightens all. And all government is to be rejected which is not based upon the laws of universal reason. There is no difference between priest and layman, between man and woman. The inner light enlightens all, and knows no distinction of class or of sex."

But I must not go to greater length in these doctrines of the Quakers, or I should extend my letter too far. I must instead pass over to the establishment of this Quaker State.

In proportion as the sect protested more and more vehemently against Church and State, persecution and hatred increased, and thousands of the Quakers died in prison from cold and ill usage.

Amid these sufferings the oppressed people cast their eyes toward the New World as a place of refuge. Fox returned from his missionary journey through the Eastern States, from Rhode Island to Carolina, where he had sown the seed of his doctrines in thousands of willing souls.

Several Quaker families in England united to prepare for themselves and their friends an asylum on the other side of the Atlantic—in that land which had given a home to George Fox. They purchased, therefore, land along the banks of the Delaware, and set out with a large number of adherents to establish there a community whose one law and rule should be the inner law of the heart, enlightened by the inner light. To this party William Penn soon attached himself, and took the lead in the colony as its natural head and governor.

In the fundamental principles of their legislation the Friends adhered to that of the Puritan colony of New Hampshire; “their concessions were such as Friends could approve of,” because, said they, *the power is vested in the people.*

But the Quakers went further than the Pilgrim Fathers in their understanding of and application of this principle. The Puritans had made the Scriptures their guide and rule. The Friends made the Spirit the interpreter of the Scriptures. The Puritans had given the congregation a right to select their own ministers. The Friends would not have any priests at all. Every human being, man or woman, was a priest, and had the right to preach to others if the Spirit moved them, and the inner voice admonished them to give utterance to any truths; for the inner light was sent to all.

The Puritans had given the right of vote to every man in the community, and all questions of law or judgment were to be decided by a majority of voices. The Friends, believing in the power of the inner light, and the final unanimity of the inner light in all, allowed in their councils any questions under discussion to be dealt with again and again, until all became voluntarily and unanimously agreed.

The Puritans had built their churches without ornaments or pictures.

The Friends built no churches. They assembled in halls or houses, called meeting-rooms, and sat there together in silence, listening to the revelation of the inner voice, and speaking merely when this admonished them to say any thing.

The Puritans regarded woman as the helper of man, and his companion in the house and on the private path of life.

The Friends regarded woman as man's helper also in his life as a citizen, as his helper in the business of his public as well as his private life, and acknowledged the right of woman to speak, as well in the Senate as the Church. The Female Assemblies of Council were of as much weight as those of the men, and the inspiration of woman was listened to with reverence when she stood forth, at the call of the Spirit, in their meeting-houses.

The Puritans had simplified the marriage ceremony. The Friends rejected marriage by a priest, and it became a civil rite. If a man and woman declared themselves willing to live together as a married pair, that sufficed to constitute the marriage. The inner voice was enough to sanctify the union, and to make it firm; the inner voice alone could point out the way, and keep the heart pure.

Thus pure, thus sublime were the principles which guided this little people, who went over to the New World to make that "holy experiment," as William Penn terms it; to found a community wholly and entirely based upon that which is most inward and most spiritual in human life.

Thus began the colony which, under the guidance of William Penn, extended itself into the most flourishing condition, and received the name of Pennsylvania. Penn desired in it to found a free colony for all mankind.

The fame of that holy experiment resounded afar. The sons of the forest, the chiefs of the Indian tribes, came to meet the Quaker king. Penn met them beneath the open

sky, in the depths of the forest, now leafless by the frosts of autumn, and proclaimed to them the same message of the nobility of man, and of the unity and truth of the inner light, which Fox had announced to Cromwell, and Mary Fisher to the Grand Sultan. The Englishmen and the Indians must regard the same moral law, and every quarrel between them be adjusted by a peaceful tribunal composed of an equal number of men of each race.

“We meet,” said Penn, “upon the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no one shall seek to take advantage of the other, but all shall be done with candor and with love.”

“We are all one flesh and blood.”

The Indians were affected by these noble words. “We will live,” said they, “in love with William Penn and his children as long as sun and moon shall endure.”

And the sun, and the forest, and the river witnessed the treaty of peace and friendship which was made on the shores of the Delaware; the first treaty, says an historian, which was not ratified by an oath, and the only one which never was broken.

The Quakers said, “We have done a better work than if we, like the proud Spaniards, had gained the mines of Potosi. We have taught to the darkened souls around us *their rights as men.*”

Upon a stretch of land between the Rivers Schuylkill and Delaware, purchased from the Swedes, and blessed with pure springs of water and a healthful atmosphere, Penn laid the foundation of the city of Philadelphia, an asylum for the persecuted, a habitation for freedom, a home for all mankind. “Here,” said the Friends, “we will worship God according to His pure law and light; here will we lead an innocent life upon an elysian, virgin soil.”

That Philadelphia was later to become the birth-place of American independence, and of that Declaration which

proclaimed it to all the world, and united all the individual states of the Union in the great name of humanity—of this the Friends thought not.

My dear heart, I have written out the above for you, partly from books, partly from myself, from my own observation and thoughts; for I have been greatly fascinated by this episode in the history of man, and I see traces of its life still quite fresh around me.

Looking now at the principles of Quakerism in and for themselves, I see clearly that they are the same doctrines for which Socrates died and Luther lived, and for which the great Gustavus Adolphus fought and conquered, and died the death of the hero—the right of freedom of thought, of faith in the light and voice of God in the soul of man; this principle, arising in George Fox from the very heart of the people, and thence becoming the vital principle of people, Church, and State, constitutes the peculiarity of Quakerism, thoroughly permeating social life.

New it is not; neither is it sufficient in the one-sided view in which Quakers comprehend it. What if that inner light illumines a dark desire in the human soul? if the inward voice finds itself opposed by a debased or evil impulse of the heart? The Quakers have forgotten, or have not regarded the old saying, that “there is a drop of black blood in every man’s heart.” And in order to make this pure, neither light nor admonishing voice avails any thing, but only another drop of blood of divine power and purity. The Quakers may, in the mysteries of Quaker life, find proofs enough of the existence of this black drop, even among the children of the inner light; perhaps no bloody proofs, no burning spot, but dark histories of gloomy, silent, bitter quarrels among “the Friends;” secret oppression, secret, long misery, irreconcilable misunderstandings, and all those dark fiends which, when I see them imbittering family or social life, remind me of the old Northern hell, with its dark, poisonous rivers, cruel witchcraft, rainy

clouds, venomous serpents, and so on. But Quakerism, in its first arisings, saw nothing of this, and perhaps possessed nothing of it. Enthusiasm for a beautiful idea changes the soul to a spring morning, with a clear heaven and the purest air, full of the song of birds, amid flowery meadows. Later in the day the clouds arise. Quakerism, in its earliest morning freshness, was itself a pure, unfathomed river, derived from pure fountains, and which baptized the world anew with the purifying waters of truth, and faith in the voice and power of truth. That was and that is its good work in mankind. And its awakening cry has penetrated with purifying power into millions of souls. Waldo Emerson, in his belief in the power of this inner light and truth, is a Quaker.

It was a mistake in the Quakers to believe that man has sufficient of this inner light in himself, nay of his own strength, to attain to perfection, and it still remains a mistake to this day. For this reason they make too little use of prayer, too little of the Lord's Supper, too little of all those means which the All-good Father has afforded to His children, in order to bring them into connection with Him, and Him with them, that He might impart to them His life and His strength, and which, therefore, are so properly called *means of grace*. Therefore is it, also, that they are deficient in that reliance and freedom with which a child of God moves through the whole circle of his creation, regarding nothing as unclean, and nothing as hurtful, which is enjoyed with a pure mind. They look with suspicious glances upon all free beauty and art, and are afraid of joy; nay, they mistrust even the beauty of nature, and are deficient in that universal sense which belongs to the Scandinavians—though it sometimes a little oversteps itself with them—and which made your somewhat eccentric acquaintance, I., say, "One should eat in God; one should play and sing in God; nay, one should *dance* in God."

But peace be with Quakerism! It has accomplished

its mission, and borne the torch of light before mankind for a season, during its passage "out of darkness, and through the shadows to the light." It has had its time. There is an end of the earlier power of the sect. But its influence still exists, and is in force in the New World, especially as the principle of stern uprightiness and public benevolence, and it will yet by this open new paths for the people of the New World. The doctrine of the inner light died not, but seeks a union with another higher light. It has, especially in its declared equality of man and woman, a rich seed which must germinate through a wider sphere. How little danger there is in this avowed equality, and how little outward change is produced by it in society, the Quaker community has practically shown. Men and women have there the same privileges, and exercise them alike. But in all this they have remained true to their nature; she turns rather into the home; he, more outward, to the community. The women have remained equally feminine, but have become more marked in character. The different characteristics of the two have, in that which was the best, remained unchanged, but have been improved, elevated where they were worst. That "holy experiment" proves itself to have been in this respect wholly successful, and ought to have led to a yet more grand experiment.

The present younger generation of Quakers unites itself more to the world by poetry and music, and begins to light up the old gray and drab attire by a still more cheerful hue. The change is prepared in the mind. The world has become purified through the purity of the Quakers, and its innocent joy and beauty now begin to find their way to them. A young girl of Quaker family, of my acquaintance here, wore pale pink ribbon, and had her bonnet made in a prettier form than that in use among the Quakers, and when reproached by her mother for seeking to please man rather than God, she replied :

“Oh, my mother! *He* made the flowers and the rainbow!”

The exclusiveness of Quakerism is at an end. And yet it is so peculiar and so beautiful in its simple, gentle, outward forms, that I am afraid for it, and would not lose it for a great deal. I am fond of its “*thee* and *thou* ;” its silent meetings; its dress, in particular the woman’s dress, with its chaste, dew-like purity and delicacy. And under this attire there dwells still many a noble soul, in the brightness of that inner light, illumined by the sun of Christian revelation, deriving thence, for themselves and others, oracles which the distracted eye and ear of the world can not perceive. And poets such as WHITTIER, and speakers such as LUCRETIA MOTT, show that the Spirit with its rich gifts still rests upon the assembly of Friends.

The Quakers of the United States are at this time split into two parties, and have separated, with not exactly the most friendly feelings, into two bodies. The so-called “Hicksite Quakers” have separated themselves from the Orthodox class. These latter are allied, as formerly, rather to the Puritan creed; the former to the Unitarian.

July 27th. I yesterday was present at a meeting of the Orthodox Quakers. About two hundred persons were assembled in a large, light hall without the slightest ornament, the men on one side, the women on the other, and with these a number of children. The people sat on benches quite silent, and looking straight before them, all except myself, who looked a little about me, but very quietly. It was a very hot day, and the silence and the immovability of the assembly was oppressive to me. And I kept thinking the whole time, “will not the Spirit move some of the assembly?” But no! the Spirit moved not one. An old gentleman coughed, and I sneezed, and the leaves of the trees moved softly outside the window. This was the only movement I perceived. There sat the women, with their drab bonnets all of one color and form, like

upturned, flat-bottomed boats, and appearing less agreeable to me than common. Nevertheless, I saw in many countenances and eyes an expression which evidently testified of the depth of the Spirit, although in this depth I failed to find—light. And the children, the poor little children, who were obliged to sit still and keep awake, without occupation and without any object for their childish attention—what could they think of? thought I, who can not think deeply on a subject unless when I am walking. Thus sat we, in heat and silence, certainly for an hour, until two of the elders, who sat in the gallery, rose up and extended to each other their hands, which was the signal for the general breaking up, and I was glad to get out into the open air. On Sunday I shall visit the meeting of the Unitarian Quakers, and see whether the Spirit is more alive among them. Here it was deep, perhaps, but it did not come out of the depth into the day. As discipline, these silent meetings may, in any case, be excellent. Of the undisciplined, who talk at random, without purpose or effect, one has enough in the world.

Sunday. Yes, of a truth the Spirit was alive there, and moved first a man and then a woman, and I heard the Spirit speak from the heart of Quakerism itself. The preacher, whose name I have forgotten, an elderly gentleman with an animated, yet serious countenance, admonished his hearers to keep the will and the mind in a state of integrity and purity. From this pure light, he said, light went forth through the whole life, directing all its actions. The discourse was good, animated, clear, true. But I thought of the words, "Man must be regenerated by water and the Spirit." Here was the water, but—nothing more. It was the human purification. The Spirit of heaven, love, the inspiration of life, had nothing to do with it. After this preacher sat down, and all had been silent again for a time, there arose from her seat a short, handsome lady, with fine features, and beautiful, clear

eyes. It was Lucretia Mott. With a low, but very sweet voice, and an eloquence of expression which made me not lose a single word, she spoke for certainly an hour, without interruption, without repetition, and in a manner which made one wish her to continue, so lucid and powerful was her delineation of the principles of non-conformity (the Quaker principles), so logical and excellent was the application of these to the practical questions of life, now so much contested, and which the speaker represented as being peace, slavery, and the rights of woman. I listened with the greatest pleasure to this excellent discourse, which was permeated by the inner life of the speaker as by a strong though somewhat imprisoned fire. There was talent, power, clearness, light. Yet for all that, the warmth of inspiration was wanting. I am, in the meantime, glad to have heard a female speaker, perfect in her way. The room was quite full, and she was listened to with evident admiration.

I have heard speak of two young ladies who in this assembly utter sometimes inspired words. But I did not hear them. This meeting closed, as the former had done, by two of the elders rising and shaking hands with each other.

Monday. I have to-day, my little heart, read for the first time in its entirety the American Declaration of Independence, about which the world has heard so much, and I with them. I read it in the very same hall where it was subscribed; and you must also hear it, that is to say, its first principles, because they contain the rights and privileges of the new humanity in the New World. It says:

“When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature’s God entitle them,

a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

“ We hold these truths to be self-evident, that *all men are created equal* ; that they are endowed by their Creator with *inalienable rights* ; that among these are *life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness* ; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed ; that wherever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.”

After this are enumerated all the grievances which the American colonies had to complain of against the English government, and which had led to their taking the reins of government into their own hands. The colonies which at that time united themselves into one States' Alliance were thirteen in number. Jefferson, assisted, as I have heard, by Thomas Paine, drew up the memorial, and the hand of the worshiper of nature may be seen ; but even in the work of the worshiper of nature, the guidance of a higher Providence is evident. It was on the Fourth of July, 1776, that the Declaration of Independence received the votes, and passed the American Congress. It was the dawn of a new epoch which then arose ; an epoch of great thoughts and struggles which then was proclaimed to the world. It was while war was raging with England, and while the result of that war was uncertain, that this Declaration was drawn up and signed ; and on the day before a battle it was read to the whole republican army by the desire of its great commander, General Washington.

Every thing in the hall, where it was subscribed by the

leading men, is preserved as it was then, to this day. The green table still stands around which the members of the government sat, and upon which the Declaration of Independence was signed.

I was told an amusing expression of Franklin's on this occasion. When the document was to be signed, some of those present appeared dubious, and ready to draw back. One voice said, "Now, gentlemen, let us all hang together!" "Yes," said Franklin, in his quiet way, "or else we shall all have to hang separately!"

They laughed, and signed.

This splendid declaration of the inalienable freedom and rights of humanity is now, however, opposed to many things in this country. How long will it be so?

I must now tell you a little about some of my friends and acquaintance here. First, my entertainers, in whose good home I live as a member of the family. Professor Hart and his wife are quiet, God-fearing people, very kind, and of an excellent class for me to be with. They two, and their sweet little ten-years' old son, Morgan, constitute the whole family. Hart is an interesting and estimable man; it would certainly be difficult to find any one of a more gentle and mild disposition and manner, combined with greater energy and more capacity for work. To this is added a fine humor, and a mild, but singularly penetrative glance. He is unusually systematic in all that he undertakes, and is distinguished as the teacher and superintendent of a high school in Philadelphia for five hundred boys. He is also the editor of an extensively-read literary magazine, "Sartain's Union Magazine;" he is able to accomplish so much by an exact distribution of his time, and by doing every thing at the moment when it should be done; hence he does so much, seems never to be in a hurry, or to have much to do.

My most agreeable acquaintance are the family of the Danish *chargé d'affaires* here. The daughters are in-

expressibly charming, lively, and full of intellect. It is very delightful to me to converse with them in my native tongue, to talk about Denmark and good friends there. The death of Öhlenschläger was astonishing news to me. He was so strong and well a year ago when I saw him at his country house, and he was more amiable than usual, and drank to the success of my journey to the New World, which was just then decided upon. One of the young ladies read that piece, which he desired to be read aloud to him as a preparation for death, a monologue of Socrates in his hour of death, written by Öhlenschläger himself. That was in the true Stoic spirit. But how extraordinary at such an hour to have his own verses read to him! Far better was the feeling of our Bishop Wallin, when at his death-bed they began to sing one of his own beautiful hymns, he interrupted them and said, "No, no! not that now!" and took pleasure only in hearing read the Gospel of St. John.

But I was going to tell of my acquaintance.

Among my good friends here I reckon also a Quaker couple—but of the somewhat worldly class of Quakers—Mr. and Mrs. E. T., agreeable and wealthy people, who have shown me much kindness, and who have driven me about to places both in and out of the city. Mrs. T.'s paternal home, a strict Quaker home, interests me especially, from a young girl there who wrote to me, some time since, a charming little letter. I knew that she was very delicate from a spinal complaint, which had confined her to her bed for some years. When I was taken into her chamber, I saw laid upon a bed, in white garments arranged artistically in broad, full folds, a being—never had I seen any thing so like an angel! That beautiful, pure countenance was lighted by a pair of large eyes, which beamed with really supernatural brightness. She made no movement to raise her head when I bent over her to speak, but laid her arms quietly around my neck. That

fascinating countenance bore not a trace of the disease and nervous weakness of which she is the prey, and which she bears like a patient lamb; neither do they enfeeble her spiritual life. God has given wings to her spirit, and the physically-bound young girl has sent forth from her sick-bed instructive teachings to the world from her observations of the wonderful mechanism of life in nature. Her little book for youth, "Life in the Insect World," is to me a welcome gift, because it shows me a young girl who has made nice investigation into one of the natural sciences, which I have often endeavored to excite young ladies to do, but, as far as I know, without success; that is to say, biographical observations with regard to animals and plants. The turn for minute detail, acute perception of the lesser world, which is peculiar to woman, together with a poetic feeling which allies it to the spiritual—the universal, and which can discern in all things symbols of purpose rich in thought; these are all natural endowments which seem singularly to besit woman for that portion of science, and should, in their pursuit and their application, tend to make the searching soul richer in its daily life. Mary Townsend has treated her subject in this biographic and poetic manner, and given in her work the history of the insect metamorphoses. The little book is ornamented with copper-plates, in which various kinds of insects are shown in various stages of their existence, especially in that in which they burst from their pupa state, and unfold their wings in space. It is not wonderful that the beautiful human spirit, sternly imprisoned in its earthly pupa, should feel especially enamored of this movement of transformation.

Mary Townsend, and a young sister of hers, also richly gifted, and delicate also in health—yet not in the same way as Mary—are now occupied in preparing a rhymed chronicle of the History of England for children's easy committal to memory. And thus that meagre Quaker

home incloses a rich poetical life, and in that a being which is almost an angel already, and which waits only for its transformation to become fully so. The parents are an old classical Quaker couple. The old man's principal object and delight seems to be to take care of his daughters.

I have dined with Lucretia Mott, in company with all her children and grandchildren, a handsome, flourishing multitude. She interests, rather than attaches me. Her husband, Mr. Mott, is a strong old gentleman, who seems to maintain his place, though he is obscured somewhat by the publicity of his wife's glory. It is said that he is pleased by it, and it does him honor.

At a public lecture, lately delivered by a distinguished *littérateur*, Mr. Dana, on Shakspeare, he instanced Desdemona as the ideal of woman in all ages, beyond which none higher could be found. When, however, the lecture was ended, Lucretia Mott rose, and said,

“Friend Dana, I consider that thou art wrong in thy representation of what woman ought to be, and I will endeavor to prove it.”

She therefore proposed to the assembly to meet her on a certain day in that same room. The assembly did not fail to be present, and Lucretia M. delivered an excellent lecture, permeated by that love of truth and integrity which is the very foundation of Quakerism. Lucretia is a splendid woman and speaker, and would be still more splendid if she listened a little more attentively to other people's observations and thoughts, especially on the slave question; but that she does not.

Among others who have invited me to their houses is the wife of the British consul. I called on her to thank her, and found her a warm-hearted, lively lady, particularly zealous on the subject of the development of her sex to a more independent life, both as regards body and soul. She had established a drawing-school for her young girls,

where they could learn drawing, the making of designs, wood-engraving, &c., and she showed me various beautiful works of these young people. She had also endeavored to establish other good institutions for women, but was annoyed by the want of sympathy which she met with, especially among women themselves. She said, "They do not stand by their sex!"

She thought that as the world now went on, the best service one could do to any new-born female child was to—drown it. I laughed at this extraordinary proof of love, but could not agree with this warm-hearted lady, that is to say, unless the world should not become more just and enlightened on these subjects than it now is. But in America it seems to me that there is no reason to doubt about this, and no reason at all to drown little girls.

I have here received visits merely in the evenings, but have then seen a great many people, among whom many that interested me. I received yesterday a present from some agreeable young girls of a gigantic cactus, just in bloom, one of that species which merely flowers once in thirty years. No one can imagine a more glorious creation of sunshine—the sun has wished to reflect himself in this flower.

I have received, my little Agatha, your letter of May: it is charming that you have at length vernal weather at Stockholm, and that mamma and you are well. When you spoke of how we should meet at Marstrand, I was not a little tempted to pack up my things and set off; but it would have been folly in me, my little heart, to have left my work only half finished, after having dared so much, and even suffered so much, to advance it thus far. I feel that my life and experience here are of great importance to me, and believe that I can so evidently see the hand of a guiding Providence in this my journey, that I should both grieve and be angry with myself if, without absolute necessity, I were to interrupt or cut it short. I

greatly desire to remain on this side the ocean through the next winter. In June I could then return home, and then could I go with my little heart, and we could climb together the May-pole at Marstrand!

Spite of the great heat which now prevails here, I feel myself becoming more acclimated, and more capable than hitherto of reflecting upon and profiting by my experience in this country.

You ask me about the position of women with regard to schools. Yes, my child, I have much to say to you on that subject, and have already told you a little. Their position in that respect is indubitably one of the most beautiful aspects of the New World. They are acknowledged, still more and more unreservedly, to be the best instructors of childhood and youth, and they are employed for this purpose in public schools for boys, even of thirteen or fourteen, or even more. I have spoken with young ladies who were teachers of youths of seventeen or eighteen, and they told me that they never experienced any thing from them but attention and esteem. True is it that these young girls were remarkably noble, and had great self-possession of manner. Female teachers are not nearly so well remunerated as male; but every one acknowledges the injustice of this, as the health of women suffers more from that laborious employment than that of men, and prevents their being able to continue it so long. It is hoped, however, that this unequal division may be remedied as new paths of industry are opened to women. And this is beginning more and more to be the case. A remarkable young woman in this city, Elizabeth Blackwell, has opened, as a physician, a career to her sex. She has done this so resolutely, amid opposition, and infinite difficulty and prejudice (which exist even in this country), and so triumphantly by her talent, that a medical college is now about to be established here, solely for women, in which they may study and graduate as physi-

cians. This has pleased me greatly. How useful will these female physicians be in the treatment of their own sex and of children; yes, there are divers diseases for the treatment of which they seem to be peculiarly calculated.

The education of women for the industrial employments is, I think, greatly neglected even here; and they ought, much more than they do, to learn book-keeping. In France, women have, in this respect, greatly the advantage of those in this country; and here, where two thirds of the people follow trade, it would be of great importance if the women could keep books. Still, their principal office is in the home, as the instructors of youth. I saw lately a young girl of about twenty give a lesson in elocution to a class of young men, some of whom were above twenty. Her talent was remarkable in this branch of art, and the youths obeyed her directions like good children. They had voluntarily formed this class that they might be taught by her.

I shall now shortly leave this friendly City of the Friends to go to Washington, where Congress is now sitting, and where a furious war is going forward about California and slavery. You know already, from description, that Philadelphia is remarkable for its regularity and order. It has in this respect the character of the Quakers, and is a quiet city in comparison with New York, has no palaces or remarkable buildings, but is every where well built, has beautiful broad streets planted with trees, and behind these broad causeways and many magnificent private houses, with marble steps and door-ways, and particularly so in the fashionable streets. In each of the great quarters there is a large green market, planted with trees like a park, where it is delightful to walk or sit.

Behind this exterior of order, cleanliness, and regularity, there is, I understand, a considerable proportion of irregularity; and quarrels and affrays not unfrequently take place between the less civilized portion of the population, in particular between the lower class of work-people and

the free negroes, who are mostly fugitive slaves, and often very disorderly.

A portion of the male youth in the Quaker city seem like certain fermenting drinks in bottles, which make the cork fly out of the bottle when it becomes too small for them; I tell that which has been told to me; and the thing seems natural enough. If my spirit had been bottled up in the strict Quaker formula, I should have become either a St. Theresa, or have gone mad, or—I dare not say what.

In company with the amiable B. family I visited the beautiful Philadelphia church-yard, Laurel Hill, on the banks of the Schuylkill, which last, people say, is a name descended from the times of the Scandinavians here, from the Danish *Skjulto Kilder*, Hidden Fountains. I also visited, in company with the T.'s, some of the beautiful environs of the town, and among these the rocky and picturesque banks of the Schuylkill. The land is fertile on all sides; one sees fields of Indian corn (maize) and wheat, and beautiful meadows; every thing testifies of care and industry. Chestnut and walnut trees, the ash, the oak of many kinds, the elm, the maple, and the lime, are very general. One sees commonly the beautiful little Virginian pine, a pyramidal, dark little tree with pine-tree leaves, besides a great variety of shrubs; plantations of fruit trees, mostly peach-trees, ornament the fields. The country round Philadelphia is a pleasing alternation of hill and dale, and idyllian landscape; the trees are large and branching. No tree, however, equals the magnolia and the live oak of the South. I have also seen the tulip-tree here. Pennsylvania is called the Keystone State, I suppose from its central position among the first states of the Union. Pennsylvania takes the second place among the states of the Union as regards population and wealth. It has immense beds of coal in its soil, and great natural beauty in the interior of the country. Susquehanna River

and the valley of the Wyoming are celebrated for their romantic beauty. Philadelphia is second to New York in size and population, the population of Philadelphia being about three hundred thousand. The disorders in the city may, in great measure, arise from the vastly increasing population upon which no educational influences have yet operated. Latterly, however, the Quaker State has aroused itself to a sense of this neglect, and, following the example of the Pilgrim State, has organized a system of schools similar to those of Massachusetts, and now flatters itself with having excelled them; but if with justice I can not say.

And now adieu to Philadelphia! Bergfalk has returned to Sweden. He was to sail from Boston on the 26th of June. He has been extremely ill in Philadelphia of inflammation of the lungs, but was cured by homeopathic treatment. During his illness and convalescence he has experienced something of the abundant kindness of this people, who did all they could for the sufferer, and knew no bounds to their good will. Of this I am glad. Bergfalk has lived in America as a good Swede, laboring and investigating the state of the laws and questions connected therewith; never losing sight of the important inquiry, what can be good and advantageous to Sweden? He has inquired into every thing. He longed very much for his home. It grieved me greatly not to be able to see him before he set off, and that strangers, and not his country-woman, sat by his sick-bed: but his letter tells me that in these strangers he found affectionate brothers and sisters.

Washington, July 1st.

I felt a little thrill of joy when, in the evening of yesterday, I beheld from the top of the Capitol of the United States the glorious panorama of the country around, through which wound the Potomac River, the whole lighted up by the golden light of evening: it was a magnificent sight. The situation of the Senate House, its environs, and the views from it are certainly the most beau-

tiful which can be met with. And the representatives, who here make speeches for the country and the people, can not avoid being inspired by the view which is presented to their gaze; they must feel joy and pride that this is their country, and that it is in their power to work for its well-being.

I spent the evening in company with the American consul in Canada, a pleasant young man, Mr. Andrews, and with Miss Lynch. This agreeable young poetess is now in Washington, endeavoring to obtain from Congress a pension for her mother, the widow of a naval officer. The following day I visited, with her and Dr. Hebbe, a Swede who has resided several years in America, the Senate House, and the House of Representatives. The day was beautiful; the United States banner with its thirty-three stars, a star for each state, waved from the top of the Capitol, as is customary while Congress is sitting. It looked quite festal. The Senators sat in a large rotunda, well lighted by lofty windows, occupying one half of the room, and produced altogether a good and honest effect. The greater number of these gentlemen were of noble form, with a somewhat peculiar physiognomy and bearing, which, on the whole, was calm and dignified, but which nevertheless does not prevent occurrence of scenes which are considerably disturbing and unworthy of senatorial dignity. During the present session even, on one occasion, a strange and rather comic scene occurred between the senator from Missouri, Mr. Benton, and the senator from Mississippi, Mr. Foote, in which the former, a strong-built man, with an expression and beak-like countenance resembling a bird of prey, presented himself before the latter with a look and gesture that made the other, a little man of nervous excitability, draw forth a pistol, which he placed against Benton's breast. With this, the senator of Alabama said, quite coolly, "Give me that instrument," and forthwith disarmed Foote, when behold the pistol was

—unloaded! The hawk and the dove were now both of them in their places in the Senate, and the quarrel between them seemed to be at an end; but I should not depend upon the hawk.

The two great statesmen, Clay and Webster, were both in the Senate, but neither of them spoke. I have already described to you the appearance of Clay; Daniel Webster bears a remarkable likeness to our deceased Archbishop Wallin, especially in the large deep-set eyes, and the strong, magnificent, arched forehead; but he is a handsomer man, and looks more massive. His head is really magnificent. Webster represents Massachusetts, and Clay Kentucky, in the Senate. As regards the great questions of contention between the North and the South in this country, Webster appears to be the representative of the moderate party in the North, and Clay of the moderate party in the South. The Senate is divided in the house into two portions. Each senator has a little desk before him, upon which paper and books are placed. The vice-president, who is speaker, and who sits upon a somewhat elevated platform in front of both parties, with the American eagle displayed above him, is a handsome, powerful figure, with an open, manly countenance. In the gallery appropriated to the public, and which runs round the house above the heads of the senators, the front seat, according to American politeness, is left for ladies, and one hears remarkably well from this gallery.

The House of Representatives produces a less striking effect. The space is much larger, and not so well lighted as that of the senators; the throng of people is much greater also, and they talk and behave in a much less dignified manner. The whole produced a chaotic impression on my mind; nor could I hear one single word from the gallery. The sound does not ascend clearly, and the worthy members talked with the rapidity of a torrent. I shook hands with many, both of the senators and the

representatives. They were all particularly polite and merry.

In the afternoon, the senator from New Hampshire took Miss Lynch and myself to the White House, the residence of the president, General Taylor, just out of the city, and where, in the Park, every Saturday afternoon, there is military music, and the people walk about at pleasure. The president was out among the crowd. I was introduced to him, and we shook hands. He is kind and agreeable, both in appearance and manner, and was simply, almost negligently, dressed. He is not considered to possess any great talent as a statesman, but is universally esteemed for the spotless purity of his character, and for his ability and humanity as a general. It was the Mexican war which made him president. His demeanor struck me as civil rather than military. Vice-president Fillmore, with whom also I became acquainted this evening, looks more of a president than Taylor.

The presidential residence is a handsome, palace-like house, yet of too simple a style to be called a palace, near the Potomac River. The situation and views are beautiful. The band played "The Star-spangled Banner," and other national airs. From three to four hundred persons, ladies, gentlemen, and children, strolled about on the grass and amid the trees; the evening was beautiful, the scene gay and delightful, and one of a true republican character: I enjoyed it, wandering arm in arm, now with one, now with another member of Congress, and shaking hands right and left. When people knew that I was fond of little children, many mothers and fathers brought their little ones to shake hands with me; this pleased me. The president was delighted with the children who leaped about so joyously and so free from care, or seated themselves on the green-sward. He seems to be between fifty and sixty, and is said to be tired of, and distressed by, the state of things and the contentions in the Union at this moment

Later. I have just returned from the Capitol, where I have passed the forenoon, but where we walked about arm in arm with the senators, and talked with them much more than we listened to the speeches in the Senate; but I will do that before long. The entrance of California into the Union, with or without slavery, is the great contested question of the day, and which splits the North and the South into two hostile parties. No one knows as yet how the contest will end, and it is reported that the president said lately that all was dark. Henry Clay, who is endeavoring to bring about a compromise, and who has long labored for this purpose, has latterly set the whole Senate against him, it is said, by his despotic and overbearing behavior, and he is now quite worn out by the opposition he meets with from his colleagues. He complained bitterly of this to-day, when Anne Lynch and I called upon him before Congress. I had seen him the day before at the White House.

He now inquired from me about King Oscar, his character, his standing with the people, &c. So many trivial and insignificant questions are asked me, that it was now really refreshing to reply to inquiries which were earnest and had some purpose in them, and which were made with an earnest intention. And it was very pleasant to me to be able to tell Mr. Clay that we had in King Oscar a good and noble-minded monarch whom we loved. By what the American statesman knew respecting him and our Swedish political affairs, I could see the glance of genius, which requires but little knowledge to enable it to perceive and comprehend much.

While we were in the midst of this subject, the servant introduced an extraordinary little man with an extraordinary stick in his hand, which looked like a something between a knob-stick and an enchanter's wand—some sort of a curiosity out of the Great West! thought I. N.B.—We sat before the open door.

“Is this Henry Clay?” said the little man, planting himself with his great knob-stick just before the great statesman.

“Yes, sir, that is my name,” said Clay, impatiently. “Sit down. What do you wish with me?”

The little man seated himself without any hesitation in an arm-chair, and I rose, saying that I feared to take up Mr. Clay’s time.

“Oh, no, no!” said he, politely; “it is so refreshing to see ladies! But these fellows—I hate them!” and made a gesture toward the little man which would have sent him out of the room or have knocked him down if he could rightly have felt it. But he sat there, fast rooted to the ground, with his knob-stick in his hand, determined not to move, and I felt it necessary to leave the weary statesman to the witchcraft.

Clay, who is extremely popular, allows every one who comes to see him, and is thus overwhelmed by people who take up his time and make demands upon his services. He is at the present moment more irritable and impatient than he has ever been known before. The opposition he meets with may very well be the cause of it. What a life! And yet this it is for which men strive!

I visited the library of the Capitol to-day with the senator of Georgia, Judge Berrian, a witty and acute-minded man; a man who holds extreme pro-slavery views, but belonging to the class of patriarchs, I believe. The library is a large, handsome hall, with a glorious view; it is a public place of meeting during the sitting of Congress, where people may rest themselves from the affairs of state, talk with their acquaintances, &c. Here may be seen, every day, sitting in the recess of a window, at a table covered with books and papers, a lady of about middle age, an elegant figure, refined countenance, and agreeable expression. She seems to be always occupied, and to be in connection with several of the influential members of

Congress, and there she sits watching the progress of her own affairs. What does she desire? What does she wish?

She wishes to have ten millions of dollars from the lands in the West, as an annual fund, to be appropriated for lunatic asylums and poor-houses in all the states of the Union.

It is Mrs. Dorothea Dix, who, during the last ten or twelve years, has traveled through most of the states, visited mad-houses and other asylums for the unfortunate, and done a great deal for their improvement, and in particular as regards the better treatment of the insane, through her influence, and the excellent memorials which she has drawn up and presented to the governors of the various states. Many asylums have been established where they formerly did not exist, and where the unfortunate were left to private care or in the most miserable neglect. The activity and influence of this lady is one of the most beautiful traits of female citizenship in the New World; but I shall tell you about her another time, perhaps, when we meet.

July 2d. Again home from the Capitol, where I have heard Clay and Webster, as well as several of the most distinguished senators. Clay speaks in an animated manner, and with strong feeling. I was not very much struck with his voice, of which I had heard so much praise. It seems to me that he often speaks too rapidly, so that the words are lost in the shrill sound of the voice. Webster speaks with great calmness, both in tone and demeanor, but there is an intensity of power in his manner. He has also this peculiarity as a speaker, and in this he also resembles Wallin, that he drops his voice and speaks all the lower, the deeper is the impression which he seeks to make. This is the very opposite of the general manner of American speakers, but it produces great effect. Other speakers interested me also; but I could hardly have any quietness to listen for introductions to and conversation

with members of Congress. They were extremely polite, but I shall in future apply my ears to business, and leave to Anne Lynch that light conversation in which she is a mistress and I a bungler.

From the Capitol we drove to the house of the president, whose reception-day it was. We arrived late, so that we were alone with the old gentleman, who was very kind and affable, and related to us various things about the Southern Indians calculated to dissipate the somewhat too romantic idea of them entertained by Anne Lynch and myself. I fancied that I could see behind his polite affability a cloud of secret anxiety which he wished to suppress. His daughter, married to Colonel Bliss, appeared, in her white dress, unspeakably agreeable and lovely, with a quiet and refined manner.

I spent yesterday morning with Professor Henry, one of the most celebrated chemists in this country, and found in him a great admirer of Berzelius and Oersted, as well as an uncommonly amiable man. Vice-president Fillmore came in the evening; he is a very gentlemanly person, and shines greatly in conversation.

July 3d. I spent last evening with Daniel Webster at Mr. and Mrs. L.'s, the parents of Mrs. Schröder, a handsome old couple, together with various other persons. Webster does not look well; he has a sallow complexion, keeps himself much apart from others, is silent, and has a heavy and absent look. His charming and amiable wife placed herself beside me, wishing that I might have the pleasure of hearing him speak. He has extraordinary eyes; when they open and fix their gaze upon you, you seem to look into a catacomb full of ancient wisdom; but not much of this comes out into every-day conversation and social life, and that depth lies deep enough in that magnificently-formed head. The man himself seems to be perfectly simple, and without regard to the world's fashions—a very decided character; one which looks like

what it is. He seems to me, however, to be one of those whose powers show themselves most beautifully on great and momentous occasions.

Anne Lynch said to-day that some one at the *table d'hôte* remarked, speaking of Daniel Webster, "That nobody was as wise as Webster looked." To which Judge Berrian immediately replied, "Not even Webster himself!" on which all laughed and applauded.

Anne Lynch and I sit at one corner of the *table d'hôte*, with Henry Clay between us, and on either hand various Southerners, so that I am, through my little friend, Anne, brought into the midst of the pro-slavery party. Yet Henry Clay can not be reckoned as belonging to that party.

I am living at present at the National Hotel, but shall soon remove to a private family, from which I received an invitation some time since. It is a horrible life of visiting here, and intolerably hot. But one has an opportunity of seeing and hearing various interesting people.

The senator of California—a man of giant stature, a magnificent specimen of the inhabitants of the Great West—has given me a breast-pin of Californian gold, the head of which is a *nugget* of gold in its native state, and in which, with a little help of the imagination, one can see an eagle about to raise its wings and fly from its eyrie.

And now, my little heart, I must close this long letter. I shall still remain fourteen days in Washington, after which I shall betake myself to the sea-side for a couple of weeks, and thus endeavor, by sea-bathing, to invigorate myself before I proceed further.

Instead of going hence westward, which would be dangerous and fatiguing in the great heats of summer, I now intend to go northward, to Maine and New Hampshire, perhaps also visit Canada, which young Mr. A. strongly advises, and then advance westward, by the great inland lakes to Chicago, and so on to the Scandi-

navian settlement, still further in the west; for I must ultimately visit them. Some riotous scenes have lately occurred in the Peasant Colony, and Erik Janssen, the prophet, has been killed by a Swede named Rooth. He might have maintained the respect of his people, but had a sad reputation around the colony.

Anne Lynch and I intend to spend to-morrow, the 4th of July, at Mount Vernon, the former country seat of Washington, and the place of his burial, and there quietly to celebrate the great day of the United States, the day on which the Declaration of Independence was made, and which is kept in all the states and cities with speechifying, drinking of toasts, and firing of guns.

In a week I shall leave the hotel, which is too hot and too populous for me, and where it is almost impossible to escape from company and company-life. My little friend, Miss Lynch, lives in it as in the breath of her life, and without the slightest coquetry, always attracts around her, by liveliness and good-humored wit, a crowd of people, mostly gentlemen. To these she often says many a little caustic truth, but so gayly that it seems to please them more than flattery. She has an especial facility for puns and sallies of wit, which always produce a lively effect, and infuse fresh air into the occasionally heavy or thunderous intellectual atmosphere. As for instance, on one occasion, when Clay, having excited himself against those who believed that, under his proposal of compromise, he concealed selfish views and designs for the presidency, he added the protestation, "It is not in the power of mankind to offer any reward which would be a temptation to me!" On this Anne Lynch asked if he asserted the same as regarded "the power of womankind?" Clay smiled, and said that he would think about it; and his ill humor was gone.

Farewell, my child! I salute you and mamma.

I shall tell you in my next more about Congress and the gentlemen of Congress here.

L E T T E R X I X.

Washington, July 10th.

I LAST wrote to you, my sweet Agatha, from the National Hotel, a kind of hot oven full of senators and representatives, of traveling gentlemen and ladies, where one was baked soul and body by heat and this high-pressure life, and where I lingered so long merely to remain in company with Miss Lynch, but where we, with our different natures, got on very differently; she in the vortex of social life, of which she is the ornament, I seeking for solitude—the hardest thing to find in such an hotel-world, but of which I, nevertheless, enjoyed a few moments, partly in my own room, partly walking in the gallery of the court, where I listened to the plashing of the water as it fell into the fountain-basin in the middle of the court, and reposing my soul upon a few words or tones which always return in my moments of solitude, always the same, always sufficient to fill soul and sense, so that, like the water of the fountain, they leap up in clear streams, saluting heaven, fructifying early! I can not tell, but you can understand that which I experience at such moments, and that which then lives in my soul; but such moments were not many in the National Hotel, where I lived in daily association with from three to four hundred persons.

To-day I wrote from a tranquil home, where the alantus and sycamore whisper outside my window, and the lady of the house and I spring around each other as we take a cold bath three or four times a day.

But a truce now to myself, for great and nationally important events have occurred since I last wrote, events which have caused a strong vibration through the whole social and political system of every state of the Union, and have produced an overturning in many things; and it is of these events that I must first speak.

For some few days (5th and 6th of July) it has been mentioned here and there in Washington that the president (General Taylor) was indisposed. He was perfectly well on the 4th (it was on the 3d when I last saw him), but having eaten something which had disagreed with him—oyster-patty, I should imagine—he had an attack of illness; on the 7th he was said again to be better, and would soon be quite restored.

As I sat, however, yesterday (the 9th) in the Senate House, listening patiently, or more correctly, impatiently, to a long and tedious pro-slavery speech by the senator of South Carolina, Judge Butler, an estimable man and a good friend of mine (always excepting as regards this question), I perceived a thrill, as if from a noiseless electric shock, had passed through the assembly; a number of fresh persons entered by the principal doors, and at once Daniel Webster was seen to stand beside the speaking senator, indicating with a deprecatory gesture that he must interrupt him on account of some important business. The orator bowed and was silent; a stillness as of death reigned in the house, and all eyes were fixed upon Webster, who himself stood silent for a few seconds, as if to prepare the assembly for tidings of serious import. He then spoke slowly, and with that deep and impressive voice which is peculiar to him.

“I have a sorrowful message to deliver to the Senate. A great misfortune threatens the nation. The President of the United States, General Taylor, is dying, and probably may not survive the day.”

Again was that silent electrical shock perceptible. I saw many persons turn pale, and I felt myself grow pale also from the unexpected announcement, and from seeing the effect which it had produced. One senator bowed his head upon his hands, as if he heard the thunder of judgment. This movement of astonishment was, however, transient. Mind soon regained its usual tension: the Senate

adjourned immediately, and to a man they all poured forth into the city to tell this news or to hear any thing fresh. At the present moment of party strife, and during the contention which is now going forward in Congress, and upon the adjustment of which it is said that the personal character of General Taylor exercised an important influence, the news of his condition has made an immense impression.

At half past ten in the evening the president died, after having taken a beautiful and affecting leave of his family.

“Weep not, my dear wife,” he is related to have said to her, who loved him with infinite affection, “I have endeavored to do my duty, and I trust in the mercy of God!”

The day following (the 10th of July), the new president, Vice-president Fillmore, entered upon his office, according to the law of the country, which decrees that in case of the decease of the president the vice-president shall hold his office during the time which yet remains of the full term of government, when a new president shall be elected. The term of presidentship is for four years; and Taylor, I believe, had occupied the seat of president about two years; two, therefore, remained for Fillmore.

It is believed that this hasty elevation is not welcome to him. It is said that, when he was told of Taylor's death, he bowed his head and said, “This is my first misfortune!” and it is said, also, that when, conducted by two of the members of Congress, the one from Massachusetts, the other from Louisiana, he entered the House of Representatives, in order to take the oath, his appearance did not belie this impression. He was very pale, and looked unhappy. That fine, manly figure, which hitherto had borne itself so nobly, now supported, or, rather, dragged in by two unequal figures, who held each one an arm, did not look either well or at his ease. After this trial, the members of the Senate, two and two, or one and one, entered the House of Representatives. Nothing can be simpler than the form by which the new president was in-

ducted into his office. Placing his hand upon the Bible, he promised to defend the Constitution of the United States, called upon God to witness his promise, kissed the book, and—that was all.

The president and senators went out as they had entered. Most of the senators went out in pairs, some arm-in-arm; Clay went alone—indifferent, weary, very much alone, seemed to me both his expression and bearing; Corwin, the senator from Ohio, of whom I shall presently have more to say, a stout little man, resolute and good-tempered, he also walked alone.

The sitting of Congress is now prorogued for three days, until after the interment of President Taylor. But the contending parties, who now prepare themselves for a new turn in affairs, have not prorogued their operations. They labor incessantly, and have no other feeling or thought than their own interests.

Yesterday, as I returned from the Capitol, I heard one young man say to another, “If he dies, then our party will triumph, and, by God, I know that he *will* die.”

And now, while these mighty affairs both rest and are agitated, I will tell you a little about my own concerns.

I spent the 4th of July—that great day in the United States—at Mount Vernon, the estate of Washington, with Miss Lynch, Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Corwin, the senator from Ohio. Mr. Corwin is one of this country’s “self-made men.” His father was a poor farmer, and the son enjoyed merely a common school education, but has, through his own means, educated and trained himself till he is one of the most celebrated popular orators; and what is still more, a universally esteemed politician, against whom nobody has any thing to say, excepting that sometimes he is too good.

He was a charming and inestimable companion for us; and his conversation, in particular his vivacious and life-like descriptions—though sometimes a little caricatured—

of his brethren in the Senate, and his imitations of their manner and their tone; his happy humor, which, like a living fountain, forever swelling forth from fresh springs, converted the tedious drive along a wretched road in a shaking carriage, and in the oppressive heat of the day, into a journey of pleasure.

We were received at Mount Vernon by a handsome young couple, the nephew of the great president and his wife. They invited us to cool and rest ourselves, and entertained us with milk and fruit, which were delicious. Henry Clay had given us a letter of introduction to them. The situation of the house, on the banks of the Potomac, is unspeakably beautiful; the park, laid out in the English style, appeared to me extensive, but, like the buildings, to be somewhat out of order. A beautiful mausoleum, containing the bodies of Washington and his wife, stands in the park; and through the grated iron door of the mausoleum the coffins may be seen. I threw in between the iron bars my green branch.

Washington has always appeared to me in life and character to have a resemblance to Gustavus Wasa; although his life was less romantic, and his character more phlegmatic, less impulsive, than the Swedish liberator. Wasa is a more dramatic, Washington a more epic figure; Wasa more of the hero, Washington more of the statesman; Wasa king, Washington president. Large, powerful, kingly souls were they, both worthy to be the governors of free people. Washington, perhaps, stands higher than Wasa, in his pure unselfishness, as the supreme head of the people. In self-government he was almost without an equal; and it is said that only on one single occasion, in a momentary outbreak, did he allow the volcanic workings of his soul to be observed.

The American ideal of a man, "a well-balanced mind," must have its type in the great president. Noble he was, and, when he had done an injustice, would candidly ac-

knowledge it. That which I most admire in his character and life, is his perseverance. He was not without pride in his manner and temper toward others. He had a glance which could strike the insolent dumb; and I have heard it said that his very presence, even if he were silent, always could be felt like a dominant power; but this is the case with all strong characters.

The mother of Washington was a quiet, noble lady, whose "well-balanced mind" seemed to exceed that of her son, and who thought too highly of duty and fatherland to be proud of his achievements, however tenderly she loved him.

"I hope that George will fulfill his duty to his country!" said she, modestly, on one occasion, when his merits were exalted in her presence. The understanding between Washington and his mother seems to have been perfect. Of the understanding between him and his wife I have merely heard this anecdote:

A guest at Mount Vernon happened to sleep in a room adjoining that occupied by the president and his lady. Late in the evening, when people had retired to their various chambers, he heard the lady delivering a very animated lecture to her lord and master upon something which he had done, that she thought should have been done differently; to all this he listened in the profoundest silence, and when she too was silent, he opened his lips and spoke, "Now good sleep to you, my dear."

Portraits and descriptions of her show her to have been a pretty, agreeable, kind, little woman, from whom it really could not have been so disagreeable to have a curtain-lecture.

Washington was the native of a slave state, Virginia, and was himself a slaveholder until just before his death, when he gave his slaves their freedom. It is really remarkable to see in his will, which I have lately read, how nothing appeared to have weighed so much upon his heart

as solicitude for the well-being of his slaves. Several pages are occupied by directions for the treatment of those who were to receive their freedom, as well as of those who were old, or infirm, and who, therefore, were to be well cared for until their death. This precision with regard to the kind treatment of the old slaves after his death, places the republican hero of the New World much higher than those of old Rome! The pure humanity of Washington in this respect shines forth with the purest splendor; and it is this pure humanity, still more than his talent as a governor; still more than his glowing patriotism, which makes Washington the great man of the New World—I will not say the greatest, because I am still looking for him. It is also this which calls forth that fervent and unanimous homage which is befitting to him from the people of the New World, and which he obtains also from the people of Europe, and which to this day calls forth encomiums on his memory from the States of America and the Czar of Russia. Washington endeavored in every thing, and above every thing, to be just and true, therefore he stood so firmly, and therefore he stood so purely, during a stormy and unsettled period, a Memnon's statue in the midst of the whirling sands of the desert, unmoved by them, influenced only by the light, and ever giving forth the same pure harmonious tone.

Mount Vernon was the home of Washington's youth; hither he brought his bride, here he lived happily through the whole of his life, whenever he had an interval of rest from the charge of public affairs. Mount Vernon was his favorite residence. Here, in old age, he died in peace, after a well completed and honorable career, able to say, "I am not afraid to die!"

We were alone at Washington's grave on this day, which we spent amid quiet conversation in the park, walking about or sitting on the grass under the shadowy trees; and Mr. Corwin, who during the drive thither had

shot right and left, like a master, the arrows of satire and jest, now showed during a serious conversation that profoundly religious mind, that desire to rest in spiritual and eternal truth, which distinguishes the man of the New World, whether he be descended from Cavalier or Puritan; and which is shown in his outward life, however much he may be occupied by the business and the battle of the day. Corwin is a determined anti-slavery man, and will not hear of any compromise with slavery, and is therefore opposed to Clay and his scheme of adjustment. From his description of Clay and his manner of treating persons of different talents and different political views, although the description was somewhat caricatured, I yet obtained a definite idea of Clay's ability as a political leader during a war of opinions.

We returned toward evening, and part of the journey which we made on the Potomac was beautiful; the banks of the river are not here of a great character, but they are nevertheless romantic, and present extensive views over a richly-wooded country, broken into hills and valleys. At Alexandria, a small town on our way, we took a little supper with a kind lady, who seemed to consider her Alexandria as remarkable as we should have considered the old classical city of the same name.

I have visited every day the Senate and the Assembly of Representatives, though generally the former, because I hear well there, and because as a parliamentary assembly it seems, in every case, to stand above the other.

In the House of Representatives no speaker may occupy more than an hour of time. As soon as the hour is at an end, and a little bell rings, another speaker has a right to interrupt him, even should it be in the very midst of his most profound argument, or in the highest flight of his genius, and demand general attention for *his* speech, which may occupy another hour, after which he again must give place to some one else. And as the speakers in a general

way speak with great ease, and have a deal to say, they are anxious to make good use of their power, and that, I suppose, is the reason for the headlong speed with which the speech is hurled forth, like an avalanche, into the House, at least it has been so every time I have been there. A certain kind of hurry-skurry seems to prevail in this house, which contrasts strongly with the decorum of the Senate. There each senator may speak as long as he will, nay even through the whole of the session, if he chose, without any one having a right to interrupt him, except to make an observation or with his consent.

During this talking, however, whether in the Senate or in the House of Representatives, I am often enough reminded of Mr. Poinsett's words, when I praised the American talent for talking, "It is a great misfortune!" But is it better, as regards this misfortune, in other countries in assemblies where people make speeches? And if I do sigh now and then as I listen to a speech, yet I am interested by many on account of their straightforwardness, on account of the subjects upon which they touch, or on account of the speakers themselves. I like both to see and to hear parliamentary assemblies. Human nature seems to me great, when it stands forth and does battle for some high purpose or principle, and if it be possessed of power or of genius, it wins great victories; and I love to see human nature great and important, to see it from its private little world, its isolated point, labor for—the whole world. And even without genius, human nature here presents, as a moral power, an interesting sight merely by its "yes" or "no." Such an assembly is in its operation a grand dramatic scene, and there sometimes occur in it scenes and episodes of much more vital effect than many a one which we witness on the stage.

Some such, at which I have been present here, I will mention to you. But first a word about the scene itself, that is to say, the Senate, because it has an especial inter-

est for me, inasmuch as all the senators represent states, and the characteristic and poetic features of these present themselves to my imagination, in picturesque groups, in the men who represent them. Each state in the Union sends two senators to Congress. These stand up in the Senate, and are addressed not as Mr. this or that, but as the senator of Kentucky, or Massachusetts, or Mississippi, or Louisiana, and so on; and I then immediately see before me an image of Kentucky, or Massachusetts, or Mississippi, or Louisiana, according to what I know of the life and temperament of the states, as well in spirit as in natural scenery, even though the human representative may not answer to it; and the whole fashion and form of this hemisphere stands before me like a great drama, in which Massachusetts and Louisiana, Carolina and Pennsylvania, Ohio and Alabama, and many others, are acting powers with definite individuality. Individuality is again supplied by the surname which chance or the humor of the people have given to some of the states, and according to which it would be easy to christen all. Thus I behold here the Empire State (New York); the Granite State (New Hampshire); the Keystone State (Pennsylvania); the Wolverines (Michigan); and many other tilt and combat with the Giant State (Kentucky); with the Palmetto State (Carolina); the French State (Louisiana); and so on. And the warfare that goes on about the Gold State, called also the Pacific State (California), calls forth all those marked features and circumstances which distinguish and separate the Northern and the Southern States, and which set them in opposition one to the other.

I will now tell you what the great apple of contention looks like, which has been here fought for during the last seven months. Behold!

THE COMPROMISE BILL.

The admission of California as a State into the Union, the arrangement of Territorial Administration for Utah (the Mormon State) and New Mexico, as well the project for determining the Western and North-western boundary of Texas.

And now a word in explanation: in order that a state can have a right to be admitted as such into the Union, it is necessary for it to have a population of at least fifty-five thousand souls. Until then, every separate portion of the United States land is called territory, and is governed, during the period of its development and minority, more immediately by the Federal administration, which appoints a governor and other officials, and furnishes troops to defend the inhabitants against the Indians or other enemies, whatever they may be, of whom the population of the territory may complain. Every state in the Union has a right to form its own laws, on condition that they do not encroach upon the enactments of the other Federal states, as well as that the form of government be republican. The territory, again, has not the privileges of the state, and people are not yet agreed as to how far its privileges of self-government ought to extend. Well now, California, the population of which became suddenly augmented to above one hundred and fifty thousand souls, principally by emigration from the free Northeastern States, desires to be admitted into the Union as a free state. New Mexico, which in consequence of the Mexican law, is free from slavery, and Utah, which calls its young population "Latter-Day Saints," desire also as territory resolutely to oppose the introduction of slavery.

But as these three states—that which has attained its majority, as well as those which yet remain in their minority—are situated below a geographical line, called the Missouri line, which, accordingly to ancient agreement, is

to constitute the line of separation between the Free States and the Slave States, so that all the states north of this line shall have a right to be free from slaves, and all states lying to the south of it have a right to slaves and slave labor; and as three new states would disturb the balance of political power between the North and the South, and give the preponderance to the North and the Free States, therefore do all the men of the South—yet not all—cry, “No! No!” to this; and the ultras among them add, “Rather will we break with the North, and form ourselves into a separate Union—the Southern States Union! We will declare war against the North!”

The Southerners insist upon it that both California and New Mexico shall be open to receive their slave institutions, and beyond this they insist that Congress shall pass a law forbidding the Free States to give harborage and protection to fugitive slaves, and that it shall give to them, the Southerners, the right to demand and obtain the aid of the legislative power in the Free States for the recovery of their human property.

To this the men of the North shout “No! No!” with all their might. And the ultras of their party add, “Rather bloody war! We will never consent to slavery! Away with slavery! We will remain a free people! Congress shall pass a law to forbid slavery in every new state.”

Many of the Southerners admit, in the mean time, the right of California to enter the Union as a free state, but deny to the territories any right to legislate for themselves on the question of slavery. The Southerners, in general, maintain that they do not contend for the cause of slavery, but for states’-right and the cause of the Constitution. Many are right in this assertion, but with many others it is easy to see that the interests of slavery color their opposition.

Other questions of contention belong to the same category, as, for instance, whether Columbia, the district in

which Washington stands, shall continue to hold slaves or not. There is at the present time, within sight of the Capitol, a gloomy, gray building, half buried in trees, as if ashamed of itself, that is a slave-pen, where slaves are brought up or kept for sale. Washington is situated in the Slave State of Maryland. One portion of the Southerners are anxious to maintain, even here, their beloved domestic institutions, as the phrase is. Another point of contention is the question about the boundaries between Texas and Mexico, and about a strip of land between the Slave State and the yet free territory, or which shall have and which shall give up this piece; and Freedom and Slavery get to fighting anew on this ground about this piece of land.

Such is the aspect which this great apple of discord presents, an actual Gordian knot which seems to demand the sword of an Alexander to sever.

Henry Clay's scheme of compromise says, California shall be introduced into the Union as a free state, according to her wishes; because her population of nearly 200,000 have a right to determine their measures. New Mexico shall wait for the determination of the law, until she is possessed of a population large enough to constitute a state. She shall, in the mean time, continue to be a territory without slaves. And the same with regard to Utah.

On the contrary, the Slave States shall possess the right to demand the restoration of their fugitive slaves, and, if it be necessary, to regain them by the aid of law, as the Constitution has decreed.

Columbia shall be a free district, from which slavery shall be banished.

These, I believe, are the principal points of Clay's scheme to bring about peace between the North and South. Both North and South, however, demand greater concession, each on his own side, and exclaim "No! No!" to the Compromise Bill.

This bill, which has many clauses introduced under the same head, all of which Clay wishes to have carried at the same time, has thence obtained the name of "the Omnibus Bill," and is contested under this appellation. Many senators, who go with Clay on certain points, have separated from him on others; and it seems as if the Omnibus Bill, as such, had nearly the whole Senate against it, although some special questions seem likely to be decided according to Clay's views, among which is the principal one of California's admission into the Union as a free state: but even they who are agreed on important points may fall out with each other about trifles; and the other day I heard Mississippi sharply taken to task by Mississippi for his "disunion tendency," on which the other half of Mississippi cried "Shame on disunionists!"

But now for a little about the *dramatis personæ*, or such of them as appear to me most remarkable.

Henry Clay has his seat against the wall, to the right of the entrance, is always there, attentive, lively, following the discussion, throwing in now and then a word, and not unfrequently taking himself the lead in it. His cheek and eye have a feverish glow, his voice and words are always energetic, urged on by the impulsiveness of the soul, and compel attention; his arguments are to the purpose, striking, and, seeming to me to bear the stamp of strong conviction, ought to produce conviction in others; and when his strong resounding voice thunders the battle-cry "*California*" (the last syllable of which he sounds in a peculiar manner) through the Senate, amid the fight for the freedom of California, then they feel that the old warrior leads them forth to victory. Although born in a Slave State, Kentucky, and its representative, and though a slaveholder himself, Clay's sympathies are evidently wholly and entirely in favor of the system of freedom; and at the opening of this session he frankly declared that he never would allow the introduction of slavery into any

new state. And herein I recognize the great statesman and the free son of the New World. On a former occasion, also, he proposed a plan by which to free his native land from slavery, and which does not seem to be an impracticable one. It is this: that all children born of slaves, after a certain year—I believe that it was this present year of 1850—should be declared free, and should be brought up in a humane manner in schools, and should be taught mechanical arts and handcraft trades. This project, so noble in its intention, so practical, and which in so rational a manner opens the way for a twofold emancipation, has nevertheless been rejected. The ultras on both sides, in the anti-slavery and pro-slavery camps, will not hear of it. I believe that the concession which Clay, while he is combating for the freedom of California and the neutrality of Mexico, makes to the Southern States, in yielding to their demands with regard to the restoration of their fugitive slaves, is a measure rendered imperative by the necessity of the moment. Since I have been in the Slave States, and seen and heard the bitterness which exists there, in particular in South Carolina, against the conduct and interference of the Northerners in the question of slavery—since I have often heard the wish expressed for separation from the North, which ferments there, and which even makes itself seen in the Senate, I consider this concession to be necessary for the prevention of civil war at the present moment; while the feelings of the South are afresh irritated by the probable accession to the North, of California, and even of New Mexico, and Utah into its group of states. The concession has its legal ground, inasmuch as, conformably with the Constitution of the United States, the states are bound to respect each others' laws, and according to the laws of the Slave States, the slaves constitute a portion of the slaveholder's lawful property.

I perfectly understand the bitterness which the supporters of anti-slavery principles must feel at the thought

that their free soil may not be an asylum for the unfortunate slave, and that the slave-catcher may there have a free career, and demand the assistance of the officials of the Free States. I know that I myself would rather suffer death than give up an unfortunate slave who had taken refuge with me; but is there at this moment an alternative between this concession and civil war? Clay seems to consider that there is not, and Daniel Webster seems to coincide with him, though he has not as yet expressed himself openly on Clay's Compromise Bill.

I believe that Clay makes this concession reluctantly, and that he would not have proposed it if he had regarded it as any thing more than temporary, if his own large heart and his statesman's eye had not convinced him that the time is not far distant when the noble heart's impulse of the South will impel them voluntarily to a nobler, humaner legislation as regards the slave question; and that urged on necessarily by the liberal movement of humanity, as well in Europe as in America, the New World will rid itself of this its greatest lie.

And this I also believe, thanks to the noble minds with which I became acquainted in the South—thanks to the free South, which grows and extends itself in the bosom of the Slave States; and who can feel the movement of the spirit over the whole of this vast world's formation without feeling that the Spirit of God floats over the deep, and will divide light from darkness by his almighty—"Be thou light!" The crimson of dawn is already on the hills, and tinging the tops of the forest trees. He who will see it may! I do not dread the darkness conquering here.

Near Clay, and before him in the row of seats, you see the representative of the Granite State, Mr. Hale, from New Hampshire, with a head not unlike that of Napoleon, and a body and bearing like a great fat boy; a healthy, strong, Highland character, immovable in his principles as the Granite Mountains, and with a mind as fresh as

the wind which blows around them. A strong anti-slavery supporter, and inflexible toward any concession on this question, he frequently puts the whole House into the best of tempers by his humor, and his witty and sarcastic sallies. I like the man very much. Near to him I see the senator from Texas (the first president of that republican Texas), General Houston, who required a month to travel from his state to Washington. People listen willingly to the magnificent old general, for the sake of the picturesque and fresh descriptions which he introduces in his speeches. His expression is good-tempered and manly, with a touch of military chivalry. He has the peculiarity of cutting little bits of wood with his penknife during all the discussions in the Senate. I also see the senator from Pennsylvania, a man of Quaker-like simplicity, and with a pure and handsome countenance, among the anti-slavery leaders. The two senators from Ohio, Corwin and Chase, are here; the former you are already acquainted with. I see him in the Senate, sitting silent and tranquil; he has already delivered his sentiments on the important subject, and now merely makes occasionally a short observation on some speech of a Southerner. Chase has a remarkably noble and handsome exterior; I have seldom seen a more noble or prouder figure. Such a man in private life must be a dominant spirit, and awaken love or hate. In public he expresses himself firmly, but in few words, for the principle of freedom.

The senator from New York, Mr. Seward, is a little man, not at all handsome, and with that nasal twang which not unfrequently belongs to the sons of Boston. Seward is from that city. Yet, nevertheless, that voice has uttered, during the present session, some of the greatest and noblest thoughts. He is a stout anti-slavery man, and is against any compromise.

"I will labor," said he, lately, at the close of a speech, "for the support of the Union, not by concessions to slav-

ery, but by the advancement of those laws and institutions which make her a benefactor to the whole human race." Good and great!

If I now advance from the point where I began, and on the side of the principal entrance, I find, not far from Clay, a Southerner and a champion of slavery, the senator from Georgia, Judge Berrian, a man of talent and wit, and also a kind and God-fearing man, a man of refinement and high breeding, whom it grieved me to see advocating the dark side of the South, on the plea that he must maintain its rights. He stands now in opposition to Clay on the question of California's right to freedom, and the personal hostility between them has gone so far, that Clay gave up his place at our *table d'hôte*. (Clay has resumed his seat, and Berrian sits at the table.)

In the middle of this camp sits the colossus, Daniel Webster, in his arm-chair, with his sallow cheek and brow, and seems to be oppressed with thought, or with the heat, perhaps with both. I call him a colossus, not because I see in him an overpowering intellectual greatness, but on account of his magnificent head and massive appearance, although he is not a large figure, and because his influence is felt as something colossal. He has been extremely handsome, possessed of a natural, kingly dignity, and is described as having, by his mere presence, exercised an almost magical power over human masses. He is now above sixty, and is still a handsome, powerful man, although years and thought seem to weigh upon him. Clay, though more than seventy, is in appearance a youth in comparison with Webster. Clay is always ready to fire off; Webster seems to deliberate carefully as to the charging of his piece before he applies the match.

The senators of Illinois, General Shields and Judge Douglas, are both small men, but men of talent, and even of genius. In the deep, beautiful eyes of Douglas glows a dark fire which it is said burns with ambitious desires

for the office of president; but the same desires influence Clay, Webster, Seward, and many others. He speaks but little, at least in company, but his presence is felt. He looks like an ardent, clever, and determined little man. General Shields, fair, blue-eyed, and with an honest glance, is of a more frank character. He distinguished himself, and was severely wounded, in the war with Mexico. I love to talk with him and to hear him talk. He is an active-minded and warm American, and seems to me to understand the peculiar aspect and vocation of his country.

Let us now cast a glance into the other camp. The hawk from Missouri, Colonel Benton, sits there in the midst of his own people, as well as the lion from Kentucky in the other camp, and just opposite to him. He is one of the oldest senators in Congress, and highly esteemed for his learning, his firmness, and his courage. He has fought a duel, and in cold blood slowly taken aim, and in cold blood shot his man, and he looks as if he could shoot his man in cold blood still. This duel, or, more correctly speaking, his behavior in it, has cast a shadow upon his character in the eyes of many. He belongs to the population of "the Borderers" in America, to that class which springs up on the outskirts of the wilderness, and among a half-savage people; he has evidently accustomed himself to club-law; has accustomed himself to go with pistol and bowie-knife (a kind of crooked knife universal as a weapon in the Slave States, and called after its inventor), and which is carried, as our gentlemen carry a penknife and pencil, in the breast pocket. And Colonel Benton is a suitable representative of a slave state, where the wild Missouri pours its turbid waters along its perilous course, forming the western boundaries of the savage mountain land of the Indian tribes, and extending eastward to the gigantic Mississippi, where heathenism still contends for dominion with Christian law—of that yet only half-civilized Missouri may a cold-blooded duellist like Colonel Benton very well be re-

garded as a worthy representative, where he can, by his resolute will and his determined behavior, make himself both esteemed and feared as a political character. In exterior he is a strong-built, powerful, broad-shouldered, broad-chested man; the forehead is lofty, and the somewhat gray hair rises thin and slightly curled above it; below gleam out a pair of lively, but cold, gray eyes, and between them shoots forth an aquiline nose; the lower part of the countenance is strong, and shows a strong will and strong animal propensities. The figure and expression are powerful, but somewhat heavy, and are deficient in nobility. He has advocated in the Senate the freedom of California, but has opposed Mr. Clay's "Omnibus Bill." In society I have found him candid, extremely polite, and kind; nevertheless, there was a something within me which felt a repulsion to that cool, blood-stained hand. If it were not for this, I should like to see more of the man. His unreserved acknowledgment in the Senate that, although the representative of a slave state, a native of a slave state, and himself a slaveholder, *he yet regarded slavery as an evil*, and should regard it as a *crime* to aid in the extension of the *curse* to territory which had hitherto been free. This manly, candid declaration from a man in his position deserves all esteem, and his vivid description of nature and the circumstances of life in the Western lands, shows both knowledge and talent.

Near to the senator from Missouri, and most striking in the camp of the Southerners, stands forth Soulé, the senator of Louisiana, and forming a strong contrast to the former. The hawk of Missouri is a proper representative of the state, with the wild river and the richly metallic mountains, the boundary of the Indians. The land where the orange glows, where the sugar-cane flourishes, and where French civilization and French manners have been naturalized, ever since they fled thither from France, at the period of its extremest refinement; that flowery, beau-

tiful Louisiana could not have sent to Congress a more worthy representative than the French consul, Soulé. Possessed of that beauty peculiar to the South, with its delicate features, eyes and hair of that rich, dark color which distinguish the Spaniards, and also the handsomest portion of the French population, Soulé has that grace of manner and expression which is found among the men of these nations, and which is not met with among the Anglo-Saxons and Northmen, however good and handsome they may be. Soulé has come forward in the Senate on the Californian question, to advocate "the rights of the South," but always as a man of genius and tact; and on the occasion of a resolution which was opposed to the interests of Louisiana as a slave state, he also declared himself for the preservation of the Union. His great speech produced a great effect, and I have heard it praised by many. I have read it, and find nothing in it to admire as of a superior character. The rights of the South are the highest object for which he contends, and his highest impulse is a chivalric sense of honor as regards his own honor. "The South must not yield, because the South is the weaker combatant. If the South shall be conquered, no blush of shame must tinge her cheek."

Soulé is a French knight, but not of the highest order, not a Bayard nor a Turenne.

Mr. Dickinson, a cold-blooded senator from Alabama, a man of an acute and stern aspect, highly esteemed for integrity of character in the camp of the Southerners, sits near the inflammable Mississippi, that is to say, the younger of the senators from that state, a young man of handsome person and inflammable temperament, who talks violently for "Southern rights." The other, and elder senator of Mississippi, Mr. Foote, is a little, thin, and also fiery man, whom I believe to be a really warm patriot. He stands for the Union, and his most brilliant moments are when he hurls himself into a violent dithyrambic

against all and each who threaten it. The explosions of his indignant feelings almost lift him up from the earth, as the whole of his slender but sinewy frame responds in vehement agitation to the apostrophes of the spirit. These are sometimes so keen and full of rebuke, that I wonder at the coolness with which the Senate, and certain senators in particular, listen to them; but it seems to me as if they listened with that sort of feeling with which a connoisseur regards the clever work of an artist. For the rest, Mr. Foote is always on the alert, quick to interrupt, to make observations, and sometimes calls forth, by his mercurial temperament, a universal smile, but of a good-natured kind, as at the bottom is Mr. Foote himself.

Near the combustible Mississippi I see a young man, also handsome, and with features bearing a remarkable resemblance to those of the Indian. That is the senator from Virginia—his name has escaped my memory—and he is said to be a descendant of Pocahontas, the Indian heroine of Virginia. For my part, this is the most remarkable thing about him.

But now, my child, you must have had enough for to-day of politics and political gentlemen. I shall write more when I have seen more.

Two deputies from the Mormonites may also be seen in the Senate (yet not within the Senate, but in the outer court), who present to Congress the request from the Mormon people—now rapidly increased to the number of 12,000 souls—to be admitted into the Union, and the protection of its troops against the Indians. This remarkable sect has, since it was expelled from its first settlement on the Mississippi by the people of Illinois, wandered far out into the West, beyond the Indian wilderness, Nebraska; and have founded a flourishing community, in a fertile valley bordering on a vast Indian lake, called the Great Salt Lake, in Upper California. I have not yet heard any thing very creditable about the government or

the customs of the people. Their Bible, however—the Mormon Bible—I have been able to borrow here. It contains, first, the whole Christian Bible, after that an addition of some later pretended prophets, of whom Meroni and Mormon are the last. In the prophecies of these men is given a closer and more definite prophecy of Christ; nay, indeed, almost the whole of his history, and many of his words, but nothing new in religious doctrine, as far as I can discover. The peculiarity of the sect seems to be based upon the assertion that their prophet, Joe Smith, is descended directly from these later Christian prophets, and has obtained, by miraeulous communication, portions of their books, as well also as of their spiritual gifts and power to communicate these gifts to others, by which means they are all brought into a closer communieation with Christ than any other Christians.

How a man, who evidently, in many cases, was a deceiver, could obtain so great an influence over thousands of people in the present Christian state of society, and was able to form them into a vast organized body, according to his law, seems scarcely comprehensible, unless it be by supposing that this man was really possessed of some extraordinary powers, partly of a prophetic kind (and we hear of many such, similar to the oldest prophetic skill, even in the present day, as, for instance, the second-sight of the Scotch Highlanders), and partly of worldly prudence. He was shot during the war with Illinois, and he is said to have distinetly foretold the time and the manner of his death; but the Mormon people continue to be led by men who adhere to his laws, and who pretend to be guided by his spirit. The habits and organization of the community is said to be according to the Christian moral code, and extremely severe.

I must now tell you something about my new home. It is at the house of Mr. Johnson, the Professor of Geology. He is now from home on a scientific journey, but

is shortly expected back. His wife, her sister, and two adopted children, a handsome girl of fifteen, and a boy of thirteen, compose the whole family. Mrs. Johnson zealously denounces slavery, and as zealously advocates hydropathy. She sees the root of all evil in the former, and a cure for all evil in the latter; hers is a thoroughly good, sincere, open-hearted, excellent character, with a great deal of fresh originality. Her sister, who is several years younger, is a Quakeress, and has one of those pure, lovely countenances so general among the women of this sect, with a quiet, intelligent manner. She always wears white, and every morning the breakfast-table is ornamented with fresh roses, which she gathers in her morning walk in the park of the Capitol; one or two roses are laid for each person, just as we used to have them at Aersta. Miss D. is the ideal of a poetical Quakeress, and now and then she introduces a line or two of beautiful poetry into her conversation, but always appropriately and agreeably. I feel refreshment and repose from her very presence. Mrs. J. makes me experience the same with her cold baths, the fresh originality of her character, and those disputes which, to my great amusement, I almost always hear between her and Dr. Hebbe; and, above all, by the delicious peace and freedom which she affords me in her excellent home.

Washington, July 14th.

It is Sunday, and I have remained at home from church to rest and converse with you. It is very hot, but the sycamore-tree outside my window casts a shadow, and all is kept cool by the green Venetian shutters.

And now you are indeed with mamma at Aersta, my little Agatha, and are living out in the summer air and among the flowers. May every thing else at home afford you summer benefit also, and enable you to enjoy your rural life!

Here every thing is again in perfect warfare. Presi-

dent Taylor reposes in his quiet grave, sincerely lamented by his nearest friends, and by his comrades on the field of battle. His funeral was performed with some pomp, but much less than that of Calhoun in Charleston, and attracted much fewer spectators. Political parties seemed to prepare themselves for renewed combat over his grave, and those impulses which his death seemed to have called forth in Congress toward the consideration of subjects higher than selfish and worldly interests, appear now buried with him. Mr. King, the senator from Alabama, is now the speaker in place of Mr. Fillmore, and occupies the post with somewhat more acerbity of manner and considerably less grace. Newspaper articles are now showered down on Fillmore, who has all at once become the greatest man of the United States, scrutinizing him, his life, his conduct, his talents, character, &c., on all sides. A statesman in this country stands like a helmsman on his ship, exposed alike to all winds and weather, so that he soon becomes so weather-proof as not to trouble himself, let it blow as it may. This character of helmsman is one, however, which suits every public man, statesman, official, or author. Let the wind blow how it may, there is but one thing to attend to, one thing to ask about, namely, whether he steer according to the compass, which, in this case, is the conscience or conscientious conviction.

The biography of Fillmore shows that he also is one of the New World's "self-made men;" that his father was a poor farmer, and that the boy enjoyed only a common school education; that as a boy he learned the tailoring trade, then was a schoolmaster, and after that a writer with a lawyer, who, having observed the promising endowments of the youth, took him into his employment. His talents are not considered of the highest order; but he is praised for his character and good sense. A deal has been said about the fact of his only daughter having been at the time of his elevation, and being still, a teacher in a

ladies' school; yet not as a common teacher, but occupying for one year the situation of teacher in a school, where all the pupils must hold this office for one year before they are considered as perfectly taught.

I have, my little Agatha, nothing to say about myself excepting what is good. I live in a world full of interest, and almost every day furnishes acquaintance and conversation, which call forth more thought than I shall be able to work out for many a day, and all of which is exciting in this great heat. But let me be as weary and as much exhausted as I may, yet with the first word of real, vital interest, my heart beats afresh, my nerves are braced, and I feel myself again as strong and as full of life as ever. And I have nowhere had conversations so full of universal interest as since I have been here; but this must be taken into consideration, that a great deal of the wisdom of the United States is now concentrated here, in and around Congress; for they who desire to carry out any generally beneficial reforms or plans come hither to present their petitions to Congress, to talk with the members, or to watch the progress of their affairs. Among these gentlemen is a Mr. Tomsens, who is working for post-office reform, reduction of the rate of postage throughout the whole Union, similar to the reform in England in this respect; and there is reason to believe that the thing will be carried. Mr. T., besides this, interests me by the interest he takes in the higher development of woman, and his correct views as regards its influence on the whole race. If the choice should be given me of affording education to the men or to the women of a nation, I should begin with the women, said he. But this view is tolerably general among the thinking men of the New World. T. is struck, as I have been, by the marked character of the Quaker women, and considers that it has its origin in their being early accustomed to self-government, and from their early participation in the business of civil life.

Professor Henry is one of the most amiable scientific men whom I ever met with, and his conversation affords me great pleasure. We one day talked about the supreme and universal laws; Henry remarked that the closer we advanced toward these the simpler they appeared, and added, "In order to comprehend them in their highest truth, an angel's mind and an angel's glance are requisite."

For the rest, Henry is, like Oersted, a worshiper of the laws of nature, yet without wishing to receive the natural phenomena as having reference to a spiritual world of nature, far richer than that portion which is alone considered real. And on this point I stand at issue with Henry, as I did with Oersted; but no matter what men are, what they do is the important thing, not what they are not, or what they can not do. One and all have to turn their own talent to good account. We all know that; but we so often forget it—while we blame and criticise.

Mr. Carey, the political economist, talked with me yesterday for certainly more than an hour about the true states' formation. According to him, the true and permanent states' erection must not resemble the pillar, but the pyramid. The pillar corresponds with the European monarchical form of government. But it can not support any large additional weight without falling to pieces under it. Some years ago, when Carey saw Louis Philippe in France, concentrating the power and dominion upon himself and his dynasty, he remarked, "That can never last long! That will go to pieces!"

And so it did in very short time. The true form of government, that which will defy time and tempests, must have a broad basis, and from this build upward; such is the form of the pyramid; such is the form of the United States government—from which, raised on the basis of public education and equal civil rights, the national weal ascends firmly and immovably on its foundation, like the Andes and the Alps of the earth. This comparison is good, and

the argument is just. Less striking appears to me his theory of national economy, which would make the productions of the earth equal to its population, and render death, at least as far as his great agents, war and pestilence, go, unnecessary there—unnecessary especially as the means of making breathing-room for the survivors. I rejoice in all theories, and all efforts which tend in this direction, because they always admit light, and breathing-room, and hope upon earth. But, nevertheless, it seems to me clear that an *island* which will very well support ten persons, never can support equally well ten hundred.

Yes, but say they, *an island*, a little circumscribed space, with circumscribed resources and means, and the whole earth! but what, indeed, is the whole earth more than a small, a very small island floating in the ocean of the universe? Has it any thing more than circumscribed resources? Can it, even if the whole of its surface were plowed up, be any thing else than a nursery, where the trees would soon choke one another if they were not thinned out; a colony for pilgrims who must emigrate to new worlds?

Ah! next to being nourished by this our earth, I know no more joyful privilege than the hope of being able to leave it, to be able to emigrate from it to a larger, freer, better world. But if national economy and science did no more than render death a peaceful member of society, who came merely to the aged, and came like their best friend, sleep, that would be glorious!

Horace Mann, the great promoter of education, is a man of strong, immeasurable hope. I was depressed in mind when I talked with him, but he inspired me with a feeling of new courage. On his forehead (one of those vernal foreheads which are arched upward with aspiring ideas) one sees the man who, merely through the influence of his brain, has erected large, airy halls of learning

throughout the Northern States, and who has elevated the whole social system. His views are summarily these :

We inherit capacity of mind, and good and bad qualities from our parents; one generation inherits from another. The sins and the virtues of the parent, according to the words of the Scriptures, are visited, punished, or rewarded in the person of his children and children's children. By diffusing the influence of good education through the whole people, will the whole people be elevated, and the next generation similarly treated, and having inherited a higher nature, will be elevated still more, and so on infinitely.

Horace Mann talks on this subject with a faith which might remove mountains. He is, like Carey, a heroic nature, and is not sparing of those who oppose him, and not much liked by those who desire to live in an inactive state of mind. I, who merely opposed him to hear more of his views, have merely learned from them that which I was glad to learn.

Both these men are in the prime of life, are slender in person, youthful and lively in manner, with that beam of genius which, lighting up the countenance, is its highest beauty.

I meet with many persons here whose peculiar talent or sound reason is illumined by this ray from above, which, wherever we find it, produces such an enlivening effect. And here, where every political question bears publicly or privately a close relation to the highest interests of humanity, to the highest well-being and object of humanity, and which may be dealt with accordingly; here, where the social circles are at this moment and in this city merely a drawing-room to Congress, every conversation seems naturally to turn upon questions of the most vital importance, and to receive vitality therefrom.

Never, since the time when, yet quite young, I met with Montesquieu's "*Essai sur l'esprit des Loix*," and in pro-

found solitude at Aersta lived in this book, or, rather, in the thoughts which it awoke on the relationship between mankind and government, have I, until now, so much lived in and occupied myself with such thoughts.

July 16th. But if a stranger came to Washington at this time, and gazed out from the Capitol over that glorious country, and let his thoughts extend themselves further yet over the territory of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; if he here took his stand during the sitting of Congress, and saw the star-spangled banner of the United States floating from the Capitol, and thought,

“How great, how glorious must it be for the men within to glance forth, and think that over this grand, this affluent land, over this hemisphere of the world a life of liberty extends!”

Would he not be startled and amazed when he heard the answer from within the Capitol:

“No, of slavery!”

Would he not be startled, and believe that he heard incorrectly; would he not believe any thing rather than such a monstrous assertion, such a frightful lie in a land, the fundamental law of which says, “We regard this truth as self-evident, that *all mankind are created equal*; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain *inalienable rights*, that among these are *life, liberty, and the endeavor after happiness*,” &c.

And yet, if a stranger were now to come to Washington and listen to the voices of the Capitol, he would hear nothing but the abnegation of liberty.

I acknowledge that I felt extreme indignation to hear day after day in the Senate pro-slavery speeches from the men of the South, without hearing a single word in reply from the side of the anti-slavery party. I asked in astonishment, what was the cause of this? And for reply was told that the anti-slavery party had already fired off all

their guns, and that now the other side must have their turn to talk, after which they would proceed to voting, when the protest against slavery would be availing without talking. From some speeches which I heard in the beginning, and from the printed speeches of William H. Seward and other members of Congress which I have read, I see that their declarations are correct, and I can only deplore that I arrived here during this period of the discussion.

It is, however an important step forward in political life that the discussion of the question of slavery is perfectly open; a few years since it was forbidden, on pain of death, in Congress. Courageous men, friends of humanity and public feeling, have broken down this barrier; and the combat about freedom and slavery has at this time more forcibly concentrated itself upon the inner bearing of the question, during which the instincts of humanity and noble thoughts have been called forth, even as in a landscape alps shoot upward, upon whose lofty brows the ascending sun casts his earliest beams. Among these noble thoughts is this, that God's law is higher than the laws of the state, and that, empowered by this, the community has a right to oppose the latter if they are contradictory to the former.

This is, in fact, merely an application of the first principle of the American Declaration of Independence to the question now under contention. But the Idealists of the North gave it utterance at this time, with a force and beauty which makes it clear to me that sooner or later it will become the standard of freedom in the strife. The opposite party, in return, say that they do not understand this talk about a law which is higher than the Constitution and fidelity to it. And this is even said by Daniel Webster, the representative of the Pilgrim State; his watch-words are "The Constitution and the Union." These are his gods, and there is no God superior to them in his eyes.

July 18th. Yesterday I heard a very remarkable speech from Webster in the Senate, which impressed me greatly

in his favor. I have hitherto lived much with the enemies and political opponents of Webster, and have heard him attacked and keenly criticised in many ways. I am now convinced that he may be perfectly honest in his convictions, and I will believe that he is so. He spoke for Clay's *Compromise Bill*, gave in his full adherence to it, declaring that he considered it, at the present moment, as furnishing the necessary terms of reconciliation between the contending states, and that he considered this reconciliation necessary to the stability and the future welfare of the Union.

He said, "I have faith in a wise mediatrix, in a healing vitality in the nation as well as in private individuals, and that, whatever may be the faults and short-comings with which we are now chargeable, yet that we shall all the sooner rid ourselves of these, if we only hold together in a high-minded spirit of forbearance, instead of rending asunder our band in blind over-haste."

"As to Utah," said Webster, "let her sit upon her salt plain, on the shores of her salt lake, for yet a few years, if it is necessary," which called forth a general smile. He then summed up in strong, short sentences, each sentence a picture, the record of what each different state, the Pilgrim as well as the Palmetto State, had been to each other during their war of Independence; what they had suffered, how they had striven together for the general good, and ended by admonishing them to turn their regards from private interests to the common weal, to maintain the Constitution which their fathers had founded, and to practice more than ordinary virtue! "As far as myself am concerned," said he, "I will stand by the Union and all who stand by it. I propose to stand firmly by the Constitution, and need no other platform. I will do justice to the whole nation; I will recognize only *our country*; let the consequences to myself be whatever they may, I trouble not myself about that. No man can suffer too much, or

fall too soon, if he suffer and if he fall in defense of his country's freedom and Constitution!"

Webster had begun his speech calmly, heavily, and without apparent life. Toward the end of the speech his cheek had acquired the glow of youth, his figure became more erect, he seemed slender and full of vivacity; and as he spoke the last concluding words, he stood in full manly, almost Apollo-like beauty, in the midst of that fascinated, listening assembly, stood, still calm, without any apparent design, but as if reposing himself, happy and free, in the quiet grandeur of the song which he had sung. Ah! that he had but sung one still more beautiful—a yet nobler song, all then had been perfect—a victory for the light as for himself! But while he spoke for the freedom of California, he spoke also for the recapturing of the fugitive slave, even upon that formerly free soil, and no spot of American soil may ever again be said to be the home of freedom. The unhappy circumstances of the time, political necessity compelled him to this step; he could not do otherwise—so I believe; and I believe also in his confession of faith, "I believe in a healing vitality in the people," &c.; and believe that it will show itself prophetically true.

I will, however, now tell you the impression produced by this speech. I never witnessed any thing which more took hold upon the attention, or had a more electrifying effect. Amid the profound silence with which he was listened to, nay, as if the whole assembly held its breath, burst forth again and again thunders of applause; again and again was the speaker, the senator from Alabama, obliged to remind, and finally very severely to remind, the audience in the galleries that it was forbidden thus to give expression to their applause. With every new lightning-flash of Webster's eloquence burst forth anew the thunder of applause, which was only silenced by the desire to listen yet again to the speaker. From this fairly enchanted

audience I turned my glance to one countenance which beamed with a joy so warm, so pure, that I could not do otherwise than sympathize in the liveliest manner, for this countenance was that of Webster's wife. I have heard it said that when she first heard her husband speak in public she fainted; yet she looks like a strong, and by no means a nervous woman.

No one can, even in the effect which it produces, form too high an idea of Webster's power as a speaker; of the classical beauty and strength of his language, or the power and deep intensity of voice with which he utters that to which he desires to give strong effect. If this is not an unusually great natural power—for it has the appearance of being altogether simple and natural—then it is very great art. Our Archbishop Wallin is the only speaker whom I have heard who in this respect resembles Webster, and who was possessed of an equal power over his hearers.

In general, the speakers in this country scream too much; they are too violent, and shout and roar out their words as if they would be very powerful. Henry Clay is free from this fault, but he is evidently more impulsive and has less control over himself than Webster. Although the Compromise Bill has now both these great statesmen on its side, yet it is the general opinion that it will not be carried, at least in its present omnibus character—nay, that it is lost already. Henry Clay, who has battled for it these seven months, fights for it still, almost like a dying gladiator, and it really quite distresses me to see him, excited and violent, almost like a youth, with trembling, death-like hands, so thin and pallid are the fingers, push back the white locks from the lofty brow over which they are continually thrown by the violent movements of his head while he is speaking or replying to attacks made upon him in the Senate. Webster is more beautiful, and calmer in his whole demeanor. Nevertheless, I see in

Clay the patriotic hero, who will conduct his native land and his countrymen onward along the path of freedom; while Webster, with all his beauty and his power as an orator, is to me merely like a great national watchman, who keeps watch that the Constitution does not take fire in any of her old corners. Webster is a mediator; a man of the Union. He is a pacificator, but not a regenerator.

July 20th. I am never able to write to you when I wish; my time is so much occupied. The great question yet remains undecided in Congress, and statesmen fight for it to the death. Since I have seen the personal contests here, nothing appears to me more natural than the enthusiasm of the Americans for their statesmen, because heroic virtue and heroic courage is required in this intellectual combat, and that of a much higher quality than is called forth in bloody war. Yet neither is this war bloodless, although blood may not be seen to flow; the best blood of the human heart wells up and is consumed here amid the keen conflict of words.

I was yesterday witness of a single combat between the lion of Kentucky and the hawk of Missouri, which made my blood boil with indignation. Colonel Benton had, the day before, made a violent attack on Clay's Compromise Bill, during which he said, "The bill is caught in the fact—*flagrante delicto*—I have caught it by the neck, and here hold it up to shame and opprobrium before the public gaze" (and with this Mr. Benton held the bill rolled up aloft in his hand), "caught it just as it was about to perpetrate its crime, just as it was about to," &c., &c. Of a truth, for three whole hours did Benton labor, with a real lust of murder, to crush and annihilate this "monster," as he called Clay's bill—to attack even Clay himself with all kinds of weapons, endeavoring to hold him up also to public disapprobation and public derision in a manner which betrayed hatred and low malice. This attack occupied nearly the whole of the day.

Yesterday Clay rose to reply, and called upon the Senate to disapprove of expressions such as those that I have given; but by this he only irritated the wild beast of Missouri to a still more personal attack, and I felt an abhorrence of that evidently cold-blooded delight with which he, when he had discovered a weak place in Clay's position, seemed to gripe him in his claws and regularly dig into his flesh and blood. Pardon me, my child, for using so coarse an expression, but I only paint, and that in water-colors, the character of the transaction. Among other things, I remember the following:

Benton mentioned some points in the bill regarding which, he said, he had noticed Clay to be sensitive. "I see," said he, "that the senator of Kentucky is particularly impatient about that passage. I shall, therefore, at once dissect it, I shall at once apply the knife to its quivering nerves!" and with this he turned up his coat-sleeves—perhaps unconsciously—as if preparing himself for an operation which he should perform with gusto. I saw before me the cold-blooded duellist, perhaps turning up thus his sleeves that he might have his wrists at liberty slowly to take aim, and finally to shoot his adversary. How I abhorred that man and his ignoble mode of combat! A strong, noble anger is a refreshing sight to witness; but this beast of prey's lust of torture—shame!

That the lion of Kentucky felt the claws and the beak of the hawk, I could see by the glow on his cheek, and by his hasty, feverish movements when he rose once or twice in self-defense. Yet all the more did I admire his not allowing himself to go into any personality, nor yet to retort in any other way than by remaining silent during a great part of his adversary's tedious operation, and by his continuing to be a gentleman *vis-à-vis* a beast of prey, who gave himself up to the coarse instincts of his nature. But I could not help being surprised that, during the long time that this quarrel lasted, no high-minded sentiment

was excited in the Senate against this mode of bearing arms. I longed that it might. The Scandinavian pagans combated in a more chivalric manner. I was also astonished in the evening, when in company, not to find that my feeling with regard to Senator B.'s conduct was general.

"I am much mistaken, Miss ——," said Senator H. to a young lady, a literary lioness now in Washington, "if you were not cordially delighted by Benton's treatment of Clay."

"Yes," replied she, "I enjoyed it heart and soul; it was a regular treat to me!"

What taste!

Clay has not, however, always shown in the Senate the same moderation and superiority in political quarrels, and not very long since, in a contest with Benton, he indulged in a coarseness something like his own; but that was merely for a moment. That violence which with Clay is paroxysm, is natural to Benton; the former is excited, the latter falls into it from an almost incredible arrogance. Clay is surprised into it; Benton has it always at hand.

To-day, when, later than usual, I entered the Senate, Clay was speaking; he was not expected to speak to-day, but something which had occurred during the discussion had excited him, and I now saw him in one of those moments when his impassioned ardor carried along with it, or controlled, the surrounding multitude. He stood with his hands closed, and his upturned countenance directed to heaven, and with a voice, the pathos and melody of which I now for the first time properly estimated, declared the purity of his intentions, and that he desired nothing but the well-being of his country. "What is there to tempt me?" asked he. "At my age a man stands nearer to heaven than earth, and is too near leaving the latter for him to be seeking reward there. The approval of my conscience is the only thing which can sustain me through the conflict."

Every one listened in silence. I felt a deep sympathy with the solitary champion, who stood here so alone among enemies, addressing a prejudiced audience, and without a friend. But the isolated state is the highest grandeur on earth, if a man knows that the Supreme Judge is his friend, or at least his one confidant.

On Monday Clay is expected to make his last great, perhaps his dying speech, on the Californian question, after which it will probably be soon decided, and Clay, in any case, will leave Congress and go to the sea-side. I shall yet remain here a few days on purpose to hear him.

I shall now tell you of some other persons and occurrences here which have interested me. Among the former is a scientific man, Mr. Schoolcraft, who has discovered the springs of the Mississippi, far up in the Northern province, Minnesota. He has been very much among the North American Indian tribes, and has a deal to tell about them which is very interesting. He is now busy occupied in bringing out a work on them, and the country around the Upper Mississippi. He walks on crutches, in consequence of lameness, but the soul moves itself unimpeded. He is an interesting and very good-natured man.

He and two other persons here have excited in me the greatest inclination to visit the Upper Mississippi, the character of which is described to me as being very magnificent; to go among the Indians and see something of their wild life, and to make a journey down the valley of the Mississippi, in its whole extent, from the North to New Orleans, in the South. I must see this great future home of a population vaster, it is said, than that which the whole of Europe now contains. Since I have seen the southern parts of North America, I have obtained an idea of the life of the West, and see the truth of Waldo Emerson's words, "The poet of America has not yet appeared." And if I can not see the poet yet, I must see his muse, the goddess of song which shall inspire him;

have at least a glimpse into the grandeur of her kingdom, and of the powers which she commands in nature; be able to form an idea of the life and development of those future generations which she will bring forth.

I saw in Mr. Schoolcraft's Collection of Indian Curiosities, among other things, small flutes, which the enamored Indians make use of when they would declare their passion to the object of their affections. They paint and adorn themselves in their best manner, and go out in the quiet evening or night, and blow upon the flute in the neighborhood of the tent or wigwam of their beloved. If the fair one be propitious to the lover, she shows herself outside the tent, and sometimes comes forth to him, and allows herself to be carried away. This flute is a very imperfect instrument, and the Indians, who are possessed of but very small musical powers, produce from it only a low note, almost without melody, resembling the whistling or twittering of a bird. Mr. S. has had the kindness to give me some paintings of Indian life and manners; one of them represents such a nocturnal wooing. It is not far removed from the life of the animal; one seems to see a fine bird whistling to his little mate.

I have had a view of the moon from the Observatory, through a very good telescope; have seen its sleeping "Mare Vaporum," its mountains and valleys, and the chasm in one of its mountains, better than I had hitherto done. It is a pity that this beautiful Observatory has so unhealthy a site on the banks of the Potomac, so that no astronomer can live here without endangering his health.

I went one day with a handsome, young, new-married pair, and Miss Dix, to the "Little Falls" on the Potomac, in a wild and picturesque district. There dwells here, in great solitude, a kind of savage, with seven fingers on each hand, and seven toes on each foot. He is a giant in his bodily proportions, and lives here on fish; he is said to be inoffensive when he is left at peace, but dangerous

if excited. I can believe it. He looked to me like one of those Starkodder natures, half human and half enchanter, which the old Scandinavian ages produced at the wild Falls of Trollhätta, and which the wildernesses of America seem to produce still.

Another curiosity, but of smaller dimensions, I saw also, not however in the wilderness, but in the Capitol. I was in the House of Representatives. There were not many people in the gallery, and I went forward toward the railing, so that I might hear more distinctly what was said in the hall below. Here stood beside me a little lady, meanly attired, and about middle age, but so short that she scarcely reached my shoulder. Several persons came up into the gallery to speak to me, and by this means my name was mentioned. When they were gone, my little lady turned to me, wishing also to shake hands with me and bid me welcome, which she did in quite a friendly manner, but added, in a tone of vexation, "I am very much disappointed in you!"

"Indeed!" said I; "and why?"

"Well," said she, eyeing me with a grave and displeased glance, "I expected that you would have been a tall lady."

"Oh!" said I, smiling, "did you wish, then, to find me tall?"

"No, not precisely! But I am very much disappointed in you!"

And with that she laid her hand upon her breast, and turning herself to me, she continued, with great emphasis, "In me you see a descendant of the old Pilgrims, a lineal descendant of the great and celebrated Miles Standish!"

The little descendant evidently expected that I should fall down from sheer astonishment, but I merely said, "Oh!" If I had had spirit enough I should have added, "I am very much disappointed in you! for the great granddaughter of the great Miles Standish ought at least to have been six feet high!"

But like a little descendant of the great Vikings, I did not think that it became me to do battle with a great grand-daughter of the Pilgrims about our respective heights, and therefore I merely indicated my satisfaction both by glance and lips, which she could explain as she pleased. She explained it probably to her advantage, because she went on to communicate to me, in a weighty manner, the business which now had brought her to Congress. The little lady was grave and important, Puritanic to the last crumb; but not, I should imagine, very like the old Puritan, her ancestor.

I must now give you a little domestic news. Professor Johnson is come back. When his wife read his letter, which announced his speedy return, she jumped for joy, and I jumped too in sympathy, and from the pleasure which I felt in again seeing one of those happy marriage connections which it is my delight to witness, and so many of which I have already seen in the New World. The expected husband came the next day, a strong, kind-hearted, excellent, and good-tempered man, who adds considerably by his presence to the richness and well-being of home, even as far as I am concerned, inasmuch as he reads aloud to me in the afternoons and any evenings when I am disengaged, or when the weather—which has now been wet for a couple of days—prevents my going out. In this way he has read to me Governor Seward's excellent biography of the late President Adams, which has struck me particularly from the heroic character of the noble statesman in his struggle against slavery. A great statesman in this country must be, at the same time, a sage and a hero, if he is to be adequate to his post.

I spend most of my forenoons at the Capitol, and generally in the Senate. In the afternoons some of my friends among the senators frequently drive me out to various places in the neighborhood; and in the evenings I receive visitors. During such a drive to-day with Governor Sew-

ard, he related to me the circumstance in his life which aroused his inextinguishable abhorrence of slavery, and his unwavering opposition to it.

Yesterday afternoon I drove with the senators from Illinois and Miss Lynch to an old battle-field, now a church-yard, on the banks of the Potomac. When I stood with General Shields, and beheld from this spot the extensive view of the river banks, scattered with hamlets and churches, and villas and cottages, amid their garden-grounds, he exclaimed, as he pointed it out, "See! This is America!" And so it is. The true life of the New World is not to be seen in great cities, with great palaces and dirty alleys, but in the abundance of its small communities, of its beautiful private dwellings, with their encircling fields and groves, in the bosom of grand scenery, by the sides of vigorous rivers, with mountains and forests, and all appliances for a vigorous and affluent life. One of the peculiar appliances for this vigor and affluence of life are the magnificent rivers, the many streams of water with which North America abounds, and which promote the circulation of life, both physically and spiritually, and which bring into connection all points of the Union one with another. The circulation of life and population is already very great in the United States, and it becomes greater every day by means of new steam-boat communication and new rail-roads. The North travels to the South, and the South to the North, to and fro, like shuttles in the weaver's loom, partly for business, partly on account of the climate. The Northerners love, during the winter months, to warm themselves in summer air, and to gather flowers in Carolina and Florida (as well as in Cuba, which, indeed, lies out of the political, but not out of the natural Union); and the Southerners escape their always enervating summer, during the months of May, June, July, August, and September, and seek to invigorate themselves on the cool lakes of Massachusetts and New York, or among the White Mountains of the Granite State.

The North and the South could not dispense with one another—could not break up the Union without the life's-blood of the body politic becoming stagnant and the life itself being endangered. And the great statesmen here know that, and endeavor in the present contest, by means of a compromise, to keep the circulation unimpeded. The ultras of the anti-slavery party maintain that it will go on of itself nevertheless, that for twenty years has this cry of danger to the Union been heard, and that in reality there is no danger at all. But—

I have many acquaintance of more than ordinary interest among the men of Washington; but I will tell you about them when we meet. I have not become acquainted with any ladies who interest me, excepting those of this family, with the exception of Miss Dix. A young and really gifted poetess, Miss C., is too much of an Amazon for my taste, and with too little that is noble as such. She has both heart and genius, but of an unpruned kind. If I saw more of her, we might perhaps approximate more. As it is, our approximation is somewhat like that of a pair of rebounding billiard-balls. The sketches of the members of Congress and of the transactions in the Capitol, which she has published during the present sitting of Congress in one of the papers of the city, are brilliant, bold, and often striking; but they are sometimes likewise deficient in that which—I find deficient in herself. They have excited here the attention which they merit. Another gifted authoress also, who has begun to excite attention by her novels, is too much wrapped up in herself. Mrs. W. and Mrs. P. I like; but then I have so little time to see those whom I do like. I see every day in the gallery of the Senate many elegant toilets, and very lovely faces, which seem to show themselves there—only to be seen. Again and again, as I gaze on those lovely faces, I am obliged to say silently, regarding their expression, "How unmeaning!" And involuntarily, but invariably, I am impressed more and more

with the conviction that the women of America do not, *in general*, equal that good report which some European travelers have given of them. I would that it were otherwise. And the beautiful examples which I have seen of womanly dignity and grace do not contradict my opinion. But it is not the fault of the women. It is the fault of their education, which, even when it is best, merely gives scholastic training, but no higher training for the world and social life. I can not help it. The men of America appear to me, *in general*, to surpass the women in real development and good breeding. And it is not to be wondered at. The American man, if he have received only a defective school education, enters early into that great school of public and civil life, which in such manifold ways calls forth every faculty, every power, and whatever capacity for business nature has endowed him with. Thus he becomes early familiar with the various spheres of life, and even if he should not fathom any of them, still there are no cardinal points in them which are foreign to him, so far as they have reference to the human weal and the well-being of social life. Besides, he acquires, through his practical life, local and peculiar knowledge, so that when one converses with a man in this country, one is always sure of learning something; and should he have received from Mother Nature a seed of a higher humanity, then shoot up, as if of themselves, those beautiful examples of mankind and man, which adorn the earth with an almost perfected humanity, some of which I have become acquainted with under the denomination of "self-made men."

July 21st. I have been to-day to a Methodist church of free negroes. The preacher, also a negro, and whom I had seen in a shop in the city, had a countenance which bore a remarkable resemblance to an ape; he had, however, that talent of improvisation, and of strikingly applying theoretical truths to the occurrences of daily life,

which I have often admired among the negroes. This man possesses in a high degree the power of electrifying his audience; and as it is the custom in the Methodist churches to give utterance to the feelings and thoughts, it caused an extraordinary scene on this occasion—so vehement were the cries and expressions of emotion.

The theme of the preacher was a common one—conversion and amendment, or death and damnation. But when he spoke of different failings and sins, his descriptions were as graphic as his gestures. When he spoke about the sins of the tongue, he dragged this “unruly member” out of his mouth, and shook it between his fingers very energetically. On his admonishing his audience to bid farewell to the devil, and turn away from him (after he had vehemently proclaimed the damnation which the Evil One would drag them into), his expressions took such a strong and powerful hold of his hearers, that the whole assembly was like a tempestuous sea. One heard only the cry, “Yes, yes!” “Farewell! forever!” “Yes, Amen!” “Never mind!” “Go along!” “Oh God!” “Farewell!” “Amen, amen!” &c. And besides these convulsive groans, cries, and howls, the assembly was ready for any extravagance, whatever it might have been, if the preacher had willed it. The swell of excitement, however, soon abated when the sermon was ended.

After that, a noble instance of social feeling occurred. The preacher announced that a slave, a member of the congregation, was about to be sold “down South,” and thus to be far separated from his wife and child, if sufficient money could not be raised in Washington to furnish the sum which the master of the slave demanded for him. And the negro congregation offered to make a voluntary collection for purchasing the freedom of the slave brother. A pewter plate was set upon a stool in the church, and one silver piece after another rang joyfully upon it.

The whole congregation was remarkable for its respect-

able, and even wealthy appearance. All were well dressed, and had the expression of thinking, earnest people. I missed among the women the picturesque head-gear of the South, which had here been replaced by the unbecoming, ordinary female bonnet; but those black eyes and countenances, how full they are of ardent feeling and life! And there is always life in the congregations of this people; and though the expression of it may sometimes approach the comic, still one never gets sleepy there, as one often does in the very proper congregations and churches of the whites.

From this negro assembly, which honorably testifies of America's behavior to Africa, I must conduct you to a dwelling which testifies also, but in an opposite way. I went thither one morning with Dr. Hebbe and my good hostess, before we went to the Capitol, because the "Slave-pen" of Washington is situated near to the Capitol of Washington, and may be seen from it, although that gray house, the prison-house of the innocent, hides itself behind leafy trees. We encountered no one within the inclosure, where little negro children were sitting or leaping about on the green-sward. At the little grated door, however, we were met by the slave-keeper, a good-tempered, talkative, but evidently a coarse man, who seemed pleased to show us his power and authority. Mrs. J. wished to have a negro boy as a servant, and inquired if she could have such an one from this place. "No! children were not allowed to go out from here. They were kept here for a short time to fatten, and after that were sent to the slave-market down South, to be sold; no slave was allowed to be sold here for the present. There were now some very splendid articles for sale, which were to be sent down South. Among these there was a young girl who had been brought up in all respects 'like a lady;' she could embroider and play on the piano, and dress like a lady, and read, and write, and dance, and all this she had

learned in the family which had brought her up, and who had treated her in her childhood as if she had been their own. But, however, her mind had grown too high for her; she had become proud, and now, to humble her, they had brought her here to be sold."

All this the talkative slave-keeper told us. I inquired something about the temper and the state of mind of those who were confined here.

"Oh!" said the man, smiling, "they would be unruly enough if they were not afraid of a flogging."

My honest, open-hearted hostess could not contain her indignation at this treatment of people who were not guilty of any crime. The man laughed, and maintained that the negro people, both men and women, must be ruled by the whip, and took leave of us as much satisfied with himself and his world as we were the contrary.

In Washington, near the United States Senate House—this slave-pen! Could one not be tempted to enter and read aloud there the American Declaration of Independence! Yet there are sufficient there to read it aloud. The freedom and honor of America will not die or become paralyzed in American hands.*

Have I told you about a baptism by immersion, which I have witnessed in one of the churches here? I believe not. In the South, on the banks of the Red River, in Macon, and in Savannah, I had seen processions of people returning from baptisms in the river, but I had missed seeing the ceremony itself. I saw it here, however, in the Baptist church; after the sermon the pulpit was removed, and we saw in the choir, before which the pulpit had stood, six young girls, each in a light gray woollen blouse, bound round the waist with a scarf, standing all in a row at the lower end of the choir. A young minister, dressed in black, descended into an opening in the

* This slave-pen has, I believe, been removed since Miss Bremer's visit.—*Trans.*

floor, within which was a font. Here he addressed the assembly, and the young girls who were about to be baptized, on the signification of baptism; relating his own feelings when he, for the first time, was bowed into the purifying element, with the full sense of the intention and power of the rite. He invited, therefore, the young sisters to come to the baptism of regeneration. They now advanced forward, one at a time, led by the hand by an elderly male relative, to the edge of the font; here the minister received the hand of the young girl, and conducted her down the steps. He stood facing her in the font for a moment, holding her hands; probably he then received a promise from her, but I could not hear it; after which, with her head resting on the hand of the minister, she was hastily dipped backward under the water. It was the work of a moment, and as soon as she was raised again a song of praise burst forth, the first words of which rang in my ears, as "Rejoice, rejoice!" When the baptized reascended the steps she was received by one of her relatives, who wrapped around her a large shawl or cloak, and led her hastily out of the choir. Thus did five young girls and one young man pass through the ceremony of baptism; but there yet remained one of the girls, the youngest, the loveliest, who stood immovable in a corner during the long baptism of the others, like a church-angel, and might have been taken for a statue had not the lovely rose-tint on her cheek testified that the figure was living. But I was astonished at that delicate girl's ability to stand in expectation so long and so immovably.

And now the young minister ascended from the font, and all seemed to be over. Was it possible that they had forgotten that lovely young girl, or was she really, after all, not a living creature, but a statue, a church-angel? An old man came forward and addressed the congregation. He was the young girl's father; he had been her teacher, had initiated her into the life and doctrines of

religion, and prepared her for baptism. He wished to have permission himself to administer the sacrament of baptism to his beloved child. He descended into the font. The statue now moved from the church wall; the young girl came forward alone with a light step, and full of trust, as a child to its beloved father, and gave herself up into his hands. It was beautiful, and really affecting, to see the aged and the young standing here before the eye of Heaven, the father dedicating the daughter, the daughter giving herself up to her father's guidance, and, through it, to a holy life; and it would have been yet more beautiful if it had taken place with the blue heavens above, and green trees around them instead of a white-arched roof and walls.

"Rejoice! rejoice!" again sang the choir, in a glad song of praise, over the young girl now consecrated by baptism; and father and daughter reascended from the font.

The greater portion of the assembly, among which were a great number of children, beheld the whole affair as a spectacle, and made a dreadful noise when they went out of the church, notwithstanding the admonitions of the ministers to silence. And even by the rivers and in the silence of the woods, the rite of baptism would be disturbed by curious and self-elected spectators.

I shall now go out and refresh myself by a quiet ramble into the country with my Quaker friend, the agreeable Miss D. Next week I shall leave Washington, and return to Philadelphia to go with Professor Hart and his family to Cape May. Then, after I have refreshed and invigorated myself by sea-bathing for a couple of weeks, I shall go to New York, to consult with my friends the Springs about my further journeying, whether it shall be first to the North or to the West. The young Lowells will go with me to Niagara, and if I could induce the Springs to accompany us, that would be charming; they

are such agreeable people to be with, and they enjoy every thing which is good and beautiful so delightfully. From Niagara I shall travel alone, perhaps westward to the Mississippi—and for how long I know not. The giants plan, but the gods decide.

I had here last evening a great gathering of “my friends,” acquaintance, and non-acquaintance, and received flowers and distributed flowers. The Americans have a great deal of fresh cordiality and youthful ardor about them; there is no denying that.

I heard both glad and sorrowful tidings last evening—namely, that Denmark has obtained peace on the condition which she desired, and that—Sir Robert Peel is killed by a fall from his horse. The death of this great statesman is universally deplored here, but *en passant*, for people here have not time just now to occupy themselves with other people’s misfortunes. Their own affairs engage their time and their intellects, and—the heat is overpowering. The members of Congress are tired out with Congress; the speakers are tired out with hearing each other talk.

“Neither the eloquence of Demosthenes nor of Cicero would be able to give us any pleasure!” said a wearied senator to me to-day. Yet, nevertheless, people listened willingly to the lively and witty sallies of Mr. Hale, the representative of the Granite State. He, to-day, personified all the states, and spoke in character for all their representatives, during a general attack on the Compromise Bill, in a manner which caused universal merriment.

Every body, longs in the mean time, that Congress should come to a close, and that every body may be able to set off, the one to his home, another to the sea-side, every one to get away, away, away, away—from speeches and contention in the Capitol, and all the hot, high-pressure life of Washington! The last great speech of this session is expected to-morrow.

Monday, July 22d. Clay has made his great speech, and the question stands as it stood before, and the world goes on as it did before, but it is said that Congress will soon be at an end.

Clay spoke from three to four hours, but his speech, which was in fact a summing up of the whole state and development of the question during the session, as well as a statement of Clay's own part in the affair, did not seem to make any great impression upon the Senate. A sentimental address to the members of Congress, bidding them to reflect upon what they, on their return home, should have to tell their wives and children about the position of their country, did not succeed at all, and called forth laughter, so likewise his warning to them to put aside all little-mindedness, all selfish impulses, &c., and for the sake of the welfare of the whole land to vote for the Compromise Bill; and this last deserved to fail, inasmuch as it represented that all opposition to the bill was alone the effect of base motives, which is not the case. I can not, nevertheless, but admire the athletic soul of this man, and his power as a speaker.

After having spoken for more than three hours with fervor and power, sometimes with emotion, disentangling clearly and logically the progress and state of this contested question, which had occupied Congress for seven months, he stood vigorous still, and ready for a little fencing-match, although with very keen weapons—those of sarcasm and joke—with Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, who, as usual, set the whole house in a roar of laughter. Clay showed himself, however, a master in this art of fencing as well as Hale, but somewhat more bitter. Some of his attacks were so vehemently applauded from the galleries, that the vice-president, after repeated reminders of silence, angrily said that he should be obliged to clear the galleries if the audience would not attend to his words.

Clay will now leave Washington. The rejection of his Compromise question will cost him dearly. Opposition against him and his bill is strong at this moment; and he stands with his bill just as obstinately against opposition.

I set off in the morning with Miss Dix to Baltimore, where I remain a couple of days on my way to Philadelphia.

I leave Washington, and this phasis of the life of the New World will close itself forever to me. What have I seen? Any thing nobler, any thing more beautiful than in the national assemblies of the Old World? No! Have I seen any thing new? No! Not, at least, among the gentlemen senators. The *new* has our Lord given in the world which he created, and upon the new soil of which contests arise, and in the prospects which are opened by the questions between Freedom and Slavery, into regions and amid scenes hitherto unknown, and which are, even now, frequently but indistinctly seen through mists. That which is refreshing and new is in the various characters of the states represented, especially in those of the vast and half-unknown land of the West, over whose wildernesses and paradises many different races of mankind wander, seeking for or establishing homes; in the prospects unfolded by the immense Texas, out of which five states might now be formed, where the Rio Grande and the Rio Colorado, and innumerable rivers flow through fertile prairies; by New Mexico, with its stony deserts, "el Slano Estuccado," where water is not to be found for twenty, thirty, or forty miles, but in whose "Valle de los Angeles" the heat of the tropics ripens tropical fruits; finally, by California, with its gold-bearing rivers, its Rocky Mountains full of gold, its many extraordinary natural productions, its Sierra Nevada with eternal snows, its great Salt Lake, on the borders of which the Latter-day Saints, the Mormons, have established themselves in an extensive valley, the fertility of which, and the delicious climate of which, are said to rival those of Caucasus and Peru—and where equally, with-

in these regions, exist all the natural requisites for the development of a perfected humanity. California, the greatest of all the states of the New World, a new world yet to be discovered, full of beautiful sights and pictures of horror; where the people from the East and the West pour in, seeking for the gold of Ophir! California, which for its eastern boundary has the wild steppe-land of Nebraska, the hunting-ground of the wild Indian tribes, and on the other side the Pacific Ocean—that great Pacific Ocean, whose waves are said to strike with such regular pulsation against the shore, and with such mighty power, that its thundering sound is heard to a great distance, and the air and the leaves of the trees tremble far inland. Behold—all this and still more such—as the prospects opened by Panama and the regions of Central America, where the people of the United States are now digging canals and laying down rail-roads to unite the oceans—all this is a new and invigorating spectacle, and it is presented in the Congress of the United States. In the discussions, on the contrary, I see nothing new. I see in them the same bitterness and injustice between political parties as in the kingdoms of Europe; the same distrust of each other's honesty of purpose; the same passions, great and small; and in debate the same determination to carry their point, to have their rights, cost what it will; the same misunderstanding and personality, the same continual deviation from the thing itself to the person; the same irritability and impatience about the beloved I, which cause incessant provocations, outbreaks of temper, explanations and fresh explanations, and an infinite number of little quarrels in the infinitely prolonged progress of the great quarrel; and which make the great men, the representatives of great states, frequently like childishly brawling children. And if it happen, in addition, that the state's representative is very touchy on the subject of the honor of his state, and is ready to boil up on the slightest allusion

which seems to touch its credit, and especially as the states are not just now on the best terms with each other, it will easily be seen that occasion of quarrel will exist in double measure.

So much for the dark side of the Assembly. But neither is there light wanted on the other side, and it is, I believe, equally strong with that which the Old World can show. There is no lack of great-minded protests against darkness and selfishness; no lack either of great-minded appeals to the highest objects of the Union, or to the highest weal of humanity. The eagle sits upon the rock of the sea, and lifts his pinions, glancing now and then toward the sun, but he has not yet taken his flight toward it. Henry Clay resembles this eagle. Daniel Webster is the eagle which wheels round in the clouds, resting upon his pinions, but flying merely in circles around an imaginary sun—the Constitution. Neither of them possess that greatness which I admire in the greatest statesman of the Old World—Moses. The greatest statesman of the New World has not yet come.

But what might not this representation be if it answered its condition and its purpose; if the representative of each individual state, permeated by the peculiar individuality of his state, its natural scenery and popular life, and by the bond of its connection with the highest object of the Union, stood forth to speak thus for it in the Congress! Of a truth, then would the Congress of the United States become a magnificent drama, a spectacle worthy of gods and men!

July 25th. A cordial good-morning to you, my sweet Agatha, from a wonderfully lovely country seat, with a view commanding the outlet of the River Patapsco into Chesapeake Bay, near Baltimore. I am here with Miss Dix, a guest at General S.'s, on my way to Philadelphia. My host is a lively, cordial, clever, loquacious officer, whose wife is a beautiful, quiet woman, the happy moth-

er of ten young children ; they are evidently a happy married pair, with a good and happy home. I feel such immediately on entering the house.

Having taken the kindest leave of my hearty, good, and kind entertainers at Washington, and of my beloved Quakeress friend, I set off with Miss Dix, and an agreeable friend of the Downings, Mr. William R. ; but it was a difficult and fatiguing day's journey, in the great heat and from many delays, in consequence of the road being broken up by the floods. I was enabled, however, to see some beautiful views of the Susquehanna River.

Late in the evening, I sat in the most beautiful moonlight alone with Miss Dix, on the balcony of General S.'s villa, looking out upon the gleaming river, the broad Chesapeake Bay, and listening to the story of her simple but extraordinary life's destiny. Among all the varying scenes of my life in this country, this was not one of the least interesting. I asked Miss Dix to tell me what it was which had directed her into the path which she now pursues, as the public protector and advocate of the unfortunate. I will tell you more of her narrative by word of mouth ; now, merely the words with which she replied to my question regarding the circumstances which had decided her career.

"It was," said she, "no remarkable occurrence, nor change in my inner or outer life, it was merely an act of simple obedience to the voice of God. I had returned from England, whither I went on account of my health, which had obliged me to give up the school which I had kept for several years, and I now lived in a boarding-house, without any determined occupation, employing myself in the study of various branches of natural history, to which I had always been attached, but yet some way depressed by the inactivity of my life. I longed for some nobler purpose for which to labor, something which would fill the vacuum which I felt in my soul.

“One day when returning from church, I saw two gentlemen talking together, and heard one of them say, ‘I wish that somebody would see to the jail, for the state of things there is dreadful!’ In a moment it flashed upon me, ‘There was a something for me to do!’ And I did it. I found many unfortunate lunatics confined in the prison, together with criminals, and treated in the same manner, besides a deal of mismanagement, and many faults in the institution which I need not now mention. I wrote an account of this, and drew up a plan for its amendment, which I transmitted to the States’ government. This drew attention to the subject, and a measure was passed by government for the improvement of the prison, and the erection of an asylum for the reception of lunatics, where they could receive such attention as they required. That was the beginning. Thus I saw the path marked out for me and it, and that which I have done in it have, as it were, been done of themselves.”

Washington lay behind me, with its political quarrels, its bitter strife of state against state, man with man, its intricate relationships and unsatisfactory prospects, its excited, chaotic state. And here was a small human life, which by an act of simple obedience had gone forth from its privacy, from its darkness, extending itself into a great active principle, fraught with blessing for neglected beings throughout every state of the Union, like that little river before us, which, supplied by unseen springs, had poured forth itself into that glorious creek, and in that united itself with the world’s ocean! The contrast was striking; the resemblance between that human life, and the scene before me was striking also; and the peace and beauty of the night, and that pure moonlight, were like the blessing of Heaven upon them both.

Miss Dix has, during her twelve years’ labor as the good angel of the prisoner and the lunatic, traveled through most of the states of the Union; has forced her way into

regions and places which had hitherto been hidden from a gleam of light, and has conveyed the message of light and hope to those who sat in darkness ; she has, through her excellent memorials to the States' governments, and her influence with private individuals, been the means of the erection of thirteen hospitals for the insane, and of an improved mode of treatment for these unfortunates, as well as of prisoners generally, particularly in the prisons of the Southern States.

She is one of the most beautiful proofs of that which a woman, without any other aid than her own free-will and character, without any other power than that of her purpose, and its uprightness, and her ability to bring these forward, can effect in society.

I admire her—admire, in particular, her courage and her perseverance. In other respects we hardly sympathize ; but I love the place she occupies in humanity ; love her figure sitting in the recess of the window in the Capitol, where, amid the fiery feuds, she silently spins her web for the asylums of the unfortunate, a quiet centre for the threads of Christian love, which she draws across and across the ceaseless contests, undisturbed by them—a divine spinner is she for the house of God. Should I not kiss her hand ? I did ; and do it again in spirit, with thanks for that which she is and that which she does.

I will tell you, when we meet, some extraordinary anecdotes, which she related to me from her life—so rich in adventure ; they are of the most romantic kind in the history of real life.

I shall now tell you a little about Baltimore. Baltimore is the capital of the State of Maryland. Maryland is the earliest residence of Catholicism in the United States. Lord Calvert Baltimore, who went over from the Protestant to the Catholic faith, and who resigned his post in the English government in consequence, was the founder of the colony in Maryland, which was intended, in the

first place, to afford an asylum for persecuted and suffering Catholics; and not alone for them, but for people of every sect, who merely acknowledged themselves as Christians—and there are mentioned as among the earliest planters here also Swedes and Finns. The noble and large-minded Lord Baltimore wished to erect the Catholic Church on the soil of the New World upon a broader basis than it occupied in the Old World.

The city of Baltimore became the seat of the archbishop, and the Convent of the Visitation was established there, as the mother institution of any of a similar kind which might extend themselves on the soil of the New World. Maryland had tobacco plantations and slaves, and lived, it is said, in a patriarchal manner. It lives yet by tobacco and slaves—less patriarchally, however, as various transactions and narratives from the chronicles of the Slave State prove; and Baltimore is still the home of Catholicism, the seat of the Catholic archbishop, and the convent of the order of the Visitation. Some of Lord Baltimore's liberal spirit seems also to continue here. I visited the convent during my stay in Baltimore, and liked very much what I saw, in particular the appearance and manners of the Abbess and the young Sisters. They take the vows for their whole life, but have laid aside much of the old Catholic ceremonial, and have no peculiar habit. They principally occupy themselves in education, as well as in the guardianship of poor orphans. Many of the best Protestant families in the United States send their children hither to be educated, because they are better instructed, and at a less expense than in most other educational institutions. Catholicism in the United States seems to have left behind it all that which made it feared and hated on the other side of the ocean, and to have taken with it merely that which was best; and here it is justly commended for its zeal in good works. The Catholic congregations here are also distinguished by their excellent in-

stitutions for children, and for the sick. That great boarding-school for young girls is the principal source of revenue for the convent. The public examination there will shortly take place. I heard also, in a large concert-hall, some of the young girls play both on the harp and the piano, besides singing in chorus, which they did very well, and with fine effect.

I have visited both the prison and the lunatic asylum of Baltimore, but found nothing greatly to admire. Maryland is a small state, and a slave state. Baltimore is a large city, but is less beautiful, and has fewer trees and gardens, than most of the American cities which I have hitherto seen. Baltimore is renowned for its cheerful society and beautiful women. "The Belle of Baltimore" is a gay negro song, which is sung both by the blacks and the whites, both servants and masters. But that which makes Baltimore remarkable to my feelings, is something quite different. It is the story of a scene in a public house, and about a little girl. Will you hear the former for the sake of the latter? You must, for they can not be separated.

A few years ago, there lived in Baltimore a family of the name of Hawkins. They had been in better circumstances, but were reduced through the drunkenness of the father. There was a public house in one of the lanes in Baltimore, where every day five or six drunken companions used to assemble to guzzle all day long. Hawkins was one of this set; and although he cursed it, and cursed himself for his weakness in going there, yet it elung to him like a curse, and every day he went there, and only came thence when he was no longer able to stand; and late in the evening, or in the night, staggered home, often falling on the steps, where he must have remained lying, and have perished of cold and wretchedness, had it not been for his daughter, little Hannah. She sat up till she heard him coming home, and then went out to

meet him and helped him up the steps; and when he fell down, and she was not able to raise him, she carried down pillows and a bed-cover and made him a bed where he lay, doing all in her power to make him comfortable, and then lay down beside him. The wife, who in her despair had grown weary of striving with him, endeavored by her own labor to maintain herself and the other younger children. Little Hannah, however, only ten years old, did not grow weary, but still watched over her father, and devoted to him her childish affection. When he, in the morning, awoke out of his drunkenness, he used immediately to send the little girl out to get him some brandy, and she did as she was bid when her prayers could not prevail with him to abstain. She succeeded only in awakening in him a yet stronger sense of his misery, and the need there was for him to forget it. He cursed himself for being so unworthy a father to such a child, and he compelled the child to give him the drink which would drown his misery. And when he, by means of the fresh, fiery liquor, was revived and invigorated so that he could stand and walk, he again went to the ale-house.

Such was his life for a long time; a lengthened chain of misery and self-accusation, interrupted merely by fresh debauch. The family had sunk into the depth of poverty, and each succeeding day only added to their distress. One morning, when Hawkins, ill both in body and mind, after the carouse of the foregoing day, awoke in his bed, he desired Hannah, as usual, to go out and get him some brandy. But the girl would not go. She besought him earnestly; "Dear father," she said, "not to-day—not to-day, dear father!" and she wept bitterly. The father, in extreme anger, bade her leave the room.

He got up, and with staggering steps crawled down to the usual place. Here, in the mean time, an extraordinary scene had occurred, one which is difficult to explain excepting by a mysterious and higher intervention.

The drunken companions were already there with their filled glasses in their hands, when one of them said, "It is very foolish of us, though, to sit here and ruin ourselves merely for the good of ——!" meaning the master of the public house. The others agreed.

Some one of them said, "Suppose that from this day forth we were not to drink another drop!"

One word led to another. The men hastily made an agreement and drew up a paper, in which they bound themselves, by oath, to a total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

When Hawkins, therefore, entered the public house, he was met by his companions with the temperance pledge in their hands, and by the cry from all, "Sign it! sign it!"

Astonished, overpowered, almost beside himself, he added his name to that of the others. Without having asked for a drop of brandy he now hastened home, as if from a new sort of carouse. He found his wife and his daughter together. He threw himself upon a chair, and could only ejaculate,

"It is done!"

His paleness and his bewildered aspect terrified them; they asked him what he had done.

"I have signed the pledge!" exclaimed he, at length.

Hannah and his wife threw themselves upon his neck. They all wept—tears of a new delight.

It was from this point, from this scene in the public house, that the movement commenced which has since spread itself with lightning speed through the United States, carrying hundreds of thousands of human beings along with it, until it has grown into a mighty wall, a bulwark against drunkenness, which had for some years begun to spread itself over the land like a swelling tide, bearing along with it to destruction persons of all classes.

These formerly drunken companions of the public house in Baltimore became Temperance lecturers, and, under the

name of "the Washingtonians," went forth, many with them, to hold meetings in cities and in the country, in which they addressed large multitudes, their own life's experience giving color and vitality to their pictures of the curse of drunkenness, and the bliss of an amended and pure life.

They came to Boston, and Hawkins with them. People wished him to speak, but Nature had not formed him for an orator, and he was scarcely able to stand up before an assembly. He did it, however, at the request of many persons. Marcus Spring was present on this occasion, and he gave me the account. Hawkins, when he stood up, began with these words, "I have been a drunkard!" and then stopped short, as if overcome by the memory of that time and the solemnity of the present moment. The numerous assembly clapped and encouraged him, and inspired him with new courage.

He began again, but merely to relate the history of his former misery, and of little Hannah's conduct toward him. The simplicity of the narrative, its intrinsic beauty, the sincere emotion of the man as he related it, made a deep impression.

After this, one and another rose, and spoke the innermost truth out of their heart's or their life's experience. One voice out of many exclaimed, "Is there, then, hope even for me?" "Yes! yes!" cried another; "come brother, come and sign! We will stand by you!"

Thousands of people this evening signed the pledge. The good M. said that he himself became so excited and was so affected by the scene, that he too rose up to express to the meeting the pleasure which it had afforded him; but scarcely had he said two words when he lost himself, forgot what he meant to say, and sat down again with the firm resolve never again to stand up as an orator.

The history of this conversion is, in reality, very extraordinary, because the operating cause proceeded not from

that little heroine alone. I believe she stood in secret relationship with a good angel, and that it had found its way to the public house that very morning, and whispered in the men's ears that they should outwit the landlord. A cunning little female angel it was, I am pretty certain!

Hawkins still continues to travel about the country as a Temperance lecturer. He has, as such, accumulated a little property, and acquired a position; and little Hannah is at the present time with him in the West, no longer little Hannah, but a nice young girl of sixteen. The history of Hannah Hawkins is my "Belle of Baltimore."

Among other guests, last evening, at General Stuart's, was a Miss ——, I have forgotten her name—an elderly and very agreeable lady she was, and a splendid human being, with a warm heart and a fresh spirit. She was the daughter of a wealthy, slaveholding family, and on coming of age emancipated her slaves; and, as she was rich, gave to every one of them—somewhat above twenty in number—a small gratuity wherewith to begin an independent career. She told me that one of these slaves, a negro who had always distinguished himself by his good conduct, had, as a freeman, acquired considerable property by trade, so that he was able to live in comfort and independence. But his son, who was a spendthrift, so much reduced his father that, in his old age, he was obliged to maintain himself by hard labor—I believe as a "cart-driver"—that is, one who carries materials to the roads and for building. At length the old man fell sick, and knew that his end was near. He sent, therefore, a message to his former owner, Miss ——, begging that she would come to him, otherwise he could not die in peace. She went to his house, and found the old man in a mean room, lying in bed, and very weak.

"Missis!" said he, "you have always been good to me, and I have thought I must tell you that which lies on my mind, and beg you to help me, if you can!"

Miss —— told the old man to speak freely.

He continued. "You know, missis, how I lost my property. I have now, for several years, maintained myself by my labor, always paying my way. Latterly, however, I have not been able to avoid getting into debt, and I shall not die easy if I do not know certainly that these debts will be paid. Missis! I beg of you to pay my debts!"

"And how large are your debts?" asked Miss ——.

"Fifteen dollars!"

"Make your mind easy, dear Jacob," said Miss ——; "I can and I will pay them."

"God bless you for it, missis!"

"Now answer me, Jacob," said she, "one question which I will put to you, and tell me, on your conscience, have you, as a freeman, felt yourself happier than when you were a slave in my father's house?"

"Missis," said the old man, solemnly, raising himself up in his bed, "your parents, my master and missis, were always good to me, and in their house I never knew what want was. As a freeman, and especially in my latter years, I have suffered very much; I have suffered hunger and cold; I have had to work in rain, and snow, and storm; but yet, missis, I have borne that suffering unrepiningly, because I was free, and would willingly suffer it again, merely to have my freedom and the right to control my own actions, for that has been my greatest treasure."

In the combat of freedom against slavery this testimony is of no small value.

Nevertheless, it would not be difficult to produce testimony on the opposite side, of fugitive slaves who, in the Northern States, have been asked by old friends from the South what they thought about freedom, and they have answered that they "were sick of it; that they wished massa would take them back again!" So I have been

told, and I feel certain of the truth of it. That dispositions naturally lazy, and not accustomed to independence, should prefer "the flesh-pots of Egypt" and the bondage of Egypt to freedom, with hard labor and scanty food, is quite intelligible; and that the servants of good masters in the South should, when they find themselves free among people who care nothing about them, or are not kindly disposed, and that in a severe climate, far from their former warm homes, warm hearts, and warm parlors, is very natural also. For my part, it only seems extraordinary that so few instances occur of fugitive slaves returning to their former connections, and begging "massa" and "missis" to take them back again. But by no means is it allowable to judge on either side of this question between freedom and slavery by isolated facts and anecdotes; judgment must be based upon principle, must be based upon that truth which is immutable and of universal application.

When Bernsdorf, the great statesman of Denmark, emancipated the peasant serfs on his estate, these assembled to a man, and besought of him, with tears, that he would not give them up, but still continue to be their paternal lord and master; that he would annul the declaration which made them free.

"You do not understand what I have done for you," replied Bernsdorf; "but you will understand it at some future time, and your children will understand it and thank me."

And he maintained that which he had done. And he did more, inasmuch as he established schools and other institutions for the improvement of his dependents, and prepared them, by these means, properly to avail themselves of their freedom.

Philadelphia, Saturday morning.

Once more, my little Agatha, am I in the "Friends" city, after a beautiful day's sail on Chesapeake Bay and

the Delaware, disturbed only by strange ladies who asked and asked again the usual senseless questions. Ah, if they only knew how they tormented me, how much I required silence and rest, they would leave me at peace—I am so worn out by the life of excitement and by the heat in Washington. I must endeavor to regain my strength by the sea. The gentlemen were much better. I met with some sensible, kind people among them.

Professor Hart came on board to meet me at Philadelphia, and took me to his house, where I now am, as a member of the family.

In company with Lucretia Mott I visited several families of free negroes in this city, among the rest the negro minister of an Episcopal church here; he was a tall, good-tempered, and most respectable man, a daguerreotypist, and spoke French and some other languages very well. These free negroes strike me in the same way as the slaves; they are good-natured and full of feeling, with a deal of imitative power and great originality, but their excellent qualities are of quite a different kind to those of the whites, and no schools or institutions of learning will ever bring them to the same point; nor do I know why they should be so brought. The merits of the whites are accompanied by the faults of the whites.

Among the few colored people, as they like to be called, whom I saw here, I was most interested by a young mulatto woman, Sarah Douglas, a charming girl, with a remarkably intelligent countenance. She was the teacher in a school of about sixty children, negroes and mulattoes, and she praised them for their facility in learning, but said that they forgot equally fast, and that it was difficult to bring them beyond a certain point. She herself was one of the most beautiful examples of true cultivation among the colored people.

I have also again paid a visit to dear Mary Townsend, that beautiful child of the inner light, with those super-

naturally beaming eyes. I now knew for the first time that these beaming eyes could scarcely bear the light of day, that she was not able to read nor to write a page without extreme suffering, and that her work on "Insect Life" was dictated with bandaged eyes. Thus lay she, immovable and blind, as she prepared the winged life of the children of nature, "thankful," writes she in her preface, "if my little book may be a means of preventing the cruelty to insects which children are so prone to." "It has enabled me at times to forget," says she, further, "that I was confined within the four walls of my chamber. It has taken me out into the fields and into the roads, and renewed my admiration of the wonderful works of the Creator."

Thus lies she, as it were, fettered and blind till the day when the deliverer, Death, shall release the angel's wings. Fettered and blind, and yet, nevertheless, how keen-eyed and winged in comparison with many! The effect of that inner light! She is called in the family "the Innermost!" and I will convey her image across the sea to my "Innermost."

That inner light! That life of the inner light! I thank the city of the Friends for a new revelation of this.

The next time I write to you will be from the sea-side in New Jersey. On Thursday we go to Cape May. But before that I shall make an excursion into the country, to the house of a lady, a friend of Mr. Downing, an American Madame De Sevigne.

L E T T E R X X I.

Cape May, New Jersey, Aug. 2.

I SPENT last Saturday and Sunday at a beautiful country seat near Philadelphia, among beautiful, rare flowers, principally Mexican, with their splendid fiery coloring, and

flocks of humming-birds, which fluttered among them, dipping their delicate long bills into the flower-cups. A real feast it was, of lovely natural objects out of doors; and within doors, every thing ornamented, rich, beautiful, aristocratic, but too exclusive, at least for my taste, and with too little in it of really "high life."

I write to you to-day from the sea-side, with the great free ocean heaving up toward the sands opposite my window, and just before me, in the midst of the waves, a scene of the most democratic republican character.

But I must, however, tell you something about my visit to the beautiful villa, because I was there present at the marriage feast of the maize, and saw the wedding dress, and I must tell you something about it.

The maize is of the class *diœcia*. The male flower develops itself in a spiked head, which is placed aloft on the top of the strong green plant, somewhat like the sea-reed with us, only much thicker in stem and in leaf. This head of male flowers waves merrily in the wind, quite like a *bon vivant*, and scatters abroad his pollen like a cloud. Lower down, and inclosed in the stem, is placed the ear of maize-corn, enveloped in pale-green sheaths, which at the season of the blossoming open themselves a little at the top, in order to give room for a tuft of brilliant silky thread, varying in all the colors of the rainbow, but principally of violet and gold. It does not come very far out, and withdraws itself again after the ear; by means of it, has saluted the air and the light, like some of those small white plumes upon the pistils of the rye and wheat with us. These grand silky tufts were just now out, and I broke off one of these heads, and carefully unwrapped the one green garment after another. Seven green coverings did I thus remove, each inner one becoming of a still softer tint and still finer texture than the preceding, the nearer they approached the ear. Most cautiously did I remove the last pale-green covering, and a spirally-enwrapped veil of brill-

iant, white, silky thread streamed softly down from the rich, pearly ear; most lovely, most inexpressibly rich and pure! Each corn-pearl had its silken thread, all were turned to one side, and wound round the ear, and united themselves at the top, where they pressed toward the light, and received coloring from its rays.

A spirit of worship arose in my soul at the sight of that hidden but now revealed glory, and I could not but recall the words of the Savior: "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these!" It was infinitely beautiful, and I wished that you could have seen it with me.

I must mention among the flowers the tiger-lily, on account of its unusual splendor. In the evening I saw a moth fluttering over the flowers, which was so like a humming-bird in its manner of flying and sipping from the flowers, with a short beak-like proboscis, as it fluttered on the wing, that I was for a moment uncertain whether it belonged to the class of birds or of butterflies, till I came near and saw the four legs. I can not learn its name. Some maintain that it is called "Lady's-bird."

In a general way, gentlemen and ladies in this country know but very little about natural objects, except simply as regards use and pleasure. This ignorance, especially in the South, and in the midst of this affluent animal and vegetable world, seems to me really lamentable. Human beings ought, indeed, to enjoy Nature in another way than oxen and butterflies; they should, as the lords of creation, reverence themselves and their Creator, by contemplating His works with intelligent minds, learning their meaning, and, as priests and priestesses of Nature, explaining her wisdom and interpreting her song of praise. It would be a worthy occupation for people of "high life;" and "high life" in the New World becomes an empty idea, if it does not teach itself to sing a new "high song," higher than Solomon's, higher than Odin's and Wala's, but in the same spirit.

I went from Philadelphia with Professor Hart and his wife, on a beautiful July day, to Cape May ; and beautiful was our journey upon the mirror-like Delaware, with its green, idyllian, beautiful shores. During the day I read Mr. Clay's "Annals" of the Swedish Colony upon these shores, and experienced heartfelt delight in glancing from the historical idyll to those scenes, where it had existed in peace and in piety. The tenacity and the warlike dispositions of two of the leaders, Printz and Rising, were the cause of disturbances which ultimately led to the overthrow of the colony ; but the people themselves were peaceful and contented. The names which they gave to different places, New Götheborg, Ellsborg, &c., prove the affection which they bore to the mother country. And how enchanted they were with the New World, is shown by the name of Paradise Point, which they bestowed upon a point where they landed, on the shore of the Delaware, and by many anecdotes preserved by their Swedish annalist, Campanius. Here, in the Vineland of the old Sagas, did the Swedes find again the wild vine, and many glorious fruits which they mention. Here, amid these beautiful, sunbright hills and fields, they lived happily, even though under a foreign sway ; "for," says the chronicle, "the new government was mild and just toward them ; but it caused them to forget their mother country." The memory of that first colony upon these shores is, however, like the fresh verdure which covers them. I contemplated them with affection. Peace and freedom had been planted here by the people of Sweden.

In the evening we reached Cape May and the sea.

And now for the republic among the billows ; not at all "high life," excepting as regards certain feelings. It is now about ten o'clock in the morning ; a very parti-colored scene presents itself on the shore at an early hour ; many hundreds, in fact more than a thousand people, men, women, and children, in red, blue, and yellow dresses :

dresses of all colors and shapes—but the blouse-shape being the basis of every costume, however varied—pantaloon and yellow straw hats with broad brims, and adorned with bright red ribbon, go out into the sea in crowds, and leap up and down in the heaving waves, or let them dash over their heads, amid great laughter and merriment. Carriages and horses drive out into the waves, gentlemen ride into them, dogs swim about; white and black people, horses and carriages, and dogs—all are there, one among another, and just before them great fishes, porpoises, lift up their heads, and sometimes take a huge leap, very likely because they are so amused at seeing human beings leaping about in their own element.

It is, as I have said, a republic among the billows, more equal and more fraternized than any upon dry land; because the sea, the great, mighty sea, treats all alike, roars around all and over all with such a superiority of power, that it is not worth any one's while to set themselves up in opposition to it, or to be as any thing beside it; the sea dashes over them all, dashes them all about, enlivens them all, caresses them all, purifies them all, unites them all.

Among the citizens in the billows you must particularly notice one couple, a citizen in grand flame-colored attire, and a citizeness in a brown, cabbage-butterfly-striped woolen gown. The citizeness distinguishes herself by her propensity to withdraw from the crowd to some solitary place, by her wish to be independent, and her inability to keep her footing against the waves; and these waves hurl her piteously enough upon a sand bank, where she is left alone to her own powers and a trident (a three-grained fork), with which she endeavors to keep herself firm on the ground, but in vain; while the citizen goes back to take out his wife. This couple are Professor Hart and the undersigned. Presently you might see me rise up out of the water, tired of struggling with the waves and being dashed on the bank—now sitting upon it like

a sea-mew, surrounded by white-crested, tumultuous billows—now contemplating the ocean and infinite space, and now that party-colored company among the waves by the shore—very unlike that in the Capitol of Washington! Here human beings do not appear great, nor remarkable in any way, and more like ungraceful, clumsy beasts than the lords and ladies of creation, because the garments in which they are attired are not designed to set off beauty.

I was at first almost frightened at the undertaking and the company, and at the unlovely, apparent rudeness of this kind of republic; but I longed for the strength of the sea, and thought, “We are all as nothing before our Lord, all of us sinners, poor wretches all of us!” And I went out among the rest. And though I am not yet as much at home among the waves as I see many others are, yet I am already enchanted with this wild bath, and hope to derive much good from it. It gives me a peculiar impression of a something at once grand and delightful; the waves come on like a giant, strong, but at the same time kind, gentle, and mighty, almost like a god, at least like the power of a god, full of health-giving life, so that when I feel them sweeping over me, I involuntarily seem to think that it would not be hard to die amid them. But be not afraid, my child; you may depend upon it that I will take care of myself; and here there are others who would also take care of me—for even here I have kind friends—although, in order to be at peace, I do not by any means court their civilities, but keep at a distance from them. This is not quite in accordance with my disposition, and it really is painful to me to turn this unfriendly side to those who make advances toward me in kindness, but I must endeavor to gain a little strength for the coming campaign—I must have silence and repose, I must rest a little.

With Professor Hart and his wife I get on excellently; they are quiet, kind, earnest people; they let me do as I

like. I have a nice little room near theirs, with a fine view over the ocean, which here, without islands or rocks, rolls up unimpeded upon the low sandy shore; I hear its roar day and night from my open window, for I have for several months slept with my window open and the Venetian shutters closed, as people do here generally. I rest and enjoy myself, as I have not hitherto done in this country. The restless mind, however, labors still, writes romances and dramas, the scenes of which are all laid in Sweden, although the scenes here have given life to them; but I live for Sweden in all that I do and all that I imagine.

Now are you also, my Agatha, by the sea, and bathing in the salt waves. Oh! may the quiet bathing at Marstrand revive and invigorate you as much as I feel these wild ocean-bathings invigorate me! These would not, however, suit you; they are two powerful.

August 10th. How beautiful it is to be here; how pleasant to pause from going out to see things, from the excitement of hearing, and learning, and from social life and conversation! How good it is to be alone, to be silent and quiet! And the sea! the sea! that grand, glorious sea, how soothing and refreshing it is to contemplate it, to listen to it, to bathe in it! I sit every morning, after my breakfast of coffee, Carolina rice, and an egg, by the sea-side, under a leafy alcove, with a book in my hand, and gaze out over the sea, and into the vast expanse of sky; see the porpoises in flocks following the line of the coast, and hear the great waves breaking and roaring at my feet. The porpoises amuse me particularly; they go, for the most part, in couples, and pop their heads up out of the sea as if to say "good morning," making a curve of their bodies, so that the upper part is visible above the surface of the water; after this curved movement, made slowly and with a certain method in it, they plunge their heads down again and vanish in the waves, but are soon seen up again doing the same as before. They are large

fishes, I should imagine about two ells long, and seem in form not to be unlike our largest salmon, and they have a something very grave in their movements as they thus offer us their salutations from the deep; sometimes, however, they give great leaps.

Do you know why I sit with a book in my hand while I am looking out on all this? It is that people may think I am reading, and thus be prevented from interrupting me; excepting for this, I should have no peace. And I am become nervous to that degree by the incessant talk of strangers, and the repetition of ever-recurring questions, that my heart begins to beat if any one only sits down on the same bench with me, lest they should begin to talk to me; therefore, whenever this occurs, I fix my eyes immediately on my book. In the mornings, however, my leafy drawing-room is tolerably free from people, and interesting porpoises are sometimes the only living creatures that I see.

I have had some rich hours here, nevertheless, by the actual reading of a book lately published, the fourth part of Örsted's "*Aanden i Naturen*," in which he still further develops, as I besought of him to do in Copenhagen, those germs of thought which lie hidden in his glorious little work, "*Ofver förnuftlagarnas enhet uti hela universum*." Never shall I forget the delight which thrilled through me the morning on which I first read this little work, which Örsted had given to me, and when the consciousness that it was equally applicable to the whole higher human intelligence, flashed through my soul like lightning! It was early in the morning, but I could not resist going to Örsted and telling him my delight and my presage.

That morning, and the conversations which thence ensued between the amiable old man and myself during the winter which I spent in Copenhagen, and the rich hours which they afforded me, I lived over again here while I

have been reading this new work of Örsted's, and during the glorious prospects which have opened to me even beyond the horizon, which has been indicated by this noble, scientific man. But Örsted has done his work in a large manner; and while he has determined that which is known certainly, and that which, in all probability, may be taken for granted, he has left the field open for still further research and deduction, by the guidance of those laws and analogies which he has pointed out. How I rejoice in the thoughts of being able, on my return to Denmark, to see again this estimable old, but youthful-minded, man.

But I must now tell you about my life at Cape May. I pass my mornings in company with the sea and the porpoises. When the tide comes in—as for instance, this morning at half past ten—and the waves advance further and further, on the sands, I attire myself in bathing costume, and thus go out into the sea, but before the great crowd assembles there, and let myself be washed over by the waves, most frequently having hold of Professor Hart's hand, sometimes in company with a lively Quaker lady, a niece of Lucretia Mott; sometimes also alone, for I have now become quite expert in wrestling with the waves, and in keeping my balance in them. One remains in the water about a quarter of an hour, and it feels so pleasant that one is quite sorry to come out. After this bathing, I go to my chamber, write a little while my hair dries, drink a glass of good ice-cold milk, with a piece of excellent wheaten bread, and then lie down on my bed for an hour, where, hushed by the great cradle-song of the sea, I fall asleep directly, as lightly and pleasantly as, I imagine, little children slumber to their mother's lullaby.

When I wake, I dress myself quickly for dinner. The dinner hour is two, and a noisy scene it is! There sit, in a large light hall, at two tables, about three hundred persons, while a thundering band is playing, waited upon

by a regiment of somewhat above forty negroes, who march in and maneuver to the sound of a bell, and make as much noise as they possibly can make with dishes and plates, and such like things, and that is not a little. They come marching in two and two, each one carrying a dish or bowl in his hands. Ring! says a little bell held aloft by the steward, and the dish-bearers halt. Ring! says the little bell again, and they turn themselves to the table, each one standing immovably in his place. Ring! and they scrape their feet forward on the floor with a shrill sound, which would make me ready to jump up, if the whole of their serving were not a succession of scraping, and shrill sounds and clamor, so that it would be impossible to escape from their noisy sphere. The dinners are, for the most part, very good, and the dishes less highly seasoned than I have been accustomed to find them at American tables, and especially at the hotels. Although I here always find a deficiency of vegetables, yet I am fond of one which is called *squash*, and which is the flesh of a species of very common gourd here, boiled and served up much in the style of our cabbage, and which is eaten with meat. It is white, somewhat insipid, but soft and agreeable, rather like spinach; it is here universally eaten; so also are tomatoes, a very savory and delicately acid fruit, which is eaten as salad. Of the second course I dare not venture to eat any thing but sago pudding or custard, a kind of egg-cream in cups, and am glad that these are always to be had here.

One standing dish at American tables at this season is the so-called "sweet corn." It is the entire corn ear of a peculiar kind of maize, which ripens early. It is boiled in water and served whole; it is eaten with butter, and tastes like French *petit pois*; they scrape off the grains with a knife, or cut them out from the stem. Some people take the whole stem, and gnaw them out with their teeth: two gentlemen do so who sit opposite Professor

Hart and myself at table, and whom we call "the sharks," because of their remarkable ability in gobbling up large and often double portions of every thing which comes to table, and it really troubles me to see how their wide mouths, furnished with able teeth, ravenously grind up the beautiful white, pearly maize ears, which I saw so lately in their wedding attire, and which are now massacred, and disappear down the ravenous throats of the sharks. When I see that, I am convinced that if eating is not a regularly consecrated act—and is it not so in the intention of the grace before meat?—then it is a low and animal transaction, unworthy of man and unworthy of nature.

After dinner I again sit with my book in my hand, and contemplate the sea, and enjoy the life-giving sea-breeze. Some bathing again takes place toward half past five, when the tide again rises, and occasionally I also take a second bath, but in a general way I find that once a day is sufficient, because the wrestling with the waves makes bathing fatiguing. I mostly about that time take a walk, and sometimes call on people who have visited me, either in this great hotel where we are, or in some of the small cottages scattered about. When it gets dark, and it gets dark early here, I walk backward and forward in the upper piazza which runs round our hotel—the Columbia House—and contemplate the glorious spectacle produced by the lightning, and the unusual eruptions of light with which the heavens have favored us every evening since I have been here, without thunder being audible. The one half of the vault of heaven during these wonderful lightning-exhibitions will be perfectly clear and starlight; over the other half rests a dense cloud, and from its extremities, and from various parts of it, flash forth eruptions of light such as I never saw before; fountains of fire seem to spring forth at various points, at others they flash and sparkle as from the burning of some highly inflammable

substance; gulfs open full of brilliant and colored flames, which leap hither and thither; and from the edges of the cloud where it appears thin and gray, spears and wedge-like flashes are sent forth incessantly, while toward the horizon, where the clouds seem to melt into the sea, it is illumined by far-extended and mild gleams of lightning. In short, it is an exhibition of celestial fire-works, which are always new, astonishing, and, to me, enchanting. We have had two magnificent thunder-storms, when the lightnings flashed and crossed each other over the ocean, so that it was a really grand spectacle. The weather just now is perfectly calm, and the days and nights are uninterruptedly delicious and beautiful. We have frequently music and earthly fire-works on the beach opposite our hotel, so that we do not experience any want of cheerful amusement. To the same category belong the cavalcades of gentlemen and ladies on the beach, driving about in light, little carriages, the crowds of pedestrians wandering along the shore, seeking and finding Cape May diamonds, small, clear crystals, which, when cut, present a remarkably clear and beautiful water. Later in the evening, when the moon rises, Professor Hart and myself may often be seen among the pedestrians; for I like to hear him develop his thoughts on the subject of education; I like to hear his method of awakening, and from year to year anew awakening and keeping alive the attention of the boys, and calling forth their peculiar faculties into full self-consciousness and activity. His theory and his practice in this respect seems to me excellent; and the progress of his school, and the ability and the cleverness of the boys in their various ways, when they leave the school, testify to the correctness of the principle and the excellence of the method.

The roar of the sea is generally lower in the evening than in the day, the slumbrous light of the moon seems to lull the restless billows, and their song is one of repose.

Sometimes I go to a little distance inland, and listen to the whispering of the maize in the evening breeze—a quiet, soothing sound! Thus approach night and sleep to the great cradle-song of the sea. Thus pass the days with little variation, and I only wish that I could prolong each twofold. It is said that the number of bathers here is from two to three thousand persons.

“Miss ——, may I have the pleasure of taking a bath with you, or of bathing you?” is an invitation which one often hears at this place from a gentleman to a lady, just as at a ball the invitation is to a quadrille or a waltz, and I have never heard the invitation refused, neither do I see any thing particularly unbecoming in these bathing-dances, although they look neither beautiful nor charming; in particular, that tour in the dance in which the gentleman teaches the lady to float, which, however, is not a thing to be despised in case of shipwreck.

Very various are the scenes which on all sides present themselves in the bathing republic. Here a young, handsome couple, in elegant bathing attire, go dancing out into the wild waves holding each other by the hand, and full of the joy and the courage of life, ready to meet any thing, the great world's sea and all its billows! There, again, is an elderly couple, in gray garments, holding each other steadily by the two hands, and popping up and down in the waves, just as people dip candles, with solemn aspects, and merely observant to keep their footing, and doing all for the benefit of health. Here is a young, smiling mother, bearing before her her little, beautiful boy, a naked Cupid, not yet a year old, who laughs and claps his little hands for joy as the wild waves dash over him. Just by is a fat grandmother with a life-preserver round her body, and half sitting on the sands in evident fear of being drowned for all that, and, when the waves come rolling onward, catching hold of some of her leaping and laughing great children and grandchildren who dance around

her. Here a graceful young girl, who now for the first time bathes in the sea, flies before the waves into the arms of father or mother, in whose embrace it may dash over her; there is a group of wild young women holding each other by the hand, dancing around and screaming aloud every time a wave dashes over their heads; and there, in front of them, is a yet wilder swarm of young men, who dive and plunge about like fishes, much to the amazement of the porpoises (as I presume), who here and there pop their huge heads out of the billows, but which again disappear as a couple of large dogs rush forward through the water toward them in the hope of a good prize. Sometimes, when one expects a wave to come dashing over one, it brings with it a great force of ladies and gentlemen, whom it has borne along with it, and one has then to take care of one's life. Three life-boats are continually rowing about outside this scene during the bathing season, in order to be at hand in case of accident. Nevertheless, scarcely a year passes without some misfortune occurring during the bathing season, principally from the want of circumspection in the bathers themselves, who venture out too far when they are not expert swimmers. The impulse of the waves in the ebb is stronger than in the flowing tide, and it literally sucks them out into the great deep; and I can not, in such case, but think upon the legend of our mythology, about "the false Ran" which hungers for human life, and drags his prey down into his bosom. There is no other danger on this coast; porpoises are not dangerous, and of sharks there are none excepting at the dinner-table.

A shipwreck has lately occurred not far from Cape May, which has crushed the hope of many a heart, and has made a deep impression upon thousands of minds in the Northeastern States.

One stormy night during July, a brig was stranded upon a rock on the coast of New Jersey. This brig con-

veyed to her native land the Marchioness Ossoli (Margaret Fuller), the object of so much conversation and so much blame, of so much admiration, of so much attention in the New England States, and with her came her husband, the Marchese Ossoli, and their little boy. They all perished, after having seen death approach for four hours; while the waves dashed to pieces the vessel which had borne them hither. As I recollect, I mentioned to you Margaret Fuller's letter to the Spring's from Gibraltar, in which she spoke of her presentiment of evil, of the captain's death, &c.

After the death of the captain, the first mate took the command of the vessel. He seems to have been an expert seaman, and so certainly calculated on bringing his ship safe into port, that the evening before the disaster occurred he assured the passengers that on the morrow they should be in New York. All, therefore, went to rest, and were awoke in the early dawn by the vessel being aground. The helmsman had mistaken one beacon in these roads for another. They were not far from land, and the waves were running toward the land, so that several of the passengers had themselves lashed to planks, and thus came to shore, although half dead. This mode of saving her life was offered to Margaret Fuller, but she refused it; she would not be saved without her husband and her child.

Before her embarkation from Italy, she wrote to one of her friends in America, "I have a presentiment that some great change in my fate is at hand. I feel the approach of a crisis. Ossoli was warned by a fortune-teller in his youth to beware of the sea, and this is his first great-voyage; but if a misfortune should happen, I shall perish with my husband and my child." And now the moment which had been foreshadowed to her was come, and she would perish with her beloved ones!

A sailor took the little boy, and bound him to a plank,

together with a little Italian girl, and threw himself into the sea with them, in the hope of saving them. They told Margaret Fuller that they had safely neared the shore. They told her that Ossoli also was saved. And then it was that she consented also to be lashed to a plank. She never reached the shore. A wave had washed Ossoli from the deck into the deep. The corpse of neither has ever been found; but the little boy was found upon a reef of sand, still lashed with the little Italian girl to the plank, but both were dead.

“A quick death and a short death-struggle!” had always been Margaret Fuller’s prayer. It had been fulfilled, and she was and she is with her beloved ones.

But her mother and her sisters, who came to meet her at New York—their sorrow almost approaches to despair; they had anticipated this meeting with so much anxiety and much joy; they wished to make her so happy! And that little boy—every thing was ready for him, his little bed, his chair, his table! Rebecca S., who saw Margaret Fuller’s mother, writes to me that she looks like one who will never smile again; she seems crushed. Among those who perished in the wreck was also the brother of Charles Sumner, that young man who went to Petersburg and presented an acorn to the Emperor Nicholas.

I do not find in such works of Margaret Fuller’s as I have read any remarkable genius, nothing of which betrays that extraordinary power which distinguished her in conversation. Her talent as an author seems to me no way striking; nevertheless, a large-minded, noble spirit shows itself in her writings, and this caused her often to deplore, and filled her with indignation against that which she knew was not noble in her countrymen and her native land. She is rather the critic than the enthusiast. I have inscribed on my memory, from her volume called “A Summer on the Lakes,” these words:

“He who courageously determines to accomplish a no-

ble undertaking, whatever opposition he may experience, can not fail in the end of winning thereby something valuable."

That rich life, with all its sufferings, yearnings, presentiments, and hopes, is now at an end, has passed from the earth.

"But she won what earth of best could give her,
Love, the mother's name, and—last, a grave!"—TEGNÉR.

From Margaret Fuller's letters I could believe that the highest object of her life was gained in her happiness as a mother; all her soul seemed to have centered in that. She had been described to me as not sufficiently feminine; she seems to me almost too much so; too much centered in that one phasis of her being. Well for her, in the mean time, who went hence with her heart's fullness of love, and went with those whom she loved most.

August 12th. All continues to be delicious and good! The sea, the heavens and their grand show; the warlike games of Valhalla, which take place every evening, in which heroes and heroic maidens hurl their flaming spears; the embraces of the sea during the day; the song of the sea at night; freedom, peace in the open air—ah! how glorious is all this!

Professor Hart enjoys the bathing and the life here as much as I do, and little Morgan flits about like a sea-gull, now on the shore and now in the water, barelegged and brown, and as happy as a free lad can possibly be on the sea-shore. But poor Mrs. Hart derives benefit neither from bathing nor yet from the sea air, and becomes every day paler and paler, and can hardly eat any thing but a little boiled rice. I believe that she lives principally, and is sustained by her husband's and her son's enjoyment of life, and will not leave this place for their sakes.

I have derived pleasure from my acquaintance with an amiable family, or rather two brother-families from Philadelphia, who live in a cottage near here, for the benefit

of sea-bathing. Mr. F., the elder, is the minister of a Unitarian congregation in Philadelphia, one of the noblest, purest human beings whom God ever created, true, fervent, and full of love, but so absorbed by his anti-slavery feelings that his life and his mind suffer in consequence, and I believe that he would with the greatest pleasure suffer death if by that means slavery could be abolished. And his lovely daughter would gladly suffer with him, a Valkyria in soul and bearing, a glorious young girl, who is her father's happiness as he is hers. This grief for slavery would have made an end of the noble minister's life had not his daughter enlivened him every day with new joy and fascination. She is blonde and blue, like the Scandinavian "maiden" of our songs, and considerably resembles a Swede. The wife of the second brother is a brunette, delicate, beautiful, witty, charming as a French woman, a great contrast to the fair "Sköldmö," but most delightful. She is the happy mother of three clever lads. The Valkyria has three brothers. The two families live together in beautiful family love. That which I see in this country of most beautiful and best is family-life and nature, as well as the public institutions, which are the work of Christian love.

Among the novelties here at the present moment, are some Indians who have pitched their tent in the neighborhood of the hotels on the shore, and there weave baskets and fans according to Indian taste, with other small wares which they sell to—any body who will buy them. The men are half-blood Indians, but the women true squaws, with black, wild elf-locks, and strong features. They are ugly, but the children are pretty, with splendid eyes, and as wild as little wild beasts.

There is a "hop" every week in one of the hotels, that is, a kind of ball, which, I suppose differs only from other balls by people hopping about with less ceremony. I have not had the heart to leave the companionship of the sea

and the moonlight to go to a ball and see human beings hopping about; neither have we here been without scenes of a less lively character. We have had a great battle in one hotel between the black servants and the white gentlemen, which has caused some bloody heads. The greatest share of blame falls upon a gentleman who owns slaves. He will be obliged to leave. There have been two attempts at murder in another hotel, but which were prevented in time. The blame of these is laid upon a negro, but still more upon the landlady's treatment of her domestics in this hotel. N.B.—All the waiters here are negroes or mulattoes.

A sail which I have had to-day in a pleasure-yacht, belonging to an agreeable young man, a Mr. B., who invited me and some other of the company on board his vessel, has given me the greatest desire to return home in a sailing vessel, if I could only spare the time for it. Sailing vessels are so infinitely more beautiful and more poetical than steam-vessels. On board the latter one never hears the song of the wind or the billows, because of the noise caused by the machinery, and one can enjoy no sea-air which is free from the fumes of the chimney or the kitchen. Steam-boats are excellent in the rivers, but on the sea—the sailing-ship forever!

I have lately had a visit from some most charming young Quakeresses. No one can imagine any thing more lovely than these young girls in their light, delicate, modest attire.

I must introduce to you a contrast to these. I was sitting one morning beneath my leafy alcove, on the seashore, with my book in my hand, but my eyes on the sea and the porpoises, when a fat lady, with a countenance like one of our jolliest Stockholm huckster-women, came and seated herself on the same bench at a little distance from me. I had a presentiment of evil, and I fixed my eyes on Wordsworth's Excursion. My neighbor crept toward me, and at length she said,

“Do you know where Miss Bremer lives?”

“I believe,” said I, “that she lives in Columbia House!”

“Hum! should be glad to see her!”

A silence. I am silent and look in my book. My neighbor begins again.

“I sent her the other day a packet—some verses, with the signature ‘The American Harp,’ and a volume—and I have not heard a word from her.”

“Ah!” said I, now pushed very closely, “you are perhaps ‘The American Harp,’ and it is you that I have to thank for the present!” For here be it known, I had wished not to meet the authoress of a book written in the style of “The Sorrowful Certainties,” because the authoress had mentioned in her epistle that it had been much praised in the Cape May newspapers, and I could not say any thing of it but—possessed!

The good intention of the verses, however, deserved my thanks, and I now gave them quite properly.

“But,” asked the Harp, “have you read the book?”

“No, not yet; I have merely looked into it.”

“Indeed! but read it through; because it is a book which, the more it is read, the better it is liked; and I have written it all, both prose and verse; it is altogether mine. I have written a deal of verse, and think of bringing out a collection of my poetical works; but it is very expensive to bring out such!”

I said that I supposed it must be so.

“Yes,” said she; “but I write verses very easily, in particular where there is water; and I like to write about water. I am so very fond of water. Is there much water in Sweden?”

“Yes, a great deal,” replied I, “both of sea, and rivers, and lakes.”

“I should like to write there; I should be able to write there very well!” said she. “I should like to write in Sweden!”

I said that the voyage thither was dreadfully difficult and long—it was a thing hardly thought of!

“Ah, but I should not trouble myself about that,” she said; “I am so fond of the water! and could write a deal in Sweden—See there! now my parasol has fallen! and the handle is broken; yes, that is what I expected. Yesterday I broke my spectacles with the gold frame, and now I must use my silver ones! I am always breaking something—however, I have not yet broken my neck!”

“Then every thing is not lost yet!” said I, laughing; and as I saw Professor Hart coming up the steps to my airy saloon, I hastened to make him acquainted with the “American Harp,” and leaving her to him, I vacated the field.

Such harps are to be met with in all countries, but in none do they sound forth with such *naïveté* as here.

A young poet from the city of the Friends, with a beautiful, dramatic talent, and a head like Byron, and a family of refinement and amiability, belong to my agreeable acquaintance here, of whom I would see more, but who all come and go like the waves of the ocean.

August 16th. There is now an end to my good time! To-day I set off to New York. To-morrow, my friends, the Harts, return to Philadelphia. My companion to New York is a lawyer, an elderly gentleman, very estimable and good-hearted, I believe, but who has the fault of having too good a memory for—verses, and a fancy for repeating long and often very prosaic pieces from the German, French, and English authors, which are less amusing to prosaic listeners.

At dinner I exchanged my place, and the sharks, who now saw empty seats opposite them, looked about for me with a hungry mien; it seemed to me as if they felt the want of a living foreground to their feast.

I regret leaving Cape May, which is to me so quiet and invigorating; but I must not linger any longer, I have so much yet to see and to learn in this country.

I shall now go and take my last bathe in the sea, and think the while that you also are bathing in the health-giving waves of the ocean. The waves of the Atlantic Sea and the North Sea flow into the same great bath; and in it thou bathest with me and I with thee!

“Miss Agatha, may I have the pleasure of taking a bathe with you?”

And thus I embrace you heartily, all through the sea!

L E T T E R X X I.

TO THE CONFERENCE-COUNSELOR, H. C. ÖRSTED, COPENHAGEN.

Sea-side, New Jersey, August 10th.

How often, my valued friend, have I thought of you in this hemisphere, so distant from your country and your home; how often have I wished it was in my power to tell you something about this great, steadily-progressing portion of the world, upon which your eye also rests with the interest of an inquirer. Of all my friends in Copenhagen, you were the only one who understood that longing which impelled me to the New World; and when I put the question to you, “Does it appear to you extraordinary and irrational that I desire to see America?” you replied, “No! It is a great and remarkable formation of that creative mind which can not but be in the highest degree interesting to study more nearly!”

Oh, yes; and so it is, and far more so than I had any idea of, and it is far richer than I can yet understand; and I have been more willing to wait before I wrote to you until this New World, with all its various phenomena and their living unity, had become more intelligible to myself. And for this purpose I might have waited yet much longer, because there is much here which I have not yet seen, which I have not yet well considered, and, so to say, have not yet digested!

But I can not any longer defer writing to you. The necessity to thank you compels me to write. I must—I will thank you for that great, unexpected pleasure which your spirit has afforded me here upon this foreign coast, many thousand miles distant from you; for here, on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean, here where constellations ascend which we do not behold in our horizon, here have I read the last-published portion of your work, *Aanden i Naturen*; and that treatise which you gave me in Copenhagen, “*Öfver Väsens enheten af Förnuftet i hela Verlds Altet*,” that little work which made me so infinitely happy, through the new, joyful light which it caused to arise before me, which brought the whole starry firmament nearer to my heart, and made each star burn with a light kindred to the light of my own spirit; that glorious, little, but large work, which accompanied me across the great sea from the Old World to the New, as one of my dearest treasures, I recognized in this your book, but amplified and rendered more perfect, as I had preconceived it capable of being. And I have been unspeakably delighted to recognize here as mature fruit the blossom of our conversation in Copenhagen; to see here my own earnest prevision of the subject, rendered yet more clearly and forcibly by your lucid and logical mind.

For what can be clearer, what more rational or more certain, than that when all the stars are governed by the same laws of revolution, when all of them are subject to the same light and the same shadow, and when we, in consequence of this, are able to study them, to discover their courses, &c., to calculate the place of the star and afterward to find the star (*le Verrier*), then it is evident that the resemblance between the reason of man and the reason in the universe must go still further, must embrace all spheres, and in a similar manner. If we are necessarily to understand the terms lines, circles, parabolas, &c., as applied to all those worlds, which we discern

in space, as we understand their application to our earth, if their mathematical and physical laws are the same as those which are in force upon this earth, then is it clear that the sense of beauty can not be essentially dissimilar, and that the moral reason must be fundamentally the same, must recognize the same principles, the same radical idea. You have clearly proved these; you have shown that if these distant spheres obey laws similar to those laws which operate upon our terrestrial globe, then it is probable, nay, almost certain, that reflecting beings, endowed with reason and with minds similar to our own, exist in these remote worlds, as their highest product, as the flowers of their life and laws; yes, that it is improbable that the great Creator there should have left his work more incomplete than upon this earth.

The same light, the same shadow! and, I add, the same joy, the same tears, the same yearnings, the same hope, the same wants, the same faith, the same God, *Creator, Mediator, Perfecter*; yes, although under different circumstances and in different degrees of development, still individually the same for all, because the same normal process of life must avail for all. I do not know whether you go with me so far; but in one thing I believe that you will agree with me, because the thought is suggested by your work, namely, that there is not in the whole universe any place, not even the remotest star, which is altogether alien to this world, this earth upon which we live, and that reason which exists in us. From the wintry stillness of Urania to the glowing, fervent life of Mercury, from the nebula which slowly develops itself beneath the eye of the Creator in accordance with laws and powers similar to those of our earth, to the star which having attained the highest material perfectibility, producing harmonious communities of beautiful human beings and animal life, all conditions, all changes and scenes, all degrees of development and dissimilar associations of

being, in nature and spirit, which the human life and human imagination can conceive—and far, far more still—for where is the human imagination that can extend to the peopling of the starry firmament, to the conception of all its forms?—all this is nevertheless, in reality, human—is the world of man; is *our* world. Every where the same laws, the same governing reason; therefore, every where, in reality, the same soul, the same heart.

Oh my friend! This human heart, which loves so much, and which suffers so much; this spirit, which anticipates and yearns after so much, which can attain to so little, perfect so little; this poor, combating, little, large, enigmatic being—Man, is not, then, after all, so mean, so isolated in mind, in existence! That truth which he here acknowledges is truth in all worlds in the whole universe; that existence—that inquiry—that life which he has here begun may be developed in infinity, and attain its object; and, released from earth, we may find new light, yes, the Eternal light, with adoration, indeed, but without being astonished by it—without being confounded by it; because he was at home in the region of light when here, and was acquainted with its nature long since.

The same light, the same shadows! Beloved stars, kindred worlds! in the same light, in the same Father's house, how near, how dear you become to me. For though darkness and discord may prevail in you, as upon the earth, yet I know that the Master lives, who will separate the darkness from the light, and dissolve the discord into perfect harmony.

I saw one day, my dear friend, at your house, a quantity of sand-grains strewn upon a glass plate arrange themselves, under the influence of a musical note, into the most exquisite, starlike, and symmetrically harmonious figure. A human hand made the stroke which produced the note. But when the stroke is made by the hand of the Almighty, will not the note then produced bring into ex-

quisitely harmonious form those sand-grains which are human beings, communities, nations? It will arrange the world in beauty and harmony, and there shall be no discord, and no lamentation any more; thus say the most reasonable anticipations of all people, as you yourself have told us with scientific certainty in your "Parity of Reason throughout the Universe;" and thus has *He himself* told us in his revelation, as Eternal goodness. And hence it is that I see, during life's changing phenomena, amid every thing dark and chaotic, amid all stars and in all stars, amid all tears—as well as in my own—every where the harmonious figure, the eternal star, the child of harmony, the future world of God, the kingdom of man; and hence it is that I weep and am joyful nevertheless.

You see, my estimable friend, what a pure, divine joy your book has awoken within me. It has been your desire, your pleasure, to impart such joy; and I can not describe to you how my soul was enriched those mornings when I sat by the sea-shore with your book in my hand, and before me boundless space, as infinite as the views which it presented to my glance; or in the evenings, when, in thought, with you I visited those brilliant worlds above and around me, and, according to the doctrine of the metamorphosis of things, I let my fancy freely sport with the powers of matter and of mind, while a magnificent spectacle of electric fire was displayed in the firmament above. Festal hours and moments!

Your book, which was sent to me by the Danish *chargé d'affaires* in Philadelphia, Mr. Bille, was all the more welcome to me, as I had lately parted with that little work on the "Parity of Reason," &c., which you gave me in Copenhagen; I had left it with Professor Henry, of Washington, an amiable and distinguished scientific man, who, on hearing of its subject and nature from me, wished to translate it. I have often heard your name mentioned

with honor in the New World, together with those of Linnæus and Berzelius. Professor Henry was the first who made your scientific works known in this country. And it would delight you to know the rapidity and the skill with which every discovery in natural philosophy is here converted and applied to the public advantage. Your discovery of electro-magnetic power, which led to the invention of the electric telegraph, can not be made more use of any where than in this country. Every where along the lines of rail-road, from city to city, and from state to state, is carried the electric telegraph. Distant cities, persons living in New York and New Orleans, converse with each other by means of the electric wire, transact affairs of business—even affairs of marriage, I have heard—and every day are attempted new developments, new applications of those powers, the relationship between which were made known by you. The Americans seem to be particularly attracted by motive powers—by any method of expediting movement and accelerating communication. Any thing which can give life and action goes most rapidly “ahead,” as the phrase is, that is to say, finds most favor with them. In the Patent Office at Washington, where models are preserved of every machine made in the United States, which has been patented, and which amount, if I am not mistaken, to twelve or fifteen thousand—I remarked that the greater number of them were for the acceleration of speed, and for the saving of time and labor. There were also some for the perpetual movement, which—now stand still. Even children seem to feel this passion for moving-machines. I saw on one occasion a school of boys during the time they were allowed to rest and to amuse themselves by drawing on their slates. I walked between the benches, that I might see the work of the bright-eyed children and the inspiration of the moment. I saw on most of the slates smoking steam-engines or steam-boats, all in movement. But this interest in locomotive machinery

has a profound connection with the movement of life itself in this country. Innumerable rivers and streams flow through this country in all directions, and give a greater facility to the circulation of life than in most other countries. Locomotives are here like pulses, which impel the blood through the veins and arteries of the body to every part of the system. Nothing is so invariably a characteristic of life here as its incessant change from place to place. People, goods, thoughts, and things, are in a perpetual state of movement and interchange between state and state, between the North and the South, between the East and the West; nothing stands still; nothing stagnates, unless exceptionally. The impulse and the necessity to obtain possession of all the natural resources to this country are, besides this, in full activity; and there is, in consequence, a great deal done, both by government and by individuals, to promote the extension of practical science. Geology and the physical sciences flourish; the different states send out scientific men to examine new districts within the states, and institutions are established for the advancement of useful knowledge, especially in natural history and mechanics. One such is the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia, another the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, the ornamental Gothic building for which is now erected on the banks of the Potomac. This institution, endowed by a wealthy gentleman of the name of Smith, is intended to form a central national institution, where all the scientific laborers of the United States may have a point of union. Professor Henry, who is the secretary of the institution, was glad to have an opportunity of sending you the first printed transactions of this very important institute, and I shall have the pleasure of being the bearer of them to you.

Yes, how delightful it will be to me, on my return home, to see you and good Mrs. Örsted and Matilda, and to tell you by word of mouth what I have seen and experienced

here. I can now only passingly touch upon that great theme, the life of the United States. I am like a gleaner, wandering here and there over the fields, gathering up ears and flowers to bind into sheaves and garlands, but in order to do that I must have more than a handful; and, as yet, I have not more.

The commencement of my wanderings in this hemisphere was in the northeastern states of the Union. I found there earnestness and labor, restless onward-striving, power both manual and spiritual; large educational establishments, manufactories, asylums for the suffering, and institutions for the restoration of fallen humanity, were all admirable there, and, above all, the upward-progressive movement of society. I saw, before the winter set in, the glorious Hudson, with its magnificent scenery, its shores covered with wood, which at that season presented the most wonderful splendor and variety of color; I saw the rivers of Connecticut and Massachusetts, and hills and valleys which often reminded me of Sweden, for the scenery of Sweden and that of these two states resemble each other greatly, inasmuch as they have the strong characteristics of winter, snow and ice, and the dramatic scenes which these afford both of suffering and pleasure. After that I saw, in the South, the Palmetto States, Carolina and Georgia, and here I was enchanted by a luxuriance in the outward life of Nature, to which I had hitherto been a stranger! Would that I were able to describe to you those red rivers, the shores of which are covered with woods as yet untouched by human hand, and where no human habitation is to be found; woods which seem to swim upon the water, and where a hundred different kinds of trees were engarlanded by hundreds of different beautiful flowering creepers—a chaotic vegetable life, but full of beauty, and the most wonderful groupings, in which one discerns all those various architectural forms which we admire in temples and churches

built by human hands. The primeval forest here presents them in fantastic sport, inspired by its morning dream. The morning dream of Nature! Is not Nature human, or, at least, full of the human element in the bad and the good, the beautiful and hideous? She must have human dreams. The primeval forest exhibits on a colossal scale porticoes and vaulted temples, pyramids, grottoes, sphinxes, and dragons, flower-crowned columns, temples of joy, triumphal arches, and profound, quiet tombs. The primeval feast presents a dream of the world of man; and with what a richness of detail, what a depth of poetry! I dreamed myself back as I beheld this sight to the third day of creation, when, in obedience to the creative "Let there be!" the earth opened her maternal bosom, and brought forth the vegetable world in its morning pomp, still prophetically warm from the dream of night. You, my friend, who have so much of the poet in your soul, will not be offended that I, in this case, see rather through the eye of the biblical Genesis than through that of science. The former beholds in one moment that which the latter beholds in a succession of periods; yet they both behold the same reality.

It was an especial delight to me to recognize among the common productions of these woods many which I had seen as rare species when I walked with you through the botanic garden at Copenhagen; of these I remember particularly the tulip-tree, and the fan-palm or palmetto, which is one of the most common indigenous trees of the Southern States.

If life in the Northern States is a grand epic, a poem full of great teaching, then is that of the Southern States a romance of infinitely-picturesque beauty—yes, even though slavery and sandy deserts exist there. As belonging to the romantic life of these states must be mentioned the negroes, with their enigmatical character, their songs and religious festivals; the cities full of orange-groves,

and their many kinds of beautiful flowering trees; their piazzas, covered with honeysuckle and roses, which no winter destroys, amid which flutter sun-bright humming-birds, and which screen from the heat of the sun beautiful but pale women; their fire-flies shining forth like points of light in the night; their pine-woods, where blossoming azaleas stand like angels of light among the dark trees, in which sing thrushes and the "hundred-tongued birds;" and for the rest, those peculiar vegetable growths which are the natural productions of these states—cotton (particularly in the beautiful islands along the coasts), rice, and so on, the cultivation of these, as well as the mixed population. But I must stop. It is presumption to attempt a description of the life and peculiar characteristics of the states, when I know that every single state in the Union is like a perfect realm, with almost all the various circumstances and resources of a European kingdom in fertile fields, metallic mountains, navigable rivers, forests, and besides these many natural gifts and beauties which as yet are unknown, and not turned to account. Yes, it excites at the same time both joy and despair, to know that there is on all hands so much that is new, and so much which is yet unknown, and so much which I never shall know. Fortunately, however, for this country, it possesses, in its very subdivision and form of government, a great and effective means of becoming acquainted with itself. Each separate state is like an independent individual existence, and feels itself excited to emulate its sister states (with which it sometimes wrangles and quarrels, as sisters will sometimes do in their younger years), and to become a full-grown human being on its own account. And for this purpose all its powers are called into action, and all its peculiar ways and means are examined into. Hence it is that in this land of liberty there is no limitation to experimental attempts. Every thing, even the very maddest of all, may be attempted,

and proved whether there is any thing available in it or not. Every thing, even the most absurd, is sure of having some adherents, and an opportunity afforded for trial; and I have heard Americans say jestingly, that if any body came forth with the assertion that it was better to walk upon the head than the feet, he would be quite sure of pupils who would, in most good earnest, make the attempt whether it were possible to walk on the head. Other men would perhaps laugh at them, still would allow them to make the trial, quite certain that if by experiment it was found that walking on the head were not practicable, they would soon get on their legs again, and in the mean time they would have gained something by experience. And certain it is that several attempts, which in the beginning have appeared as absurd as that of making use of the head instead of the feet, and which were treated accordingly, have after a time succeeded, and been crowned with the most fortunate results. One such attempt may be mentioned as that of exporting ice to the tropical countries. The first person who tried this experiment, and who now lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was regarded for several years by certain people as a fool. Now, however, the exportation of ice to hot countries forms one of the principal sources of revenue to North America. Great numbers of ships transport blocks of ice from the mountains of Massachusetts and New Hampshire to the cities of the Southern States, to the West Indian Islands, to Mexico, &c.

Yes, North America, by means of the speculative disposition of her people, by means of her political subdivision, her institutions which afford free play to individual peculiarity and will, in evil as well as in good; America is the land of experiment, and its commencement in the field of experimental humanity reveals a boundless prospect as to what it may yet bring forth. One of its sons drew the lightning from the clouds; another created wings out of

steam for all the people of the earth; so that they might fly round the world; a third has, oh the happy man! discovered the means of mitigating life's bitter enemy, bodily suffering, and of extending the wings of the angel of sleep over the unfortunate one in the hour of his agony! And all this has been done in the early morning of the country's life, for in computing the age of a world's cultivation which has a thousand years for its future, two centuries' existence is merely as the morning hour; the day lies before it as its future. What will not this people accomplish during the day? Of a verity, greater things than these! That will I venture to predict from its eye; for that eye is vigilant and bright; it is early accustomed keenly to observe the object which *is*, without asking about that which *was*, and without being checked by the warning cry of antiquity; it has a watchful eye, undaunted courage, and unwearied perseverance. And if this observant eye, when the working days are over, and the Sabbath recurs, were directed more exclusively upon spiritual things, would it not even then make discoveries and introduce science and certainty into regions where now humanity is merely at home, by means of hope and faith. I believe so, because the purpose of this people's gaze as well as of their social arrangements, is, above every thing else, to compass those ends which are of importance to the whole of humanity; I believe it, because the Germanic element, the character of which is profoundly intellectual and transcendental, is, in this country, mingled with the Anglo-Norman, and from the union of these two races a third national character may be expected, which shall combine the highest speculative thought with the clearest practical intuition.

But I will not any longer occupy your time, and perhaps your patience, with my endeavor to show the harmonious figure in the star of the American Union. Regard this, then, as an ear of corn plucked from a rich harvest

field. When I have completed my wanderings, when I have returned to you, I shall bring more with me. By that time I shall have visited the most northern states of the Union, the land of the White Mountains and the Indians, and that great West, "that great, wonderful West," as the people of the West call it; where, in the vast valley of the Mississippi, there is said to be room for more than two hundred and fifty millions of people to live comfortably; where rich American corn grows in unexampled luxuriance, and where one first begins fully to comprehend the phenomenon of the United States progress, or, as it is called, "growth." As regards this growth, this progress, and in what it properly consists, I hope at some future time to converse with you.

When I may see you again—whether this autumn, or not until next spring—I do not know. If my mother and sister consent, I shall remain over the winter. The great kindness and hospitality with which I am received makes it easy for me to visit very distant states and places. This is a blessing for which I can not be sufficiently grateful. This hospitality, however, which would make my life a perpetual festival, is too much for the powers of my mind and body. The nation has a warm, youthful heart, and that one must confess with pleasure and gratitude, even if one is one's self too old or too stupid properly to receive what they wish to give.

The very reception, both outwardly and spiritually, which they give you is a part of this youthfulness of life. America is a hospitable land for strangers, not alone as they may come outwardly in flesh and blood, but as regards thoughts and ideas. And this is shown by the veneration which is felt for many of the scientific names of Europe. And I expect to see much seed of future development germinating here, in consequence of the increasing and more inward approximation of the American and Scandinavian mind. You are here generally known, and

are becoming more and more so every day. When H. Martensen's theological writings are known here he will produce an epoch in the religious knowledge of the New World; for the state of this presses onward to that harmonious figure in which every separate particle forms a portion of the great universal harmony. And of this kind is Martensen's Philosophical Theology.

I am at this moment greatly distressed by the intelligence of the war which has again broken out between Denmark and Holstein. And we hoped for peace!

But that brave little people can not lose the victory. There must be, I predict it, a good ending to the war; and Denmark will arise therefrom stronger and greater than before! May it be so; and when I again see you and my Danish friends, may we drink a skael to Denmark's honorable peace!

I inclose in your letter a few lines to Andersen. His "Fairy Tales" are universally read and loved in this country, both by great and small, as they are with us.

Let me be retained in your remembrance, and regard as your sincerely devoted and grateful friend,

FREDRIKA BREMER.

LETTER XXII.

Rose Cottage, Brooklyn, August 20th.

DELIGHTFUL as it was, my dear little Agatha, to receive your letter of the 12th of July, warm as it made my heart to read of your tender regard for me, yet I was deeply grieved to find you so weak and suffering; and I feel almost a reproach of conscience that I am not with you, that I am not helping you by all means in my power, at all events as regards the sick people in the country, because that must be almost too much for you. Your own indisposition must prevent your bearing that of others

calmly. I endeavor to console myself with the reflection that you are now at Marstrand, away from the sorrows and anxieties of the day, and that you are gaining new strength by bathing, which is always so beneficial to you. Ah! if that sea-bathing could but be to you what those seventeen or eighteen days at Cape May have been to me! I have now only remaining of my former indisposition a slight tendency to palpitation of the heart, and some degree of sleeplessness; but my little homeopathic globules never fail to relieve me in these respects.

As regards my remaining here for some months yet, that has become almost an indispensable thing. I should be unable to go so far, or to see that which I must see before winter sets in. My journey to the West lies before me yet unaccomplished. This could not be done properly in less than ten or twelve weeks, and that would take me far into November, and to return home from North America without having seen the great West and its growing life, would be to me like seeing the opera of "Gustavus Wasa" played without the part of the hero. In the month of December I might return home, but I acknowledge that I am a little timid at the thoughts of that long sea-voyage at that season of the year (although I would not say any thing about it), yet even then I should leave unseen a great deal which would be of infinite advantage to me to have seen and to have become acquainted with, and which I may never again have an opportunity of being within reach of. In about four or five months on the other side of December I should hope to have accomplished all which I think I *ought* to do here, and then, my darling, I could return and be with you at Marstrand, in Stockholm, at Aersta, or wherever you might be, and then we could talk, and think, and read, and write, and, please God, enjoy life together with our good, beloved mother, and do the best we could with what was wrong if we could not make it all right. And as for me, do not be uneasy; my little

traveling fairy goes with me on the journey, and, with the help of God, helps me on all occasions; and since that good sea-bathing I feel again that I have courage to encounter the giants of the West, and I think that the very sight of them will cause my strength to become as that of a giant, if I were but easy about you!

August 23d. Your letter from Marstrand! Ah, thank God for it! It made me really happy; for your former letter had made me deeply anxious. Ah! how glad I am that you feel yourself improving again, and that you are again able to enjoy life; I bless that sea-bathing, and thank God, and hope that all will be well with you for the future. Next year we must all four labor for the establishing of your health, I, you, sea-bathing, and homeopathy. And what a pleasure, and how amusing it was, to hear you speak so charmingly and cheerfully of one thing and another: about the entrance of the crown-princess into Stockholm; yes, how delightful it was that she was so beautifully received, and that she is so good, and looks so agreeable! I wanted to hear something about her; I should have liked to have been among the people who scattered flowers over her, and have joined my shout of "Welcome!" to theirs.

And Jenny Lind is actually on her way to America! A terrific welcome awaits her; she will be lucky if she escapes with life! The fame of her beneficence, and her fine disposition, still more than that of her powers as a singer, have opened all hearts and all arms to her, and an angel from heaven is not as perfect as people imagine Jenny Lind to be, and would not be half so welcome. The Americans are born enthusiasts, and I would be the last to reproach them with it. No human being, and no nation either, can ever become any thing great, if they are not possessed of that overflowing power which finds its vent in enthusiasm. That critical disposition belongs to old people, or to little people.

The letter from home, which I waited for here before I decided further upon my journeyings, made me so unspeakably happy that I could not help hastening down to Rebecca, that I might talk to her about its beloved contents, and we embraced each other in the joy that it afforded, and because we could still remain together for a while.

I shall now accompany the S.'s to Coney Island, an island in the neighborhood of New York, where there is a bathing establishment, and of which I shall again avail myself. After that they will accompany me a short distance on my way to the West, up the Hudson, to the community of the Shakers at New Lebanon, where the young Lowells will meet me, and with them I shall go to Niagara. The S.'s are not able to go so far, although they would have liked it much. I shall not see my friends, the Downings, this time, for which I am sorry; but the last week of my stay in this country shall be reserved for them.

In Rose Cottage, in that good and almost perfect home, every thing is good, peaceful, affectionate, as is its wont. Ripe fruits surround Rose Cottage — peaches, apricots, plums, grapes. All Brooklyn, and even New York, is at this moment like a fruiterer's shop, full of peaches and apricots: and such peaches! — the fruit of Hesperia. Every little lad and lass in the Union can eat their full of them. Eddy is happy with a whole swarm of little rabbits, and baby stands with its golden locks in the garden, and rejoices when the butterflies come and seat themselves on their thrones, that is to say, on the flowers. The sweet little fellow is, however, still delicate, and the parents go to the sea-side principally for his sake.

I have found Marcus and Rebecca, and many of my friends, greatly distressed by the new law respecting fugitive slaves, which has annihilated all security for these unfortunates in the United States. Already are slave-catchers from the South in active operation, and thousands of slaves have now left their homes in these Northern

States, and have fled to Canada, or across the sea to England. Just lately an escaped slave was seized in Boston, and carried back into slavery. The people were in a great ferment, but they made no open opposition. The law commanded it, and they obeyed; but the bells of the city tolled as for a funeral. How I sympathized with my friends in this their country's great sorrow—that now there should not be a single spot of earth within the Union which can be said to be an asylum for freedom! They are exasperated, not against the South, but against that portion of the people of the North who, for the interests of Mammon, or the cotton interest, as the phrase is, have given up this noblest right. The South has fought for an ancient, half-won right; the North has no such excuse. I understand and I know their willingness to sacrifice much, and to suffer much, in order to alter these unfortunate circumstances, the result of slavery. But I can not, in all cases, participate in their views of the question. I am more hopeful than they. I have more faith in the victory of the nobler South and the nobler North. In the great combat between God and Mammon, this slave-law is, indeed, a lost battle; but all is not lost with it. I believe, with Clay and Webster, that it is one step backward, which has been demanded by the necessity of the moment, but only preparatory to a greater advance on the path of freedom. But of all this I have spoken with you in Washington.

Shortly after Clay left Congress for the sea-side, nearly all the measures were carried which he had proposed in his Compromise Bill (the Omnibus Bill)—the omnibus, so to speak, was unhorsed and left empty, and the votes were taken on each separate measure, independently of the rest, and were carried with only some small alterations. That great statesman had probably hit upon the only possible means of reconciliation between the North and the South. Some of the Southern States are, howev-

er, still dissatisfied; and South Carolina, as well as Mississippi, demand a secession from the Union, and Carolina, it is said, is seriously preparing for war! But this is foolish, and can only be injurious to the Palmetto State, who will find no coadjutors; and one among the many signifies nothing, and can accomplish nothing.

Among the many subjects which here interest the public mind at the present moment is the ultimate confession of the murderer, Professor Webster, and his execution. But where throughout the United States has not his criminal history been the subject of conversation? In Charleston and Savannah, as well as in Boston and New York, the public has universally given the closest attention to the trial—old gentlemen, young girls, all, in short, were either for or against Professor Webster; and a most charming young girl of fifteen, in Savannah, had taken it into her head that a Mr. Littlefield, Webster's principal accuser, was the murderer of Parkman, and not Webster; and she argued for her view of the subject both earnestly and spiritedly. In the mean time, Webster, after innumerable lies and prevarications, confessed himself to be the murderer—confessed, it is said, in the belief that he should receive mercy, as he maintained that the murder was done in self-defense. Many circumstances, however, seemed to contradict this, and Webster throughout the whole affair had shown himself to be such an unconscionable prevaricator, that this part of his confession obtained no credence, and he was condemned to execution by the judge of Massachusetts. The Unitarian minister, Mr. Peabody, prepared him for death, which he met with resignation. His wife and children, who, to the very last, believed him innocent, have behaved most admirably. They work for their maintenance, and have declined the pecuniary assistance which the widow of the murdered man had most nobly offered to them. One of the daughters is married, and resides in Madeira; another is en-

gaged to be married, and it is said that the whole family will leave America for Madeira. I rejoice that they are able to leave the country.

Spite of this murder having been clearly proved, and of the low tone of morality in Webster, yet is the feeling in these Northern States so strongly opposed to capital punishment, that it has expressed itself, even in this case, by various protests. One family, residing in a house just opposite the prison, within the inner court of which the criminal suffered, removed during that time from their house, and left a placard on the door with these words—

“OPPOSED TO CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.”

Coney Island, August 26th.

Again by the sea! Again I inhale the fresh breezes of the great sea in company with my excellent friends. Marcus is well, and enjoys life here. Baby improves every day. The place is solitary, and has a wild charm. The moon shines magnificently over the sea, which roars loudly, agitated by the wind. I walk on the shore in the evening with Marcus, and in doors Rebecca tells me in the clear moonlight occurrences in the history of the inner light, which prove the wonderful life and guiding of that inner light, where the soul truly waits for it with quiet, introverted attention.

Small fires, in rows and circles, shine out on the sands by the sea, or among the trees on the shore. There are brushwood fires in which the “clams,” a kind of large mussel, are roasted for suppers on the sands. They are delicate in flavor, and to my taste superior to oysters. The weather is cool, and bathing refreshing. We all enjoy ourselves, are all happy.

Before I left Brooklyn, we heard, one Sunday, a sermon from young Mr. Beecher. He had lately expressed his feelings very strongly on the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law, in an evangelical newspaper of which he is a co-

editor. Several of his congregation had taken great offense at this, and Beecher now delivered from the pulpit his confession of faith as regarded the duty of a minister with reference to his congregation and his conscience. It was in few but powerful words, as follows: "If the law of God and my own conscience bid me to do one thing, and you, the people of the congregation, say that I must not obey it, but you, if I would remain quiet among you—in that case, then, I must—go! And I will go, if I can not remain quiet among you with a good conscience." The chapel was full to overflowing, the congregation as profoundly serious as the minister. It was reality, and no make-believe, with them all. But there is no danger that Beecher will have to go. He is too much esteemed and beloved for them not to concede to him, when they know that he is in reality right, at least in intention, if not always in manner.

August 27th. I now, my beloved child, am preparing to set off to the great West, which stands before me in a kind of mythological nebulosity, half mist, half splendor, and about which I know nothing rightly, excepting that it is great, great, great! How? Why? In what way? Whether it is peopled by gods or giants, giants of frost and hobgoblins, or by all those old mythological gentry together—I have yet to discover. That Thor and Loke yet wrestle vigorously in that fairy-tale-like Utgaerd, is however, what I quite anticipate, and that the goblins are at home there also, that I know, because of certain "spiritual rappings or knockings," as they are called, of which I have heard and read some very queer things since I have been in this country. These are a standing subject in the newspapers at this time, and are treated partly in jest and partly in earnest. But I shall certainly find Iduna with the apple of the Hesperides in that Eden of the setting sun. Do not the Alleghany Mountains and Niagara stand as giant watchers at its entrance, to open

the portals of that new garden of Paradise, the latest home of the human race? Those glorious cherubim forbid not the entrance; they invite it, because they are great and beautiful.

The people of Europe pour in through the cities of the eastern coast. Those are the portals of the outer court; but the West is the garden where the rivers carry along with them gold, and where stands the tree of Life and of Death. There the tongue of the serpent and the voice of God are again heard by a new humanity.

That great enigmatical land of the West, with its giant rivers, and giant falls, and giant lakes; with its valley of the Mississippi and its Rocky Mountains, and its land of gold and the Pacific Ocean; with its buffaloes and its golden humming-birds; the land which nourishes states as the children of men, and where cities grow great in a human life; where the watch-word of existence is growth, progress! this enigmatic, promised land, this land of the future, I shall now behold!

I long for it as for the oracle which shall give a response to many of my spirit's questions. My little basket is filled with bananas and peaches, my traveling-fairy is with me, and the last letter of my beloved. God bless my precious sister, her sea-bathing and her friends, and for her sake also, her sister and her friend, FREDRIKA.

P.S.—How fervently with my whole heart do I thank my beloved mamma for that permission, so kindly given, for me to remain over the winter in America. Those kind, dear words will accompany me on my pilgrimage like my mother's blessing. And be not uneasy for me, my sweet mamma. Human beings continue to be infinitely kind to my mother's daughter; and I meet with good friends and good homes every where. Excepting in my own country I could not find better homes, nor experience kinder care, than here. I can not describe how thankful I am for this journey, and the effect which it has

on me. May I only be able some time to develop its garnered treasure in my Swedish home, and with my beloved ones !

LETTER XXIII.

Albany, on the Hudson, Sept. 2d.

HERE, my little heart, amid a regular deluge of rain, which prevents me from seeing any thing of the capital of the Empire State and its Senate House, I continue my conversation with you, that is to say, in writing, for the silent communion goes on all the same.

In my last letter from Brooklyn, I told you, I think, how that my friends, the S.'s, would go with me as far as the Shaker Community at New Lebanon. And on an unspeakably fine day I again ascended that beautiful Hudson, again saw its wild, romantic Highlands, its rich populated shores ; saw the turrets of the Downings' house glancing forth from amid its wooded grounds, cast toward it a look of love, and—enjoyed the life with nature and Marcus, Rebecca, and Eddy, as we progressed in that magnificent, comfortable steam-boat. Toward evening we reached the little city of Hudson, where we landed, and then took the stage, which in about two hours' time brought us to the Springs of New Lebanon, a celebrated watering-place half an English mile from the Shaker village, and Marcus and I walked in the beautiful evening to look at it. We saw some pale yellow, two-storied wooden houses, built in good proportion, and with tiled roofs, standing on green slopes, surrounded at some distance by yet higher hills, all covered with wood. It was a very lovely and romantically idyllian scene. The views from the houses were extensive, and the glass panes in the windows were large. Life at New Lebanon did not look to me so gloomy or so contracted as I had imagined.

We saw some of the Shaker brothers out in the fields making hay, and others, again, reaping, as I supposed.

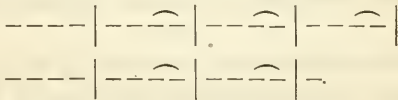
Yesterday, Sunday, we were present at divine service in the Shaker church, together with many other strangers. The church is a large hall, which would easily accommodate from two to three thousand persons; it has very large windows, but not the slightest ornament. It is very lofty and light. I was, on entering it, astonished by the sight of a number of corpse-like female figures, attired almost like shrouded corpses, sitting on benches placed along the wall, rigid and immovable as mummies; they were the Shaker women. The sight of them was really sad, and would have been much more so had not there been a certain refreshment in the very novelty of the scene. Where all ladies are dressed according to the same mode, any who may vary from it become interesting from that very cause.

The Shaker sisters were, however, all dressed alike, in white or gray striped petticoats, high-heeled shoes, white handkerchiefs so pinned over the bosom as to conceal its natural form, and, indeed, the style of the attire seemed intended to make the whole body look like a tree-stem, without any curved outlines. They wore on their heads a little cap like that of the Quaker women, the plain border of which sat close to the face. I observed that these caps were very much blued, which still more increased the death-like hue of the countenance. The costume, at least the head-gear, was not unlike that of the peasant women and girls of our Stockholm district. From the other side of the hall marched in the Shaker brothers, all in knee-breeches, stockings, and high-heeled shoes, in waistcoats and shirt-sleeves, and with uncovered heads, their hair cut straight across their foreheads, and hanging down behind; the whole costume very like that of the Swedish peasant in his every-day dress.

The congregation, consisting of about one hundred per-

sons of each sex, sat upon benches which they carried forward, the men for themselves, the women for themselves, but opposite to each other. Two Shaker sisters came kindly and silently forward, carrying one bench after another to the spectators, who occupied the whole of one long side of the hall, and considerably exceeded in number the Shakers themselves.

All at once the Shakers rose up quickly, the benches were put out of the way; brother and sister stood for a moment opposite each other, after which an elderly man came forward and spoke for awhile, but I could not hear what he said. After that the congregation began to sing and dance, tripping forward and backward each one by himself, but in symmetrical lines and figures, to a measure, the principle of which seemed to me to be :



Amid all variations of the air constantly recurred the figure $-\text{---}\text{---}\text{---}$, almost always marked by very energetic stamping of the heels, and during the whole the hands were moved in time, somewhat as a child is lulled to sleep. All at once the dancing and singing ceased. The congregation stood immovable for a moment, and then another preacher stepped forth, after which singing and dancing began afresh. Thus it went on for an hour in an uninspired and mechanical way, as it seemed to me. And these pale women, all attired alike, tripping, and see-sawing up and down, and swinging about with downcast eyes, and without any sign of joy or natural life, appeared to me in a high degree unnatural. They had gentle but unmeaning countenances; I did not see one among them which was beautiful. The men looked better and more natural, both body and soul, and danced with more life, although the effect was often ludicrous. Again all was still in the

assembly, and all resumed their seats on the benches. And now a Shaker brother of about forty stood up; he was a man with a narrow forehead, and deep-set, dark, glimmering eyes, whose whole exterior indicated the dominance of one idea, fanatically held. He placed himself before the spectators, and addressed them somewhat in this style:

“You behold us here assembled in a room which we have built by our own labor, in which we may worship God according to the law of our own conscience. If you are come here to see us, and you desire to feel esteem for our community and our mode of worship, and to behave in accordance with it, then you are welcome; if *not*, then you are *not* welcome here. But I hope the former. And let us now talk one with another, and let us see what it is which lies between you and us, what it is which separates us. Let us understand one another.”

He then proceeded to describe the Shaker Community in opposition to the worldly community; the former as renouncing the world and living only for heaven, the latter as living merely for selfish enjoyment and earthly advantage. We had, every one of us, a very severely condemnatory sermon from brother Evans (for such was the name of the Shaker brother), on account of our sins and our frailties, interrupted merely by such admonitions as, “Come, let us consider the matter together! Answer me!” and so on. It would have been extremely easy to have answered the good brother, and to have retorted a great many of his accusations, and, in particular, his Shaker self-com mendation, and I wondered that no voice was raised to do so from the so-much censured audience. But they took it all in good part, and were silent. After this chiding sermon the dancing recommenced with new vigor; a circle was formed, which constituted the choir, and around it moved in a dancing ring, which seemed continually to extend itself (and evidently did so with method and art),

the whole Shaker congregation, two and two, and finally three and three in a line, amid an incessant measured stamping and striking with the feet, and waving with the hands, and singing to a livelier tune than hitherto:

Oh, how I love this living way,
Where peace doth spread its cheering ray,
And like the brilliant orb of day
The truth of heaven is shining;
Where souls in union daily meet,
Their vows and offerings to repeat,
Pure love makes their communion sweet,
'Tis like the dew of Hermon.

The dancing and the movements became more and more animated the longer they continued, although it never exceeded a jog-trot measure, and I saw sweat-drops stand on many a countenance. The eyes of the women, however, still continued cast down, and their expression inanimate. The men appeared more lively and their dancing, especially the action of the hands, which in their increasing zeal resembled that of a harp-player, seemed easy and becoming, or, at all events, not unbecoming their costume, and not at all unnatural. It was not difficult to understand that this circular dance might be intended as a symbolic representation of the path of life, and I have since been told that it represented the progress of the soul on its journey through life. The choir in the middle of the hall sang during the whole time, making a fanning movement with their hands.

I, for my part, do not see why dancing might not constitute divine worship as well as singing and other modes of action, and why it might not be a natural expression for certain phases of the religious life. When King David danced for joy before the ark, and played upon his harp as he sang songs of praise unto the Lord, he followed a true inspiration; nor have I any thing against this dancing of the Shaker congregation, excepting that this is precisely the inspiration which it lacks. It is now merely a

work of tradition, of custom, and calculation. A few years since it was different, and then, as I have heard from Miss Sedgwick, extraordinary phenomena were exhibited, as, for instance, people spinning round like the Fakirs of the East, till they fell down from sheer fatigue, or in convulsive ecstasies. Such exhibitions are of rare occurrence now, or care is taken that they do not occur in public. The element of practical economy, which, as well as religious enthusiasm, distinguishes the Shaker sect, seems latterly to have taken the lead.

This religious service concluded as silently as it had begun. The brothers and sisters carried away their benches in the same way that they had brought them forward, and then left the hall, each by their own entrance. I was determined, however, to know more of this sect and of its intention. I sought out, therefore, two leaders of the congregation, told them my wishes, and requested to see them again and to converse with them. They kindly consented, and invited me at once to dine with them and to remain over the next day. I could not do that, as I expected my young friends, the Lowells; but in the afternoon, after I and the S.'s had dined at Lebanon Wells, we returned alone to the Shaker village. A deep silence now prevailed there. All the congregation were away, and those cheerful yellow houses lay solitary upon their green, sunlit hills.

We were received by two of the sisters, who conducted us into a room where two elderly men and two elderly women, as well as a few young girls, were present. The cheeks of the latter bloomed like roses beneath blue-white linen caps, and I now saw that the Shaker community did not send its handsomest members into the dance. These elderly men and women were elders, as they are here called, and superintendents of the family in which we found ourselves. The community of New Lebanon is divided into two families, the "North Family" and the

“South Family.” Each family has its separate house, overseers, and household management. I propounded my questions to the elders, but it was soon clear to me that they could hardly answer them. One of the men was a wealthy man, who had left his wife and his family to unite himself to the Shakers, to whom he had given a part of his property. Afterward one of his daughters followed his example, and she was one of the pretty young girls now present. He was an elderly, strong-built man, with a good exterior, and a countenance which indicated feeling to be stronger than intellect. The other elder had a noble, ascetic, and patriarchal appearance. Neither of them had much to say. The women seemed gentle, but of circumscribed minds. They had sought for, and had found a haven amid the storms of life. More they did not desire.

But now brother Evans entered, with the narrow, high forehead, the dark, fanatically-gleaming eyes, and with him the conversation became animated. I was astonished to find in that fanatical preacher a very intelligent, and, upon the whole, a man of a liberal, although not of a profound mind, who understood the foundation and the vital intention of the sect, and could render a reason for all. The conversation with him became really interesting to me, and we both grew very earnest.

Of the questions and replies that passed between us I shall merely give the following :

Question. What is the meaning of your dancing? Is it symbolical, or is it for discipline?

Answer. Both one and the other. We dance because we can not help it, because we can not otherwise give expression to the feelings of our hearts. Our dance is so arranged that it may represent to us our duty and our faith, and thus become to us a vitalizing sermon both to soul and body.

Question. You say you represent something quite new

in the world; nevertheless, I must observe, that sects which separated themselves from the world, forsaking all its pleasures, in order to lead a holy life, may be found in all ages. How do you distinguish your community from those orders of monks and nuns which were formed immediately after the introduction of Christianity, and which are yet to be met with in many countries?

Answer. There is the greatest difference in the world. These orders will that the human being shall attain perfection by the separation of man and woman, whom God created for a spiritual oneness. We, on the contrary, maintain that it is only through this spiritual union between man and woman that the perfected human being can be produced.

Question. The fundamental idea of your community is, then, that of spiritual marriage?

Answer. We do not call it marriage. We merely say that men and women can not become good and perfected human beings excepting by means of reciprocal spiritual union and daily intercourse, conformably with the intention of God, whereby they aid each other in the attainment of a perfect life.

Question. But if all the world were to be of your way of thinking, and all the world, that is to say, our world, were to become a community such as yours, without marriage and without children, there would soon be an end of the world—it would then die out.

Elder Evans bethought himself for a little while, and then said, that if the world came to an end in a good way, if it made a good and a holy end, then it might just as well happen soon as late, for that we, every one of us, looked toward our transformation, and hoped that it might be for the better.

On this I too bethought me for a while, and then found nothing to reply, excepting that it seemed to me that the brother was not so far wrong. I had indeed, and still

have, my suspicion that we human beings have a greater work to perform on this earth than we should have time for if we all of us devoted ourselves to the life and death of the Shaker community; but I would not now agitate the ocean, in which neither brother Evans nor I could very well swim, but would content myself with endeavoring to acquire a better knowledge of the organization of the life and institution of the Shaker sect.

Its object is the spiritual development of the human being by means of a spiritual, holy, social life; the main springs of this are Christian and kindly intercourse in spirit and action, of men and women, in prayer and in labor, for and with each other; the subjection of worldly pleasures and a physically ascetic life being the means which are to remove all impediments from the former.

“Are you really very fond of one another here?” I inquired from one of the young girls.

“Oh yes, indeed, that we are!” replied she, and her beautiful, large, dark blue eyes beamed with a confirmation of her words.

The feeling which seemed to exist between these young girls and those elderly men, as I observed on two occasions, seemed to me to be especially beautiful and affectionate, such as that between good daughters and their fathers.

In the midst of our conversation young Lowell came bounding up the stairs and into the room where I sat with the Shaker company, and his handsome, fresh, and animated countenance, beaming with life and cordiality, shone like a May sun in upon that pale, although kind assembly. He and Maria were just arrived, and we had a cordial meeting in the midst of the Shaker sisters, who smiled gently and watched us, not without sympathy. They now invited us all to come and take supper with them, but the Lowells were going to the Lebanon Wells, because Maria required rest. The S.'s and I, therefore, went down with our Shaker friends into a hall, where a

table was spread for us, with tea, milk, bread and butter, cakes, and preserves, and of all a great abundance. We were waited upon by the sisters; two of the brothers sat down to table with us, but without partaking of any thing. Rebecca S. said to one of the sisters who waited upon us, as she bent down to offer her something, "You look so good that I must kiss you!" Many sisters came in to see us. I observed some middle-aged women with remarkably good and noble countenances. A calm and mild gravity distinguished them all. They made me feel as during a mild but dull September day in Sweden. The air is then pure, the fields still green; it is agreeable and it is calm, but a certain air of melancholy rests upon the landscape; it is wanting in sun, flowers, and the song of the birds; nothing grows, all stands still, and if by chance a bird utters a little twittering song, it is soon at an end. That mild, calm September atmosphere suits me very well nevertheless, and the Shaker sisters seemed to see with satisfaction the evident interest which we felt for them and their society. They were heartily kind and agreeable, much more so than I could have believed as I saw them during the occurrences of the forenoon.

When we took leave of them, I said, "I salute you all with a spiritual kiss, because, I presume, that you will not allow any other."

"Oh, we are not so particular as that," said a young girl, who, smiling and bending forward her pretty head, kissed me, and with that came forward the rest, and we had a hearty kissing all round, Rebecca, and I, and the Shaker sisters, and as they laughed at this, I said to them,

"I fancied that you could not laugh." And that made them all laugh again; and one of the elder women said, "Oh, I would not, for a great deal, be without my good laugh!"

They were regularly charming and delightful, a thousand times more so than some worldly and thoughtless

ladies at the hotel at Lebanon Wells, who set themselves very high above "the poor Shakers."

Their society left a very good impression upon me, and I have heard from persons who have had intercourse with the Shakers for many years a great deal of good respecting them, in particular of their mutual life of Christian love, as well as of their kindness to the poor—their tender care of such children as are intrusted to them, sometimes those of poor people who do not belong to their society, sometimes of the families of members, but who live without acknowledging more than the spiritual connection with the society. The care which is taken, also, of the old and the sick of the community is said to be excellent. I heard the same from my little lady-doctor in Boston, Miss H., who is the physician of two or three Shaker establishments. She also told me of many an unhappy human life in the world which has found a peaceful asylum among the Shakers, of miserably married people, of lonely women, of men who have been severely tried by affliction, who have here found a haven from the tempests of the day, who have found friends, protection, the comforts of life, and the peace of life which they never could have found in the world. These societies are conventual associations in a milder form, and, upon the whole, as it appears to me, the most rational institutions, and the best adapted for their purpose of any of this class, in every thing excepting the dancing, which might be made considerably more rational, and much more accordant with its object.

The elder Richard Bushrell gave me, at parting, a book containing the history of the origin and organization of the Millennium Church, or United Society of Believers called Shakers. I see by it that the sect originated in France, where, during a religious revival in Dauphiné, about the close of the fifteenth century, a number of men and women were attacked by religious ecstasies, both of soul and

body, which they regarded as the operations of the Holy Spirit, they being accompanied by visions and powerful inward admonitions to a holy, God-dedicated, ascetic life. Disquieted and persecuted in France, some of them fled to England. Anne Lee, the daughter of a smith, who seems from her earliest years to have had visions and inspirations like those which are related in the history of the Swedish saint, St. Brigitta, became known to these pious French exiles; though she could neither read nor write, yet she soon distinguished herself by her biblical and other sacred knowledge. After long spiritual sufferings which had emaciated her body, she fell into a state of religious ecstasy, by which both soul and body regained new life, and during which she became the centre, the teacher and leader, of that little flock of scattered believers who had faith in the higher inspiration of this ecstatic condition. Strong faith and natural genius enabled this woman, devoid of all ordinary education, to reduce to a system that which had hitherto been merely isolated phenomena and mere conjecture. Through her, and under her influence, the doctrines took a definite form, as thus. That as the world fell by the first Eve, so would it reinstate itself by the second Eve. Christ's second appearance should be, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, in this second Eve, *in the woman*, who would lead to life in God that race which she had formerly led to its fall from him. Perfect chastity is the principal condition of this state, together with the devotion of the whole life to God during labor for the brethren. The Shakers saw in Anne Lee this second Eve, this new revelation of God upon earth. They called her Mother Anne Lee, and guided themselves by her inspirations. They danced to the service of God as she ordained, and when their ecstatic excitement became vehement—as is always the case in the youthful life of religious excitement—they were attacked by the mob, and Mother Lee and many of her adherents were

thrown into prison; but in vain. Again they met together to sing and to utter praise, and the song became the dance, and the songs of praise lifted them in jumps and bounds from the earth. Disquieted and threatened in England, the Shakers, like all the other persecuted enthusiasts of Europe, cast their eyes across the sea to the New World. Mother Anne Lee became inspired to found there the association of New Lebanon. Accordingly, in the year 1774, Anne Lee, with a small company of her adherents, commenced their voyage; and as they were swayed by the motion of the sea, they sang and danced in their ecstatic worship of God. The captain of the vessel, who could not understand such an extraordinary mode of worship, threatened them that, if they would not desist, he would have them thrown overboard. A storm arose; a plank was torn loose from the ship's side, and the water poured in. The captain, now desperate against the Shaker company, and regarding their ungodly proceedings as the cause of this misfortune, was just about to execute his threat, when Mother Anne Lee exclaimed, "Be of good courage, captain, for not a hair of your head shall suffer: I see two angels by the mast of your vessel!"

"And at that very moment," continues the narrative, "came a wave and struck the plank again into the ship's side, so that the water flowed in no longer, and the people at the pumps could make head against it."

The storm also soon abated, and the captain from this time left the Shakers at peace. They continued to sing and dance. Singing praises and dancing upon the wild waves of the sea, they arrived at the New World.

Mother Anne Lee and her disciples purchased land not far from the banks of the Hudson, cultivated the wilderness, built a house, and founded there, in September of the year 1776, their first evangelical community, under the name of New Lebanon. Mother Anne Lee's wedded husband, poor man, whom she had married before the time of

her religious awakening and who in the beginning also belonged to her believers, became unfaithful, separated himself from her, and fell into drunkenness and other vices. The Shaker establishment at New Lebanon, however, flourished and prospered under the guidance of Mother Anne Lee, and gave birth to new Shaker communities in other states, which Anne Lee visited, in order to diffuse there her doctrines. She died in extreme old age, universally esteemed and beloved.

Such of her expressions and teachings as are preserved in the book show a God-fearing and gentle disposition—not without some little arrogance in the belief that she was another Christ, as well as of a very prudent, managing, and practical turn of mind. In the mean time, she referred all rules of labor and frugality to God, as the giver of all good. “It is,” said she, “through the blessing of God that every article of food is given, and therefore we must not be careless even of the smallest things.”

Of her exterior it is said, “Mother Anne Lee was somewhat below the middle height of woman; she was tolerably stout, but upright and well formed, both in person and in features. Her complexion was fair and clear; her eyes blue and penetrating; the expression of her countenance mild and full of soul, but at the same time solemn and grave. Many persons in the world called her beautiful, and in the eyes of her faithful children she seemed to be possessed of a high degree of beauty and celestial amiability, such as they had never before seen in any mortal being. And when she was under the influence of the Holy Spirit, her countenance beamed with the glory of God, and her form and her actions seemed divinely beautiful and angelic. The power and influence of her spirit at such times surpassed all description; no one then could contradict her, or oppose the power through which she spoke.”

At the present time there are in the United States eight-

een Shaker communities, scattered over several states, from New Hampshire to Ohio and Indiana. The sect is said, however, not to exceed four thousand members in number. The society of New Lebanon consists of from seven to eight hundred persons. Each community has its separate two or three families, and among these its Church family or "Ministry," of elected, spiritually-gifted men and women, who conduct the spiritual affairs of the society; the temporal affairs are under the government of deacons and elders elected for that purpose. All the various communities stand in a certain subordinate relationship to that of New Lebanon, which is called the mother community. All property is in common; no one in the community possesses any thing for himself. All division of property is objected to. Any person who, on entering the community, brings in with him property, may, after a time, draw it out again if he wishes to leave the community. But if it is given to the community after calm reflection and with full consciousness of the act, it can not again be resumed. Most of the Shaker associations are in good circumstances, and that at New Lebanon is said to be wealthy, and to be still more extending its possessions. It is maintained by agriculture and the rearing of cattle. Every thing which is made by the Shakers is substantial, but has something odd and devoid of taste in form and color. The Shakers live well and work leisurely, because they have neither pleasures nor superfluity, and they work equally, and they work all. The sect increases slowly; you hear no scandalous stories told of these communities. Yet will it now and then happen that a young couple there, a brother and sister, will elope in order to unite themselves as man and wife, beyond the pale of the society. Nobody pursues them; they are merely considered as lost.

On one occasion, I have heard that a new-born child was laid at the door of a Shaker house. It caused a great

excitement when it was found there the next morning, and all the Shakers, men and women, young and old, went forth to see that wonderful little thing, a baby! "The baby" became the object of curiosity and interest to the whole Shaker community; and "the baby's" well-being, its growth and progress, the subject of general conversation and general attention. "The baby" was for a long time the chief personage in the Shaker community.

And now you must, indeed, have had enough of the Shakers. I wish, however, to see more of them and of their commonwealth, and hope yet to have an opportunity of doing so. Mother Anne Lee, how many of Eve's daughters, and sons too, are there who might very well go to school—if not exactly into the dancing-school—with thee!

I passed the evening at Lebanon Wells with my friends, the S.'s and L.'s, and bathed also in its crystalline, sulphur-impregnated bath. Finally, I contended with the S.'s, because—we had the old story over again—I wished to pay my share of the expenses both of the journey and our stay at the hotel, to which they would not consent. They have a thousand amiable ways and expressions by which to silence me, and to compel me to let them defray traveling expenses. They are of a thoroughly kind and liberal nature, and the sense of their pleasure in giving caused me, in the end, to be silent, but with tears in my eyes; and they carried their point without my being able to thank them. But I know that they understand my feelings. I can not describe to you how amiable they are, how careful they are of me, and how kindly anxious! And all is done in such a simple and natural manner as though they were my brother and sister. I am sincerely attached to them, and am happy in having become acquainted with such people.

They returned to New York, and I continued my journey with the Lowells, part of the way by the Hudson,

and the rest by rail-way; but it rained terrifically, and in our transit from one mode of conveyance to the other, we, as well as our carpet-bags, got wet through. Drenched, and amid pouring rain which rushed in torrents through the streets of Albany, we arrived at our hotel, where they refused to receive us. The agricultural fair was to be held in two days in the city, and every room was engaged by people coming to the fair. On our promising, however, merely to remain there for one night, they gave us accommodation; and how charming it was to be able to dry ourselves before good fires, and to have warm and refreshing tea!

I am now in the centre of the most powerful state of North America, with its population equal to that of the whole of Sweden, and much richer; but Sweden has a wealth which the Empire State can never obtain, let it be as rich as it may; and yet it is not nearly so powerful as it might and certainly will become.

New York State has no old memories, no origin of an interest equal to that of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Georgia. It was trade which first populated this country. Its earliest founders proceeded thence from Holland; and the country was called by them New Netherlands, and the peninsula upon which New York stands was then called Manhattan, a grand Indian name, by which I could wish that New York might be rebaptized. It was at the expense of the Dutch Company that Hudson went to America and discovered the glorious river which bears his name, and the country around it he described as "*Het schoonste land dat men met voeten betreden kon.*" Even to this day the state is full of the Dutch, who live in a clan-like manner, and will not avail themselves of schools or other great institutions which have been established by the present lawgiving and dominant people. The State of New York does not appear to have contributed to the spiritual treasury of great ideas in the New World. Nev-

ertheless, the idea of a Federal republic seems to have been carried over to New York from the general states of Holland.

And now good-by, my sweet sister! I am tired and sleepy.

Niagara, Sept. 7th.

I now write to you with the rivers from this grand, renowned New World's wonderful water-fall roaring and murmuring around me. And it is grand, and worthy to be renowned and wonderfully beautiful, and yet, at the same time, so simple and comprehensible in its grandeur, that one at once receives the impression both into soul and sense, and retains it indelibly. It astonished me less than I expected, but it has become more to me. It has grown with me, and—but I shall talk to you about it another time.

It is now evening, and dark without. And now, by lamplight, with the music of the rivers' roar beneath my window, nay, almost beneath my feet—for we have our rooms in the hotel, "Cataract House," above the rapids, which with the speed of lightning shoot foaming past on their way to the great fall—now then will I have a little chat with you and give you an account of the events of the last few days.

I wrote last to you from Albany. The rain kept us prisoners the whole afternoon and evening. The morning rose gray and cloudy. I looked, like a turkey-hen, up to the sky in fear of rain; but when I saw the gray clouds breaking, the blue peeping through them, I knew that all was right, and the day became glorious, and the journey was glorious through the beautiful, fertile Mohawk Valley, along the river of that name, a lively, roaring little river, with bright red-tinged waters, which went speeding along through verdant and rich meadows. The clouds had taken to themselves wings, and flown far aloft into that blue vault, and there vanished like the small wings

of the cherubim, leaving the firmament brilliant in its deep blue. The fields were brilliant with sunflowers, partly wild and partly planted around the small farm-houses. I never saw such an abundance of them, nor of such a size. Many of them had heads of flower, and were as tall as young trees. At one place I saw a little house quite surrounded by tall sunflowers as by a wood; they were higher than the house; but that, certainly, was not very tall for a house. On all hands the land appeared well laid out and cultivated. The sun shone brilliantly over that beautiful, rich landscape, and the landscape shone brilliantly back again after the rain; every thing looked fresh and rejoicing. And we flew along that excellent rail-road, reposing in excellent arm-chairs, flew toward the West, that rich land of promise, the evening land of the sun! Thus sped we along through many infant cities, such as Syracuse, Rome, Oswego, Auburn, Vienna, Amsterdam, Schenectady, Oneida, Seneca Falls, Genoa, and so on; all pretty, all increasing, all abounding in lovely houses and gardens, with many churches, built in a decorative style, and town-houses lording it over the cities, both in situation and character—all testifying to good order and prosperity, and each one very much like another, spite of the dissimilar character which is suggested by their appellations. I, for my part, like this appropriation of all the celebrated names of the Old World by the New, because I perceive in it an unconscious prophecy to the people of that higher metamorphosis which is to be produced by this country and this people, through which the life of the Old World shall again come forth anew, but with a higher or more spiritual significance. In these names from all lands and all peoples, I hear the prediction of that great popular assembly of all the nations of the earth, which is to take place in this country.

We sped on, and passed many lakes with their romantic shores, Cayuga, Seneca, Canandaigua, Oneida, and many

others. The scenery was not of a grand character, but was infinitely pleasing and fertile. The orchards, which surrounded the well-built country houses and farms, were brilliant with their splendid apples and peaches. I had heard it said that the journey through the western valley of New York was interesting by the spectacle which it presented of luxuriant and flourishing vegetable life. And it is so. It is a rural festival from one end to the other. My young friends, James and Maria, enjoyed it as much as I did. And as the day declined, the sun descended to the western horizon toward which we were directing our course, and the lower it sunk the more glowing became its color, the more warm and the deeper at the same time, and we sped on directly toward the sun. I gazed toward it as one of the daughters of Peru might have done; I gazed toward it like the sunflowers on our way, and felt myself inwardly to stand in kinship to it.

In the evening we arrived at Utica, where we were to remain one night. And while Maria rested, and James made arrangements for our next day's journey to Trenton Falls, I went out on an exploratory journey into the little city with the old republican name. "I will go and look after Cato," thought I to myself; "perhaps he walks here once more."

And that he does, although in the metamorphosis; that is to say, I saw upon the corners of two houses a printed placard, upon which I read, "The tailoresses of the city of Utica call a meeting at —, next Wednesday, to consider what means can be taken to remove the oppressions under which *we* labor, and also how we can best obtain our rights."

Stern old advocate of the rights of the people, who wouldst not live where thou sawest them destroyed by the hands of Cæsar! old magnanimous Cato, who didst die for republican freedom — thou art the victor, after all! That which thou desiredst, that for which thou foughtest,

is here, in this new republic, a living reality two thousand years afterward. I see and read it here; even the lowest of the people may stand up for their rights, may make their speeches in the state's forum, equally with the most powerful, and obtain justice. Old republican, thou hast conquered! and thy spirit lives here mightier than in that ancient Rome. "The tailoresses of the city of Utica" prove this in the city which bears the name of thy birth-place. Pity only that they had not drawn up their advertisement better! But that is of less consequence, as its purport is clear.

Thus I returned home, glad to have met the spirit of Cato, and to have seen in Utica many pretty and tastefully-built houses surrounded by plantations. The streets in the lesser cities of America are a succession of small detached villas, with their grass plots, elegant iron palisading, and fine trees in front of the houses. It is only in those portions of the towns in which shops are to be found that the houses are built close together, and rather with an eye to the advantage of business than for beauty. Still, a handsome appearance and good proportion are never lost sight of, and every where prevail order and neatness.

"Do you live happily and contentedly here in this city?" inquired I from a young shopman, who looked particularly agreeable.

"Oh yes, indeed!" replied he, frankly and cordially; "we have good friends, good neighbors, and every thing good! We could not wish it better!"

An unusual state of happiness and contentment!

The next day we went with a carriage and horses—a mode of traveling which is beginning to be uncommon here—to Trenton, in order to see the waterfall, which is cousin to Niagara in reputation. It is a wild and violent fall, hurling itself through an immense chasm of rock directly down a height of certainly a quarter of an English mile. The water, which has the color of clear sherry,

leaps from between the lofty, dark walls of rock, like a Berserk, from ledge to ledge in the wildest tumult, gleaming in the sun, tumbling into abysses, leaping up over masses of rock and trunks of trees, rending down and overwhelming every thing in its career, flinging forth cascades of spray right and left into the wood, which stands as if dumb and trembling while the mighty giant-hero passes by. It is magnificent; but too violent, too headlong. One is deafened by the thundering roar, and almost blinded by the impetuosity with which the masses of water are hurled forward. One becomes wearied by it, as one does by any thing extravagant, let it be as grand as it may; one can not hear one's own thoughts, much less those of others, even if they are shouted into one's ear. One is out-talked, outdone, out-maddened by the giant's Berserker madness. Alone in its clear and glowing color could I see the divine fire, and when standing on a rocky terrace by the side of the fall, I took off my bonnet, and let the spray rain over me, as it was flung down from the water like a mist; I then felt that the mighty One could be even gentle and refreshing.

The scenery at Trenton is wild and picturesquely beautiful, but circumscribed. It is of a Berserker character. We spent the whole day at Trenton, in company with the giant and the scenery around. The inn was a good and comfortable one, as are nearly all the inns in this country, and was situated in a romantic stretch of dale scenery. We ate well and we slept well, and the next day we returned to Utica, and thence pursued our way still further West. The sun was still with us, and the country rich and fertile as before. During our rapid journey, however, something took fire in the train, in consequence of the friction of wood and iron, and we were obliged to wait that it might be extinguished. We took it all very coolly, enjoyed ourselves sitting in our luxurious arm-chairs, with the sense of something like adven-

ture, and watched how expertly and with how much eagerness they set about to avert the danger. The train had stopped just beside a large and beautiful orchard, which was separated from the rail-road by a rather low wooden fence. I had just called Maria Lowell's attention to the really paradisaic beauty and perfection of some young apple-trees, the fruit of which was brilliant with the most vivid red and golden yellow color, when, to my astonishment—and I must confess to my grief also—I saw a number of young men, passengers of the train, from twenty to thirty years of age, well dressed and well looking in all respects, leap over the fence into the orchard, and in the most merciless manner fall upon and despoil those beautiful fruit trees. Precisely those young, beautiful trees which I had remarked became the prey of this robber-greed, were dragged down, their branches broken, plucked off amid the laughter and talk of the company, and then came many others from the train and leaped over the fence and into the orchard. But now a voice was heard in the distance, and that voice must have sounded to those apple-covetous sons of Adam something like the voice of the Lord when it was heard in the Garden of Eden by the first Adam after that first eating of the forbidden fruit, although not perhaps quite so awfully. Certain, however, it is, that they took to their heels, and threw over the fence, on to the road, all the apples they could snatch from the tree, and sprang laughing, and still throwing apples before them, over the fence and into the carriages, leaving the owner of the orchard to contemplate his despoiled and injured trees. I confess that this apple-scene and the spirit in which it was done very much astonished me.

“Is it possible,” said I to James Lowell, “that gentlemen can act in this manner?”

He shook his head silently; “And yet,” said I, “these young men looked like gentlemen. Many of them were handsome besides being well dressed.”

I had many times heard of garden robberies of fruit and flowers by young fellows in the neighborhood of great cities, especially around Philadelphia, and I had even asked my friends how this might be prevented. They confessed that it was so, but excused it by saying that fruit was so plentiful and so cheap in this country, that nobody considered the taking of it as any thing very important. And yet these young men, on this occasion, had ran away at the sound of the proprietor's voice, like any ordinary fruit thieves. The only difference between the fruit thieves of Europe and those of the New World seemed to be that the latter were not ashamed. Stealing fruit and destroying trees, as well as fleeing away from the owner of the orchard, all were equally signs of a low state of feeling.

About noon we arrived at Rochester, one of those great arteries through which the trade and traffic of the West flows into the Eastern States, and from these into the West. The city is situated between Lake Ontario and the River Genesee, the many falls of which turn its celebrated flour-mills. By means of the great lakes Rochester has communication with all the states which are situated round them, as well as with Canada; and by means of the Genesee and Hudson, the Erie Canal, and innumerable rail-roads, it is connected with the Eastern States. Rochester is one of the children of the Great West in respect to growth. It was founded in 1812 by Nathaniel Rochester, and some other emigrants from Maryland, and in the year 1820 it contained 1500 inhabitants; now, in the year 1850, it contains 40,000. That may well be called progress. Its staple trade is the grinding of flour: its mills are said to grind daily five thousand barrels of flour, which is said to be of a magnificent quality.

We were received at Rochester by some friends of the Lowells, kind and agreeable people, who drove us in their carriage to see the lions of the place. First, we went to

the factories, which are situated upon the high banks of the Genesee River. The water which turns these wheels of labor is brought from the higher part of the river, and again flows into it from the mills after it has perfectly accomplished its labor. It rushes merrily along, in foaming cascades over the flat rocks, like wild school-boys who, now that school is over, bound forth full of the joy of life into the open air; but if they had not done their work they could not have played. The opposite banks, equally lofty with that upon which the mills stood, were laid out in pleasure-grounds by some Germans, as we were told; there were swings, a shooting ground, and other means of amusement, and as a festival for eye and mind, a landscape of prairie-like extent and character. On the verdant, open meadows, which were undivided by fences, grazed peaceful flocks and herds. The descending sun shone brilliantly over that cheerful scene. How good was the thought, or how fortunate was the accident, which introduced pleasure in the midst of labor, and furnished for both this glorious open space. Maria Lowell and I walked by the river side for an hour alone, she as much affected as I was by the peculiar beauty and significant life of the place, and I listening with delight to her intelligent remarks on the honor of labor, and the happiness which is attendant upon it. Further down we came to yet wilder falls, too wild and too beautiful to turn mills. They were neither very large nor powerful, but of great picturesque beauty, and leafy trees and shrubs grow around them. Thus we proceeded till we came to a flour-mill, which I saw from top to bottom, and shook hands with the men of the mill, and became very dusty with flour.

The streets of Rochester were animated with buyers and sellers—with those who were driving, and those who were walking; and, amid the crowd of the European race, Indians might be seen in their white blankets, and with

their uncovered, long, black, shaggy hair, passing in and out of the shops.

The following day I made acquaintance with the so-called "Rochester knockings," or that species of witchcraft which has so long revealed itself here and there in the West—the goblin of the West, as I call it—and which has now for some time been heard in Rochester, or wherever the young women of the name of Fish may chance to be. It is given out that these knockings are the operation of spirits who attend these sisters, and who are in communication with them. A number of persons in the city had visited the sisters, heard the knockings, seen tables walk off by themselves over the floor, and many other wonderful things performed by these spirits. Some believed in them, but the greater number did not, considering the young women to be cunning impostors, who themselves produced these noises and strange occurrences.

As these sisters, the Misses Fish, received payment for letting the public see and hear them, it appears all the more probable that this may be the case. Nevertheless, they had themselves solicited investigation, had consented to be bound hand and foot in the presence of a committee, consisting of some of the most respectable people of the city; and during the whole time the noises and knockings were heard around them, and the committee published in the newspaper a declaration, signed by their names, stating that nothing had been discovered which gave reason to suspect these young women of imposture. Since then, they have been left at peace; but the better class of townspeople seem to regard it as a proof of bad taste and want of judgment to visit these ghostly ladies. I have from my earliest youth heard so much about spectral affairs, and have myself heard such things as I can not explain by the ordinary, well-known powers of nature—and I had so frequently, during my travels in America,

heard and read in the newspapers of "The Western Knockings and Rappings," that I was very curious to hear them with my own ears. The young Lowells partook of my curiosity, and our friends in Rochester conducted us, therefore, to the place where, for the present, they were to be heard. The first glance, however, of the two sisters convinced me that, whatever spirits they might be in communication with, they were not of a spiritually respectable class. Very different must be the appearance of such persons as have communion with the higher spiritual beings. For the rest, I came to the conclusion, from what occurred during this visit, and which in certain respects was extraordinary enough, that the spirits did not understand Swedish, for they ought not in any case to have permitted themselves to be defied and threatened in Swedish as they were by me; that these wonderful knockings and tricks were either effected by these young sisters themselves—and they looked to me quite capable of it, however incomprehensible it might seem that they could manage to perform some of the tricks—or that they were the work of spirits of a similar disposition to these sisters, and *in rapport* with them. I may call these spirits the little Barnums of the spiritual world, who, like the great Barnum of America, amuse themselves with leading by the nose any persons who will be so led, and who receive their pranks in serious earnest. I do not doubt but that the spiritual world has its "humbugs," even as our world has, and it does not seem to me extraordinary that they endeavor to make fools of us. I am, however, surprised that intelligent people can be willing to seek for intercourse with their beloved departed through the medium of these knocking spirits, as is often the case. The sorrow of my heart and doubt of my mind might do a great deal; but it seems to me that rather would I never hear upon earth any tidings of my beloved dead than hear them through these miserable knockings. The in-

tercourse of spirits, angelic communion, is of a higher and holier kind.

From this scene, which produced a disquieting uncomfortable impression (the young Lowells were extremely angry with it), we drove to call on Frederick Douglass, a fugitive slave from Maryland, who has become celebrated by his natural genius, his talent as a public speaker, and the eloquence with which he pleads the cause of his black brethren. He is the editor of a paper called the "North Star,"* which is published at Rochester: he was now here, but confined to the house by bronchitis, which prevented his calling on me.

I had great interest in him, principally from his autobiography, which I had read, and which bears evidence of a strong and profoundly sensitive spirit, as well as of truth. And this is not always the case with some other autobiographies of fugitive slaves, which are a mixture of truth and fiction, and greatly overdrawn.

There is one part of this narrative which deeply affected me by its beauty, and I will translate it for you. It will give you some idea of the man and his condition as a slave, during the severest period of his slave-life. He was then a youth of seventeen.

"I was somewhat intractable when I came first to Mr. Covey. But a few months of this discipline quite subdued me. Mr. Covey succeeded in breaking me in. I was broken both body, soul, and spirit. My natural elasticity of mind was crushed; my intelligence was dulled; the desire to read died within me; the cheerful sparkle of my eye was gone; the dark night of slavery lay heavy upon me, and—behold a human being changed into a mere chattel!

"Sunday was my only free time. I spent it in a sort of animal stupidity, between sleeping and waking, under a large tree. Sometimes I rose up; a flash of energetic

* Now called "Frederick Douglass's Paper."

life—the life of freedom, passed through my soul, accompanied by a gleam of hope, which lit it up for a moment, and then again vanished. And again I sank down, sorrowing over my condition. Sometimes I was tempted to put an end to my life and to Covey's at the same time, but I was withheld by a feeling both of hope and fear.

“Our house stood merely a few steps from Chesapeake Bay, upon whose broad bosom always shone white sails from all the countries of the habitable world. These beautiful vessels, in their shining white garments, so enchanting to the eye of the freeman, seemed to me like shrouded spectres, who came to terrify and torment me with the thought of my wretched state.

“Often, in the profound silence of a summer Sunday, have I stood alone upon the lofty shores of this magnificent bay, and with a heavy heart and tearful eyes followed the innumerable crowd of sail floating out toward the great ocean. The sight of these affected me powerfully. My thoughts sought for expression, and there, in the ear of the one Almighty Auditor, did my soul pour forth her lament, though in a rude and untaught manner, as if addressing the sailing ships: ‘You are released from your bonds, and are free. I am enchained by my fetters, and am a slave! You speed on joyfully before the wind. I am driven on painfully by the bloody whip. You are the swift-winged angels of freedom, who fly around the world. I am fettered by an iron chain. Oh that I were but free! Oh that I were but standing on one of your stately decks, beneath the shadow of your protecting wings. Ah! between you and me rolls the pitiless sea! Go! go! Oh that I also could go! If I could only swim. If I could but fly! Oh why was I born a man to become a chattel! That glad ship is gone; it is losing itself in the dim distance. I am left in the burning hell of endless slavery. Oh God, save me! God release me! Let me become free! Is there a God? Why am I a slave? I will fly. I will not

endure it! Free or in bondage—I will attempt it—I have only one life to lose. I may as well die running as standing. Only think—one hundred miles directly north, and I am free. Attempt it! Yes! so help me God! I will do it. It can not be intended that I should die a slave. I will trust myself to the sea. This very creek shall bear me to liberty! A better day is in the future!”

And he became free, although several years later. Thank God, he succeeded in saving himself, in becoming free! His autobiography is one of the most interesting books which any one can read. Douglas has entirely maintained himself for some years as a literary man, always working for his great object—the emancipation of the slaves and the improvement of the free colored people.

I found him to be a light mulatto of about thirty, with an unusually handsome exterior, such as I imagine should belong to an Arab chief. Those beautiful eyes were full of a dark fire. He suffered much from that affection of the throat, and could speak only with difficulty. Some bitter words were vehemently expressed against the custom prevalent under the system of slavery, of robbing the laborer of the wages which he earns. The case is this; slaves are hired out by their owners to work for certain wages, perhaps for a dollar a day, or seven or nine dollars a week, and this wage they must, at the end of the week or the month, whichever it may be, take to their masters. Many slaveholders maintain themselves by money thus acquired by their slaves. On the other side, the master generally provides clothes for the slaves, and is bound to take care of them in sickness and old age. Many slaves, however, earn so much by their labor that they could very well do more than maintain themselves, if they might but have that which they earn.

The wife of Douglas is very dark, stout and plain, but with a good expression; his little daughter, Rosetta, takes after her mother. The governess is a white lady, who

lives in the family. I can not but admire that force of character which enables her to bear those trials which, in such circumstances, she must have to bear from the prejudiced white people; and they are legion even in the Free States. But possibly has that former slave, now the apostle-militant of freedom, that greatness of character which makes such a sacrifice easy to an ardent soul. I saw too little of him, and under circumstances too unpropitious for me to obtain a clear impression. And if, in his case, bitterness of spirit were more conspicuous than magnanimity, who can wonder?

I must now say a few words about some knockings in Rochester, which entertained me more than the so-called spiritual; these I heard in the telegraph office of the city. I wished to know whether the former American minister in Stockholm, Mr. Lay, who now lived in Batavia, a little city in western New York, was at home, in which case I wished to pay a visit to him and his wife on my way back to Niagara. Mr. Lay, who is still in a very suffering state after an apoplectic attack, had, immediately on my arrival in America, written to me very kindly, and sent a confidential person to take me to his house; but as I was then with the Downings, I was not able to avail myself of his kindness. Now, however, I was come into the neighborhood of the Lays, and should be glad to see these amiable people, my former friends in Sweden, if it were merely to thank them. I wished, therefore, to send a message and make inquiries at Batavia, about sixty miles distant from Rochester.

I was taken to the telegraph office, a handsome, well-lighted room in a large, covered arcade, in which were ornamental shops like those arched bazaar-arcades in Paris and London. I gave my message to one of the gentleman officials. He immediately caused some mystical knockings to take place, by means of which my message was sent to Batavia. In a few seconds it knocked again. This

was the answer from Batavia, which said, "There is no person here of that name." I requested it to knock back again, "Yes, there certainly is. Mr. George W. Lay was two years ago American envoy in Sweden, and now lives in Batavia." In a few seconds more it was knocked back from Batavia, "Wait a little; we will inquire." I waited now about five minutes, when again it knocked from Batavia, and said, "Quite right. Mr. George Lay lives here, but is at the present time with his wife in New York. Miss Bremer will be gladly welcomed by such of the family as are now at home."

As my friends saw how much I was entertained by this telegraphic conversation, a gentleman seated himself at a small harpsichord, and played for a few seconds silently upon its keys. He told me that he now sent to a city a hundred miles off the intelligence, "Miss Bremer is in the office." The next moment I saw, upon a sort of music-desk, a strip of paper unroll itself, upon which an invisible hand had impressed these words in printed letters: "The operator at Buffalo sends his compliments to Miss Bremer, and hopes she is pleased with the experiment." Miss Bremer replied through the harpsichord keys that she was greatly pleased.

But I was now obliged to hasten to Ontario, where we were next evening to take the steam-boat. Those amiable friends who had made our visit in Rochester so agreeable, accompanied us to the shore, after having presented us with a great number of flowers and the most beautiful fruits, really Hesperian in beauty and excellence. Rochester, with its varied scenes of mills and knockings of life and lies, its good people and beautiful fruit, left upon us an impression of vigorous life.

In a calm, dark night, with stars glimmering between the clouds above us, we sped along Lake Ontario in a splendid steam-boat, and in the dawn ascended the River Niagara, a little, but romantically lovely daughter of the

great fall; and just as the sun rose we stepped on land and into a carriage to proceed thither. It was a glorious morning, somewhat cool, but bright and cheerful. Two hours later we were at the place; heard the mighty, thundering voice of the monster long before we saw it, and as there were now but few visitors at this advanced season, we had the best room we could desire in "Cataract House," and then hastened out to see—the object.

It makes a grand and joyful impression, but has nothing in it which astonishes or strikes the beholder. As you go toward the great fall, which is on the Canada side, you see a broad mass of water which falls perpendicularly from a plane in a horseshoe or crescent form. One might say that the water comes from an open embrace. The water calm and clear, and of the most beautiful smaragdus-green color, arches itself over the precipice that breaks it, and it is then that the fury and wild power of the fall first breaks forth, but even here rather majestically than furiously. Trenton is a young hero, drunken with youthful life and old sherry, which, in blind audacity, rushes forth on its career, violent and terrible. Niagara is a goddess, calm and majestic even in the exercise of her highest power. She is mighty, but not violent. She is calm, and leaves the spectators so. She has grand, quiet thoughts, and calls forth such in those who are able to understand her. She does not strike with astonishment, but she commands and fascinates by her clear, sublime beauty. One sits by her knee, and still can hear one's own thoughts and the words of others, yes, even the falling water-drops from the green trees which her waters have besprinkled. She is too great to wish to silence, to wish to rule, excepting by her spiritual power. She is—ah, she is what human beings are not, and which, if they were, would make them godlike.

But those many thousand people who come hither every year—it is said that the place is visited by 60,000

persons annually—must they not grow a little greater and better by seeing this greatness, and reflecting themselves in it? I rejoice that so many people see Niagara in the year.

From the unknown fountains of the St. Lawrence, and from the four great inland lakes—Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie, which together are said to hold a fourth part of all the fresh water on the earth—flow the waters of the Niagara Fall. The river on its way from Lake Erie encounters, near the fall, an island called Iris, or Goat Island, which divides it into two branches; by the one is formed the Canada fall; by the other, which hurries broad and thundering past our windows, is formed the American fall. Between them are somewhat above twenty feet of flat rock, overgrown with brush-wood. The fall on the Canada side is the richest and the most beautiful. Its breadth is 1500 feet, its height 154 feet. The fall on the New York side is 600 feet wide and 167 feet high. The Canada fall, with its beautiful half circle, lies just in the middle of the stream. A lofty pyramid of spray-mist ascends from the foaming abyss at its feet, and rises toward heaven high above the level of the fall, like the spirit of Niagara, whose cloudy brow moves itself hither and thither in the wind. The stream from the Canada fall soon joins that of the American side. United they form below what is called the “whirlpool.” The stream there makes a bend and the agitated water is swung round. After that it flows on more calmly as the Niagara River or Sound, twenty-five miles, pours itself through Lake Ontario into the magnificent St. Lawrence—the river of a thousand islands—and by it into the Atlantic Ocean. Trollhätten, in Sweden, has neither the mass of waters of Niagara nor its majesty, but it has more history, more romantic life. Niagara is a grand scene, a sublime action. Trollhätten is a series of scenes and actions. Niagara is a hymn. Trollhätten is a Vala-song.

That which most surprised me in Niagara, because I had not expected it, and that which charmed me every day, was, besides the smaragdus-green color of the water, the play of the rainbows over and around the fall, according as the sunbeams fell, or as the wind bore the water-spirit's movable pyramid. This formed a succession of brilliant scenes, continually varying and enchantingly beautiful. There is a something about it which charms and depresses me at the same time, because there is a something in it which I wish to understand better. I feel that Niagara has more to say to me than it has yet said, or more than I have yet comprehended; and nothing can perfectly delight me until it has told me its innermost thought. Even when young, dancing gave me no pleasure, until I understood the meaning of dancing; before then it had been to me an irrational hopping about.

We have been here for three days, and shall remain yet two or three days longer. In the mornings I see the fall from the American shore, that is to say, from the New York side, when the sun, in its ascent, throws hundreds of beautiful bridges over the cloud of spray; in the afternoon and evening it ought to be contemplated from the Canadian shore, when the sun descends on the British side. In the forenoon I bathe in the stream, in the so-called "Mammoth" stream-bath, where the river rushes with such impetuosity into the bath-house that one can with difficulty stand against it. It is very refreshing. In the afternoon, directly after dinner, I sit with my young friends in the piazza outside our room, and see the stream rushing by, and listen to its music. I often stand for a long time upon some one of the little bridges over the stream, merely to inhale the fragrance of the water; for the water here has the most delightful freshness, that I can compare to nothing with which I am acquainted. But it feels like the spirit of a delicious, immortal youth.

Yes, here it seems to me as if one might become young again in body and in soul.

My young friends, however, do not enjoy the life here as fully as I do. James is not very lively, and Maria, who expects shortly to become a mother, dreams at night that she sees little Mabel playing with her departed sisters, Blanche and Rose; and a telegraphic message, regarding her health, which was expected yesterday, but which did not arrive, has added to the uneasiness of the affectionate parents on account of their only child, and drawn away their regards from the great Niagara.

September. My friends are in better heart. Yesterday came the telegraphic intelligence, "Mabel is well." And after that a long letter from the amiable old father, Dr. Lowell, full of anecdotes of home, and the warm, affectionate home-life. Yes, *that* is more than Niagara. But Niagara is now my best beloved.

Last evening, James and I—Maria had a cold, and could not venture out in the night air—went across to the Canadian side, and walked backward and forward as the sun descended. At every new bend or movement of that misty water-spirit it presented new forms of light. Still were the rainbows arched, like the airy bridge of Bifrost, in the old Scandinavian mythology, the one over the other; still glowed the light like kisses of fire, brilliant with prismatic colors, upon the green waters in the abyss; it was an unceasing festival of light, perpetually changing and astonishingly beautiful. What life, what variations between earth and heaven! And as the sun sank, those splendid bridges arched themselves higher and higher aloft in the ascending mist. The pyramidal light red cloud floated in the pale blue heaven above the green Niagara, and around it; on the lofty shores stood the forest in its brilliant autumnal pomp, such as is only seen in the forests of America, and all was silent and still excepting the thunder of the waterfall, to the voice of which all things seemed to be listening.

September 9th. In the morning of time, before man was yet created, Nature was alone with her Creator. The warmth of His love, the light of His eye awoke her to the consciousness of life; her heart throbbed with love for Him of whose life of love she had partaken, and she longed to present Him with an offering, to pour out her feeling, her life, for Him who gave it. She was young and warm, with the fullness of primeval life; but she felt, nevertheless, her weakness in comparison with His power. What could she give to Him from whom she received every thing? Her heart swelled with love and pain, with infinite longing; with the fullness of infinite life, swelled and swelled till it overflowed in—Niagara. And the spirit of thanksgiving arose as the smoke of an eternal sacrifice from the depth of the water toward heaven. The Lord of heaven saw it, and His spirit embraced the spirit of Nature with rainbows of light, with kisses of brilliant fire in an eternal betrothal.

Thus was it in the morning of the earth's life. Thus we behold it to this day. Still, we behold to-day the spirit of nature ascend from Niagara toward heaven with the offering of its life, as an unspoken yearning and song of praise; and still, to-day it is embraced by the light and the flames of heaven, as by divine love.

Niagara is the betrothal of earth's life
 With the heavenly life.
 That has Niagara told me to-day.
 And now can I leave Niagara. She has
 Told me her word of primeval being.

September 10th, in the morning. To-day we shall proceed on our journey. I am satisfied that it should be so, for I have a little headache, and the unceasing thunder of the fall, the continual restless rushing of the torrent past my window is fatiguing to the nerves. Besides, one gets accustomed to every thing, even to the great; and when by the side of this great fall we begin to hear and to be

occupied merely with our own little thoughts about everyday things, then we may go away.

I have not told you about the different scenes of life at Niagara, of the steam-boat, the "Maid of the Mist," which advances up to the very fall till it is wetted with its spray, and then only turns back; nor of my botanical rambles around Iris island; nor of the Indians whom one yet meets roaming about here; nor of the great iron bridge which, strong and light at the same time, has been thrown across the stream a little below the fall; nor of many other remarkable things here; but all these are petty in comparison with that great waterfall, and that has been to me the essential thing. The Indians who live around Niagara belong to the Seneca tribe. As this is the season when the men are all out on their hunting grounds, I saw merely some squaws, who offered their work for sale. This consists of embroidery done by hand, of flowers and animals, drawn and finished in a childish manner, but yet well done with dyed fibre of porcupine quills, small mats, baskets, moccasins, and children's rattles, made of a fragrant kind of grass. There are many shops around here full of their work, which is sold at a high price.

Two years ago Marcus and Rebecca S. were present at a great solemnity which took place among an Indian tribe here—the election of a new chief. They assembled in the depths of the forest. The finest incident, however, on this remarkable occasion was, that the young chief knelt down before his old mother, who laid her hands, with a benediction, upon his head. Woman, who is treated in a general way so horribly by the Indians, obtains, nevertheless, respect from them when she is the mother of a distinguished warrior; sometimes also, as among all savage people, from her mystical, witch-like attributes, when she is possessed of a powerful character. This, however, can only very seldom be the case, considering the heavy yoke which, from her very childhood, is laid upon her both spiritually and physically.

I long to see and hear more of these, the New World's aborigines, and hope to have opportunity of doing so during my journey in the West.

It has now become clear and certain to my mind, though I do not know myself rightly how or when, that I shall proceed up the Mississippi as far as St. Anthony's Fall, that is to say, as far as the river is navigable, into Minnesota, a young territory, not yet a state, which, for the most part, is a wilderness, and the home of the wild Indian tribes, and afterward down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Why I should go to New Orleans I do not know; but one thing I know—*I must go there*. Something within me tells me so—something which I must call the inward light, the inward voice, and which guides me here like a mysterious but absolute power. I do not hesitate a moment in following its guidance, for it speaks so decidedly and clearly that I feel glad to obey. I know that to me it is a Star of Bethlehem. From this place I go to Chicago, and thence to the Swedish and Norwegian settlements in the States of Illinois and Wisconsin.

Among the memories of Niagara are some of a most sorrowful character. One of these occurred this last summer, when a young man and his sweet-heart, and her sister, a little girl, visited the fall. As they stood beside it, the young man took the little girl in his arms, and threatened playfully to throw her into it. The child gave a sudden start of terror, which threw her out of his arms and into that foaming abyss. He sprang in after her. Both vanished, and were only again seen as corpses.

“Oniaagaràh,” or “Oehniagaràh,” was the original name of Niagara, and it is still called so by the Indians. The word signifies “the thunder of the waters.” It has been shortened by the Europeans into Niagara.

I have now taken my farewell look of the great scene and sight. The green color of the water, its inexpressibly delightful, living odor, charms me as much as ever. I

shall always, in recalling it, think of the fountains of eternal youth. I am satisfied to leave it, but would wish to come once more to see the fall in its winter magnificence, when it crowns itself with flowers, and fruits, and a thousand fantastic adornments of ice; when the full moon shines and spans it with the lunar bow. We shall see! But I am, nevertheless, infinitely thankful to have seen Niagara. Its quiet grandeur and power, its color, its spray, the rainbow's sport in that white, cloudy figure—all this is and will remain a clear, living image in my soul. And that eternal fullness of Nature's heart here—ah! that the human heart might resemble it, perpetually filled anew, perpetually flowing, never weary, never scanty, never dried up!

My young friends, James and Maria—it grieved me to part from them; my amiable, lovely, charming Maria looked at me with mournful glances, and—but now we must be off! My young friends accompany me to Buffalo. A kiss, my beloved, from Niagara; the next letter from Chicago.

L E T T E R X X I V .

Chicago, Illinois, Sept. 15th.

HERE, upon the southwestern shore of Lake Michigan, sits your sister, my little Agatha, not, however, upon the sandy shore, but in a pretty villa, built in the Italian style, with Corinthian pillars, surrounded by beautiful trees and flowers.

It was in the market of Buffalo, amid horses and carriages, and throngs of people buying and selling, passing hither and thither, amid chests and all sorts of baggage, amid crowds and bustle, that I parted from my young friends, who had become dear to me almost as brother and sister. There was neither time nor space to say many words in, the smoking iron-horse which was to speed them

away along the iron-road stood ready; iron-road, iron-horse, iron-necessity, all were there; the warm heart had neither time nor language; thus we kissed in silence from our inmost hearts, and parted — perhaps forever! The Lowells intend to make a journey to Italy next year. I saw them no longer, and was conducted out of the throng in the market to an hotel by a respectable old gentleman, Judge B., under whose care I am to continue my journey. He had presented himself to me at Niagara with a letter of introduction from Mr. E.

This excellent, vigorous old gentleman, yet quite youthful in spirit, one of the oldest pioneers of the West, and who had taken part in the founding or laying out of many of its most flourishing cities, as Rochester, Lockport, and many others, was quite at home in all the districts through which we were to travel, as far even as Lake Michigan, and for that reason, and also because he was evidently a good and cordial man, I was well satisfied to have him for my companion.

At the hotel at Buffalo I was again tormented by some new acquaintance with the old, tiresome questions, "How do you like America?" "How do you like the States?" "Does Buffalo look according to your expectations?" To which latter question I replied that I had not expected any thing from Buffalo; but yet, that I must say it struck me as being one of the least excellent cities which I had seen in America. Business! business! appeared to me to be the principal life and character there. But the truth is, that I did not see much of Buffalo.

Toward evening I went on board "The Ocean," a magnificent three-decked steam-boat, which conveyed me across Lake Erie, frequently a very stormy and dangerous lake; its billows, however, now resembled naiads sporting in the sunshine.

"Erie," says M. Bouchette, a French writer, describing this part of the country, "may be regarded as the great

central reservoir from which canals extend on all sides, so that vessels from this point may go to every part of the country inland, from the Atlantic Ocean on the east and north to the countries and the sea of the south, and bring together the productions of every land and climate." Emigrants of all nations cross Lake Erie on their way to the colonies west of those great inland seas. But to too many of them has Erie proved a grave. Not long since a vessel of emigrants, mostly Germans, was destroyed by fire on Lake Erie, and hundreds of these poor people found a grave in its waters. Among those who were taken up were seven or eight couples, locked in each other's arms. Death could not divide them. Love is stronger than death. The helmsman stood at the helm steering the vessel toward land till the flames burned his hands. The negligence of the captain is said to have been the cause of this misfortune. He too perished. Only between thirty and forty passengers were saved.

For me, however, the sail across Lake Erie was like a sunbright festival, in that magnificent steamer where even a piano was heard in the crowded saloon, and where a polite and most agreeable captain took charge of me in the kindest manner. My good old pioneer related to me various incidents of his life, his religious conversion, his first love and his last, which was quite recent; the old gentleman declaring himself to be half in love with "that Yankee woman, Mrs. L.;" and I do not wonder at it. It convinced me that he had good taste. He declared himself to be "first and foremost a great ladies' man."

At four o'clock in the afternoon—that is to say, of the day after we went on board, we reached Detroit, a city first founded by the French upon that narrow strait between the Lakes Erie and St. Clair, which separates Michigan from Canada. The shores, as seen from the vessel, appeared to be laid out in small farms consisting of regular allotments, surrounded by plantations. The land

seemed to me low but fertile, undulating hill and valley. Detroit is, like Buffalo, a city where business-life preponderates, yet still it looked to me pleasanter and more friendly than Buffalo. I saw at the hotel some tiresome catechisers, and also some very agreeable people, people whom one could talk well and frankly with, and whom one could like in all respects. Among these I remember, in particular, the Episcopal bishop of Michigan, a frank, excellent, and intellectual man; and a mother and her daughters. I was able to exchange a few cordial words with them, words out of the earnest depths of life, and such always do me good. The people of Detroit were, for the rest, pleased with their city and their way of life there, pleased with themselves, and with each other. And this seems to me to be the case in most of the places that I have been to here in the West.

The following evening we were at Anne Arbor, a pretty little rural city. Here also I received visitors, and was examined as usual. My good old pioneer did not approve of traveling *incognito*, but insisted upon it that people should be known by people, and could not comprehend how any one could be tired, and need a cessation of introductions and questions. In Anne Arbor, also, the people were much pleased with themselves, their city, its situation, and way of life. The city derived its name from the circumstance that when the first settlers came to the place they consisted principally of one family, and while the woods were felled and the land plowed, the laborers had no other dwelling than a tent-like shed of boughs and canvas, where the mother of the family, "Anne," prepared the food, and cared for the comfort of all. That was the domestic hearth; that was the calm haven where all the laborers found rest and refreshment under the protection of Mother Anne. Hence they called the tent Anne's Arbor or Bower, and the city, which by degrees sprung up around it, retained the name. And with its neat houses

and gardens upon the green hills and slopes the little city looked, indeed, like a peaceful retreat from the unquiet of the world.

We remained over night at Anne Arbor. The following morning we set off by rail-road and traveled directly across the State of Michigan. Through the whole distance I saw small farms, with their well-built houses, surrounded by well-cultivated land; fields of wheat and maize, and orchards full of apple and peach trees. In the wilder districts the fields were brilliant with some beautiful kind of violet and blue flowers, which the rapidity of our journey prevented me from examining more closely, and with tall sunflowers, the heads of which were as large as young trees. It was splendid and beautiful. My old pioneer told me that he never had seen any where such an affluence of magnificent flowers as in Michigan, especially in the olden times before the wilderness was broken up into fields. Michigan is one of the youngest states of the Union, but has a rich soil, particularly calculated for the growth of wheat, and is greatly on the increase. The legislation is of the most liberal description, and it has abolished capital punishment in its penal code. Nevertheless, I heard of crime having been committed in this state which deserved death, or at least imprisonment for life, if any crime does deserve it. A young man of a respectable family in Detroit, during a hunt, had shot clandestinely and repeatedly at another young man, his best friend, merely to rob him of his pocket-book. He had been condemned for an attempt to murder, which he acknowledged, only to twenty years' imprisonment. And in prison he was visited by young ladies, who went to teach him French and to play on the guitar! One of these traveled with me on the rail-road. She spoke of the young prisoner's "agreeable demeanor!" There is a leniency toward crime and the criminal which is disgusting, and which proves a laxity of moral feeling.

The weather was glorious the whole day. The sun preceded us westward. We steered our course directly toward the sun; and the nearer it sank toward the earth, more brightly glowed the evening sky as with the most transcendent gold. The country, through the whole extent, was lowland, and monotonous. Here and there wound along a lovely little wooded stream. Here and there in the woods were small frame houses, and beside one and another of them wooden sheds, upon which a board was fastened, whereon might be read in white letters, half a yard high, the word "Grocery." The cultivated districts were in all cases divided regularly, scattered over with farm-houses resembling those of our better class of peasant farmers. The settlers in the West purchase allotments of from eighty to one hundred and sixty or two hundred acres, seldom less and seldom more. The land costs, in the first instance, what is called "government price," one dollar and a quarter per acre; and will, if well cultivated, produce abundant harvests within a few years. The farmers here work hard, live frugally, but well, and bring up strong, able families. The children, however, seldom follow the occupation of their fathers. They are sent to schools, and after that endeavor to raise themselves by political or public life. These small farms are the nurseries from which the Northwest States obtain their best officials and teachers, both male and female. A vigorous, pious, laborious race grows up here. I received much enlightenment on this subject from my good old pioneer, who, with his piety, his restless activity, his humanity, his great information, and his youthfully warm heart, even in advancing years, was a good type of the first cultivators of the wilderness in this country. He parted from me on the journey in order to reach his home in the little city of Niles.

In company with an agreeable gentleman, Mr. H., and his agreeable sister-in-law, I went on board the steamer

which crosses Lake Michigan. The sun had now sunk ; but the evening sky glowed with the brightest crimson above the sea-like lake. We departed amid its splendor and in the light of the new moon. The water was calm as a mirror.

On the morning of the 13th of September, I saw the sun shine over Chicago. I expected to have been met at Chicago by some friends, who were to take me to their house. But none came ; and on inquiring, I learned that they were not now there. Nor was this to be wondered at, as I was two months after the appointed time. I now, therefore, found myself quite alone in that great unknown West. And two little misadventures occurring just now with my luggage made it still less agreeable. But precisely at the moment when I stood quite alone on the deck—for my kind new acquaintance had left the steamer somewhat earlier—my gladness returned to me, and I felt that I was not alone ; I felt vigorous, both body and mind. The sun was there too ; and such a heartfelt rejoicing filled my whole being, in its Lord and in my Father, and the Father of all, that I esteemed myself fortunate that I could shut myself up in a little solitary room at an hotel in the city, and thus be still more alone with my joy.

But my solitude was not of long continuance. Handsome, kind people gathered round me, offered me house, and home, and friendship, and every good thing, and all in Chicago became sunshine to me.

In the evening I found myself in that pretty villa, where I am now writing to you, and in the beautiful night a serenade was given in the moonlight gardens, in which was heard the familiar

Einsam bin ich nicht allein.

It was a salutation from the Germans of the city.

September 17th. Prairies! A sight which I shall never forget.

Chicago is situated on the edge of the prairie-land.

The whole State of Illinois is one vast rolling prairie (that is to say, a plain of low, wave-like hills); but the prairie proper does not commence until about eighteen miles from the city. My new friends wished me to pass a day of prairie-life. We drove out early in the morning, three families in four carriages. Our pioneer, a dark, handsome hunter, drove first with his dogs, and shot, when we halted by the way, now and then, a prairie hen (grouse) on the wing. The day was glorious; the sky of the brightest blue, the sun of the purest gold, and the air full of vitality, but calm; and there, in that brilliant light, stretched itself far, far out into the infinite, as far as the eye could discern, an ocean-like extent, the waves of which were sunflowers, asters, and gentians. The plain was splendid with them, especially with the sunflowers, which were frequently four yards high, and stood far above the head of our tallest gentleman.

We ate our dinner in a little wood, which lay like a green shrub upon that treeless, flowery plain. It was an elevation, and from this point the prairie stretched onward its softly waving extent to the horizon. Here and there, amid this vast stretch, arose small log-houses, which resembled little birds' nests floating upon the ocean. Here and there, also, were people making hay; it looked like some child's attempt, like child's play. The sun-bright soil remained here still in its primeval greatness and magnificence, unchecked by human hands, covered with its flowers, protected and watched alone by the eye of the sun. And the bright sunflowers nodded and beckoned in the wind, as if inviting millions of beings to the festival set out on the rich table of the earth. To me it was a festival of light. It was a really great and glorious sight; to my feeling less common and grander even than Niagara itself.

The dark hunter, a man of few words but evidently of strong feelings, leaned upon his gun and said softly, "Here I often stand for hours and gaze on creation!"

And well he might. That sight resembled an ecstasy in the life of nature. It was bathed in light; it reposed blissfully in the bosom of light. The sunflowers sang praises to the sun.

I wandered about in the wood and gathered flowers. The asters grew above my head. Nearly all the flowers which now cover the prairies are of the class Syngenesia, and of these the *Solidago* and *Helianthus* predominate. The prairies are covered each different month with a different class of flowers; in spring white, then blue, then purple, and now mostly of a golden yellow.

In the course of the day we visited one of the log-houses on the plain. A nice old woman was at home. The men were out getting in the hay. The house was one year old, and tolerably open to the weather, but clean and orderly within, as are houses generally in which live American women. I asked the good woman how the solitude of this great prairie agreed with her. She was tired of it, "it was so monotonous," she said. Yes, yes, there is a difference between seeing this sight of heaven and earth for one day and for a whole year! Nevertheless, I would try it for a year.

We did not see a cloud during the whole of this day, nor yet perceive a breath of air; yet still the atmosphere was as fresh as it was delicious. The Indian summer will soon begin. The whole of that little prairie-festival was cloudless, excepting that the hunter's gun went off and shot one of our horses in the ear, and that a carriage broke down; but it was near the end of the journey and was taken all in good part, and thus was of no consequence.

Chicago, September 27th.

I have heard a great deal about the Indians from Mr. and Mrs. K., in whose extremely agreeable family I have now my home. Mr. K. is the government agent in all transactions with the Indian tribes in these North-

western States, and he and his family were among the earliest settlers in the wilderness there. Mrs. K., who writes with facility and extremely well, has preserved in manuscript many incidents in the lives of the first colonists, and of their contests with the Indians, and among these many which occurred in her own family. The reading of these narratives is one of the greatest pleasures of the evenings; some are interesting in a high degree; some are full of cruel and horrible scenes, others also touchingly beautiful, and others, again, very comic.

There is material for the most beautiful drama in the history of the captivity of Mrs. K.'s mother and her free restoration. I know nothing more dramatic than the first terrible scene of the carrying off of the little girl; then the attachment of the Indian chief to the child, the affection which grew up in his heart for her as she grew up in his tent, and was called by the savage tribe "the White Lily;" the episode of the attempt to murder her by the jealous wife of the chief; and, lastly, the moment when the chief, after having for several years rejected all offers of negotiation and gifts, both on the part of the parents and the government, for the restoration of the child, yielded at length to prayers, and consented to a meeting of the mother and daughter, but on the express condition that she should not seek to retain her; and then, when arrived at the appointed place of meeting, with all his warriors in their complete array, he rode alone—spite of all their remonstrances—across the little brook which separated the camp of the whites from that of the Indians, and saw the young girl and her mother throw themselves into each other's arms with tears of joy, he stood overpowered by the sight and exclaimed, "The mother must have her child!" turned his horse, recrossed the brook, and rejoined his own people without a glance at the darling of his heart, "the White Lily," who now, in the fifteenth year of her age, returned to her family! What an excel-

lent subject for dramatic treatment! I hope that Mrs. K. will some day publish this beautiful narrative, together with several others which I heard during these evenings.

The massacre of Chicago belongs to the unpleasing portion of the chronicle, and Chicago still retains fresh traces of this event. Yet even that is ennobled by beautiful human actions.

The wooing of my noble and gentlemanly host by the Indian chief Fourlegs for his daughter, and the arrival of the fat Miss Fourlegs on her buffalo hides in the city, where she met with a refusal, belong to the comic portion of the chronicle, and very much amused me. For the rest, the gentle and refined Mr. K., like many others who have lived much among the Indians, has a real attachment to them, and seems to have an eye rather for the virtues than the failings which are peculiar to this remarkable people. The K.'s resided long in Minnesota, and only within the last few years at Chicago (Illinois), where they have a handsome house with a large garden.

Chicago is one of the most miserable and ugly cities which I have yet seen in America, and is very little deserving of its name, "Queen of the Lake;" for, sitting there on the shore of the lake in wretched dishabille, she resembles rather a huckstress than a queen. Certainly, the city seems for the most part to consist of shops. One sees scarcely any pretty country houses, with their gardens, either within or without the city—which is so generally the case in American towns—and in the streets the houses are principally of wood, the streets formed with wood, or, if without, broad and sandy. And it seems as if, on all hands, people came here merely to trade, to make money, and not to live. Nevertheless, I have, here in Chicago, become acquainted with some of the most agreeable and delightful people that I ever met with any where; good people, handsome and intellectual; people to live with, people to talk with, people to like and to grow fond of, both

men and women; people who do not ask the stranger a hundred questions, but who give him an opportunity of seeing and learning in the most agreeable manner which he can desire; rare people! And besides that, people who are not horribly pleased with themselves and their world, and their city, and their country, as is so often the case in small towns, but who see deficiencies and can speak of them properly, and can bear to hear others speak of them also.

To-day and last evening also, a hot wind has been blowing here, which I imagine must be like the Italian sirocco. One becomes quite enervated by it; and the air of Chicago is a cloud of dust.

September 23d. But in the evening, when the sun descends, and the wind subsides, I go to some higher part of the city, to see the sun set over the prairie land, for it is very beautiful; and, beholding this magnificent spectacle, melancholy thoughts arise. I see in this sun-bright western land thousands of shops and thousands of traders, but no Temple of the Sun, and only few worshipers of the sun and of eternal beauty. Were the Peruvians of a nobler intellectual culture than this people? Had they a loftier turn of mind? Were they the children of the light in a higher degree than the present race who colonize the western land of the New World?

September 24th. I must now tell you of some agreeable Swedes who reside here. They are Captain Schneidan and his wife, and Mr. Uneonius, now the minister of the Swedish congregation of this district, and his wife. They were among the earliest Swedish emigrants who established themselves on the banks of the beautiful lake, Pine Lake, in Wisconsin, and where they hoped to lead an Arcadian, pastoral life. The country was beautiful, but the land for the most part was sterile.

These Swedish gentry, who thought of becoming here the cultivators and colonizers of the wilderness, had mis-

calculated their fitness and their powers of labor. Besides this, they had taken with them the Swedish inclination for hospitality and a merry life, without sufficiently considering how long it could last. Each family built for itself a necessary abode, and then invited their neighbors to a feast. They had Christmas festivities and midsummer dances. But the first year's harvest fell short. The poorly tilled soil could not produce rich harvests. Then succeeded a severe winter, with snow and tempests, and the ill-built houses afforded but inadequate shelter; on this followed sickness, misfortunes, want of labor, want of money, want of all kinds. It is almost incredible what an amount of suffering some of these colonists must have gone through. Nearly all were unsuccessful as farmers; some of them, however, supported themselves and their families by taking to handcraft trades, and as shoemakers or tailors earned those wages which they would have been unable to earn by agriculture. To their honor it must be told that they, amid severe want, labored earnestly and endured a great deal with patient courage without complaining, and that they successfully raised themselves again by their labor. Neither were they left without aid from the people of the country when their condition became known.

Margaret Fuller (Marchioness Ossoli) made a journey into the Western States in company with Mrs. Clarke (the mother of those tall sons). Providence led her to the colonists on Pine Lake. Captain Schneidan was then lying on his sick-bed with an injury of the leg, which had kept him there for some months. His handsome young wife had been obliged, during that severe winter, to do the most menial work; had seen her first-born little one frozen to death in its bed in the room, into which snow and rain found entrance. And they were in the midst of the wilderness alone. They had no means of obtaining help, which was extremely expensive in this district; the maid-

servant whom they had for a short time had left them, and their neighbors were too far off, or were themselves also suffering under similar want. And now came the two ladies from Boston.

Margaret Fuller thus writes of her visit in her "Summer on the Lakes:"

"In the inner room the master of the house was seated; he had been sitting there long, for he had injured his foot on shipboard, and his farming had to be done by proxy. His beautiful young wife was his only attendant and nurse, as well as farm-house keeper; and how well she performed hard and unaccustomed duties, the objects of her care showed; every thing belonging to the house was rude, but neatly arranged; the invalid, confined to an uneasy wooden chair (they had not been able to induce any one to bring them an easy chair from town), looked as neat and elegant as if he had been dressed by the valet of a duke. He was of noble blood, with clear, full blue eyes, calm features, a tempering of the soldier, scholar, and man of the world in his aspect; he formed a great but pleasing contrast to his wife, whose glowing complexion and dark mellow eye bespoke an origin in some climate more familiar with the sun. He looked as if he could sit there a great while patiently, and live on his own mind, biding his time; she, as if she could bear any thing for affection's sake, but would feel the weight of each moment as it passed.

"Seeing the album full of drawings, and verses which bespoke the circle of elegant and affectionate intercourse they had left behind, we could not but see that the young wife sometimes must need a sister, the husband a companion, and both must often miss that electricity which sparkles from the chain of congenial minds. . . .

"I feel very differently about these foreigners from Americans; American men and women are inexcusable if they do not bring up children so as to be fit for all necessi-

ties; that is the meaning of our star, that here, all men being free and equal, all should be fitted for freedom, and an independence by his own resources, wherever the changeable wave of our mighty stream may take him. But the star of Europe brought a different horoscope."

I must now add that which Margaret Fuller has not related, but which was told me; namely, how nobly she exerted herself with her friend on behalf of the unfortunate Swedes, and how in time a complete change was wrought in their circumstances. They removed from that solitary farm in the forest to Chicago. Schneidan obtained adequate surgical aid; recovered, and is at this moment the most skillful daguerreotypist, probably, in the whole state, and, as such, has made considerable gains. He is just now returned from New York, where he has taken a large and excellent daguerreotype of Jenny Lind. He is universally liked here. His lively, pretty wife now relates, laughing and crying at the same time, the occurrences of their life in the wilderness in a kind of medley of Swedish and English, which is charming. Uneonius and his wife removed hither also, but in better circumstances than the former.

Uneonius is just now at New York; he is gone to see Mademoiselle Lind, and obtain from her money for the completion of the Lutheran church at Chicago. I spent an evening with his wife. That gay, high-spirited girl, of whom I heard when she was married at Upsala to accompany her husband to the New World, she had gone through severe trials of sickness, want, and sorrow. She had laid four children to rest in foreign soil. She had one boy remaining. She was still pretty, still young, but her cheerfulness—that was gone; and her fresh, courageous spirit was changed into quiet patience. She had now a small, new-built house, in a more healthy situation than where they had formerly lived, and very near to the little Lutheran church. The church is very ornamental,

but as yet unfinished internally. Here I saw somewhat above thirty children, Swedish and Norwegian, assembled to hear a lecture—a little company of kindly-looking, fair-complexioned, blue-eyed children! They were for the most part children of persons in low circumstances, who lived about the neighborhood on small farms. They learn in the school to read and write, as well in English as in their mother tongue. There are very few Swedes resident here. At Milwaukee, and in that part of Wisconsin, there are a great many.

I heard a good deal from Mr. Schneidan and his wife respecting Eric Jansen, and the circumstances which occasioned his death, but shall defer speaking of them till we meet. The man seems to have been of an enigmatical character, half a deceiver and half deceived (either by himself or his demon).

I saw one evening, which I spent with Mrs. Schneidan at her house, my "Belle of Baltimore," Hannah Hawkins; she is a pretty, quiet young girl, of that class of women who are capable of the most beautiful actions without having the least idea that they are doing any thing beautiful. They are themselves moral beauty, and they follow the impulses of their nature as flowers follow theirs.

There are a great number of Germans in Chicago, especially among the tradespeople and handcraftsmen. The city is only twenty years old, and it has increased in that time to a population of twenty-five thousand souls. A genuine "baby" of the Great West! but, as I have already said, somewhat unkemmed as yet. There is, however, here a street, or, more properly speaking, a row of houses or small villas along the shore of the lake, standing on elevated ground, which has in its situation a character of high life, and which will possess it in all respects some day, for there are already people here from different parts of the globe who will constitute the sound kernel of a healthy aristocracy.

Chicago bears on its arms the name of "the City in the Garden;" and when the prairie land around it becomes garden, there will be reason for its poetical appellation.

I have seen here, also, light and lofty school-rooms, and have heard the scholars in them, under the direction of an excellent master, sing quartettes in such a manner as affected me to tears. And the children, how eager, how glad to learn they were! Hurra! The West builds light school-rooms where the young may learn joyfully, and sing correctly and sweetly! The West must progress nobly. The building of the Temple of the Sun has already commenced.

My friends here deplored the chaotic state, and the want of integrity which prevails in political affairs, and which may be principally attributed to the vast emigration of the rudest class of the European population, and the facility with which every civil right is obtained in the state. A year's residence in the state gives the immigrant the right of a citizen, and he has a vote in the election of the governors both of the city and the state. Unprincipled political agitators avail themselves of the ignorance of immigrants, and inveigle them by fine speeches to vote for the candidate whom they laud, and who sometimes betrays them. The better and more noble-minded men of the state are unable to compete with these schemers, and therefore do not offer themselves; hence it most frequently happens that they are not the best men who govern the state. Bold and ambitious fortune-hunters most easily get into office; and once in office, they endeavor to maintain their place by every kind of scheme and trick, as well as by flattering the masses of the people to preserve their popularity. The ignorant people of Europe, who believe that kings and great lords are the cause of *all* the evils in the world, vote for that man who speaks loudest against the powerful, and who declares himself to be a friend of the people.

I also heard it lamented that the Scandinavian immigrants not unfrequently come hither with the belief that the State Church and religion are one and the same thing, and when they have left behind them the former, they will have nothing to do with the latter. Long compulsion of mind has destroyed, to that degree, their powers of mind; and they come into the West very frequently, in the first instance, as rejectors of all church communion and every higher law. And this is natural enough for people not accustomed to think greatly; but is a moment of transition which can not last very long in any sound mind, and in a hemisphere where the glance is so clear and alive to every thing which contributes to the higher life of man or of society.

Illinois is a youthful state, with a million inhabitants, but is able, with her rich soil, to support at least ten millions. The climate, however, is not favorable to immigrants from Europe, who during the first few years suffer from fever and other climatic diseases.

In the morning I leave Chicago and cross Lake Michigan to Milwaukee, in Wisconsin. An agreeable young man came last evening to fetch me there.

I have been merely a few days in Chicago, and yet I have seen people there with whom I should like to live all my days.

But these feelings for amiable people whom I meet with now and then during my pilgrimage are to me as "a tent of one night," under which I repose thankfully. I would fain linger yet longer; but I must the next morning remove my tent and proceed still further—and I do so with a sigh.

Farewell, ye charming people in that ugly city! Receive my thanks, warm hearts of Chicago!

P.S.—Jenny Lind is in New York, and has been received with American furor—the maddest of all madness. The sale by auction of the tickets for her first concert is

said to have made forty thousand dollars. She has presented the whole of her share of profit from that first concert to benevolent institutions of New York. Three hundred ladies are said to besiege her daily, and thousands of people of all classes follow her steps. Hundreds of letters are sent to her each day. Ah! poor girl! Hercules himself would not be equal to that.

L E T T E R X X V.

Watertown, Wisconsin, Oct. 1st.

THE most glorious morning! How I have enjoyed it and a solitary ramble on the banks of Rock River (a small tributary of the Mississippi), on which the little town stands. Many a thought also winged its way homeward, and said, "Good-morning to my beloved, and I would that I could bear to them, and, above all, to you, my Agatha, this air, this sun of the New World's Indian summer!"

Watertown is a little, newly sprung-up, infant town of two thousand inhabitants. The small, neat houses, most of them of wood and painted white, and very smart and clean, were scattered upon the green slopes between the wood and the river. Columns of smoke ascended from their chimneys in the quiet morning, and the sun shone over them and the mirror-like river. "Are you sunflowers?" asked I (of course *in petto*). "Are the people within you like the inner blossoms of the sunflower, each bearing seed in itself?" Thus, of a certainty, will it become sometime in this country, which raises itself like a giant sunflower above the waves of the ocean; but the further I advance into the West, the more clear it becomes to me that *as yet it is not so generally*, and that people in the great West are as yet principally occupied in the acquisition of the material portion of life, in a word,

by "business!" People have not as yet time to turn themselves to the sun.

But the churches, the schools, and the asylums which are in progress of erection, and those small houses and homes which are beginning to adorn themselves with flowers, to surround themselves with gardens—they prove that the light-life is struggling into being. First were the Hrimthursar (the giants of frost)—then the giants and dwarfs; to these succeeded the gods and goddesses. Thus say the Vala songs.

I wrote to you last from Chicago. From Chicago I went by steamer across Lake Michigan to Milwaukee, escorted by a pleasant and warm-hearted young man, Mr. R. The proprietor of the steamer would not allow me to pay for my passage. The voyage was sun-bright and excellent. We lay to at small infant towns on the shore, such as Southbord, Elgin, Racine, all having sprung up within the last seven or eight years, and in a fair way of growing great under the influence of trade and the navigation of the Lake.

I was met at Milwaukee by Herr L., a Swedish gentleman resident there as a merchant, who had invited me to his house, and who now conducted me thither, where I was most kindly received by his wife, a little, good-tempered Irish lady. That was in the evening. The next morning was rainy, but afterward cleared up, and became one of the most lovely days. The whole of the forenoon I was obliged to enact the lioness to an incessant stream of callers, ladies and gentlemen, received from them presents of flowers, books, verses, and through all was obliged to be polite, answer the same questions over and over again, and play over and over again on the piano the same ballads and polkas. Some of these people were evidently interesting people, from whose conversation I could have derived pleasure and profit; but ah! this stream carries all pearls along with it.

I was this forenoon in a large ladies' school, where I saw many handsome young girls, made them a speech, and congratulated them on being Americans; I also saw some agreeable teachers, and then, again, more gentlemen and ladies. An important reformation in female schools is taking place in these Western States at the present time under the guidance of a Miss Beecher, sister to the highly-gifted young minister at Brooklyn, and who is a kind of lady-abbess in educational matters. In the afternoon I was driven about to see all the lions of the place in a carriage, which a gentleman of the town had placed at my disposal. It was very agreeable, for the town is beautiful—has a charming situation on elevated ground, between Lake Michigan and Milwaukee River, and increases with all its might. Four great school-houses, one in each quarter of the town, shone in the sunlight with their ascending cupolas. They are as yet in progress of erection, are all alike, and in a good style of architecture—ornamental without pomp. I saw some handsome, well-built streets, with handsome shops and houses, quite different to those of Chicago. Nearly all the houses in Milwaukee are built of brick, a peculiar kind of brick, which is made here from the clay of the neighborhood, and which makes a brick of a pale yellow color, which gives the city a very cheerful appearance, as if the sun were always shining there. I saw also lovely country houses in the outskirts, with splendid and extensive prospects over lake and land. Milwaukee, not Chicago, deserves to be called "Queen of the Lake." She stands a splendid city on those sunny heights, and grows and extends herself every day. Nearly half of the inhabitants are Germans, and they occupy a portion of the city to themselves, which is called "German Town." This lies on the other side of the River Milwaukee. Here one sees German houses, German inscriptions over the doors or signs, German physiognomies. Here are pub-

lished German newspapers; and many Germans live here who never learn English, and seldom go beyond the German town. The Germans in the Western States seem, for the most, to band together in a clan-like manner, to live together, and amuse themselves as in their fatherland. Their music and dances, and other popular pleasures, distinguish them from the Anglo-American people, who, particularly in the West, have no other pleasure than "business." This reminds me of a conversation I had on one occasion—I think it was at Augusta, in Georgia—in a shop where I went to purchase something. A middle-aged woman stood behind the counter, and I heard by her mode of speaking that she was a German. I asked her, therefore, in German, how she liked this New World.

"Oh yes!" she replied, with a sigh, "it is all very well for business, and for making money. But when I have worked all day and the evening is come, I can not here have any '*plaisir*.' In the Old Country, though one, perhaps, might not get so much by work, yet one could have some '*plaisir*' when it was done. But here nobody has any idea of any '*plaisir*,' but just business, business, day out and day in; so that one's life is not very amusing."

That was in the South, where immigration exists to a much less extent. In the Northwestern States the Germans come over in immense crowds, and band themselves together and have "*plaisir*" enough, and their music finds its way now and then, with a bewitching tone, to the ears of the Anglo-Americans, and those strong, blooming German girls sometimes attract them so irresistibly as to occasion an approximation in search for "*plaisir*," and whatever more there may be, also, in that German realm.

In the evening I supped at the house of the mayor of the city, where I saw many very agreeable people. One amiable young lady took a bracelet from her arm and

clasped it around mine. I shall bear her memory in my heart.

The house of the mayor was upon a hill, extremely picturesque, looking down upon a deep valley, where also people lived and were building. That is one of the dangers of building a house upon a hill. You have, for instance, bought a piece of land upon a hill, a piece large enough for a house and a little garden; and you have built a beautiful house, and planted trees and flowers around it, rejoiced in your house and in your magnificent view, which extends over the whole lake and great part of the country. This is to-day. To-morrow you hear that the ground adjoining your house is purchased by somebody, who intends to cut it down many fathoms, and to build a street directly below your house. You protest, and declare that your house will fall down if the hill is undermined just below its walls! There is no help for it! The day after to-morrow you see that the digging and the delving have begun just outside your walls, and you have in a while the agreeable prospect of seeing the sand-hill tumble down, and your house tumbling down with it, make a summerset into the new street at its feet, and, if it has good luck, demolishing in its descent the house which your grave-digger had built. But this is a gloomy picture! Nevertheless, I beheld it with my own eyes in Milwaukee. I would very willingly live for a time in Milwaukee, upon its beautiful heights, among its kindly, lively people, but as to building a house there—No, I thank you!

A DAY AMONG THE SWEDES AT PINE LAKE.

On the morning of the 29th of September I arrived at this, the first Swedish colony of the West. Herr Lange drove me there in a little carriage, along a road which was any thing but good, through a solitary region, a distance of somewhat above twenty miles from Milwau-

kee. It was on a Sunday morning, a beautiful sunshiny morning.

There remain still of the little Swedish colony of Pine Lake about half a dozen families, who live as farmers in the neighborhood. It is lake scenery, and as lovely and romantic as any may be imagined—regular Swedish lake scenery; and one can understand how those first Swedish emigrants were enchanted, so that, without first examining the quality of the soil, they determined to found here a New Sweden, and to build a New Upsala! I spent the forenoon in visiting the various Swedish families. Nearly all live in log-houses, and seem to be in somewhat low circumstances. The most prosperous seemed to be that of the smith; he, I fancy, had been a smith in Sweden, and had built himself a pretty frame house in the forest; he was a really good fellow, and had a nice young Norwegian for his wife: also a Mr. Bergman, who had been a gentleman in Sweden, but who was here a clever, hard-working peasant farmer; had some acres of good land, which he cultivated ably, and was getting on well. He was of a remarkably cheerful, good-tempered, and vigorous Swedish temperament; he had fine cattle, which he himself attended to, and a good harvest of maize, which now stood out in the field to dry in the sun. He had enlarged his log-house by a little frame-house which he had built up to it; and in the log-house he had the very prettiest, kindest, most charming young Swedish wife, with cheeks as fresh as red roses, such as one seldom sees in America, and that spite of her having a four-weeks' old little boy, her first child, and having, with the assistance only of her young sister, to do all the work of the house herself. It was a joyous and happy home, a good Swedish home, in the midst of an American wilderness. And the dinner which I had there was, with all its simplicity, exquisitely good, better than many a one which I have eaten in the great and magnificent hotels of America. We were ten

Swedes at dinner; most of the number young men, one of whom was betrothed to the handsome young sister of the mistress of the house. Good milk, excellent bread and butter, the most savory water-fowl and delicious tarts, cordial hospitality, cheerfulness and good feeling, crowning the board; and, besides all the rest, that beautiful Swedish language spoken by every one—these altogether made that meal a regular festival to me.

Our young and handsome hostess attended to the table, sometimes went out into the kitchen—the adjoining room—to look after the cooking, or to attend to her little baby in the cradle, which cried aloud for its dinner, then came back again to us, and still the roses bloomed freshly on her cheeks, and still the kind smile was on her lips, spite of an anxious look in those clear blue eyes. Both sisters were blonde, with round countenances, blue eyes, light hair, fair complexions, regular white teeth, lovely and slender figures—true Swedes, especially the young wife, a lovely specimen of the young Swedish woman.

In the afternoon she took me by a little path through the wood, down to the wonderfully beautiful Pine Lake, on the banks of which, but deeper still in the woods, her home was situated, and near to which the other Swedish houses also stood. On our way I asked her about her life, and thus came to hear, but without the least complaint on her part, of its many difficulties. The difficulty of obtaining the help of servants, male and female, is one of the inconveniences and difficulties which the colonists of the West have to encounter. They must either pay for labor at an enormously high rate—and often it is not to be had on any terms—or they must do without it; and if their own powers of labor fail, either through sickness or any other misfortune, then is want the inevitable consequence. There is need of much affection and firm reliance for any one, under such circumstances, to venture on settling down here; but these both lived in the heart of the young

Swede, and her eyes sparkled as she spoke of her husband, his kind, good heart, and his vigor both of mind and body. While we were standing beside that quiet lake, garlanded by thick branching trees and underwood, splendid with the coloring of autumn, we heard the husband's voice as he drove the oxen down to water, and soon we saw their huge horns pushing a way through the thick foliage. Our cheerful, well-bred host was now a brisk ox-driver.

After this we betook ourselves to the oldest house of the colony on Pine Lake, where lived Mrs. Bergvall's mother, the Widow Petterson, and who expected us to coffee; and thither we drove, Mr. Lange and I, in our little open carriage, the other Swedish families driving there also, but with oxen. A young Swede, who had married a fat, elderly American widow, was of the company. I saw them going on through the wood, she sitting with her parasol on the carriage, while her young husband drove the oxen. One of Mrs. Petterson's sons, a young man of about twenty, rode before us as a guide through the labyrinths of the wood. Thus we arrived at a log-house, resembling one of the peasant cottages around Aersta, standing upon a green hill, commanding the most beautiful view over the lake, which was here seen in nearly its whole extent.

Mrs. Petterson, a large woman, who in her youth must have been handsome, came out to receive me, bent double and supported on a crutch-stick, but her open countenance beaming with kindness. She is not yet fifty, but is aged and broken down before her time by severe labor and trouble. I saw in her a true type of the Swedish woman of the middle class, with that overflowing heart which finds vent in tears, in kind looks and words, and who does not measure by any niggard rule either what the hand gives or the tongue speaks; a regularly magnificent, warm-hearted gossip, who loves to entertain her friends with good cheer as much as she loves her life. She regaled us with the most delicious coffee, and flavored that warm beverage with warm, kind looks and words.

Her husband began here as a farmer, but neither he nor his wife were accustomed to hard work; their land was poor (with the exception of Bergvall's farm, all the land around Pine Lake appears to be of a poor quality), they could not get help, and they were without the conveniences of life; they had a large family, which kept increasing; they endured incredible hardships. Mrs. Peterson, while suckling her children, was compelled to do the most laborious work; bent double with rheumatism, she was often obliged to wash for the whole family on her knees. Her husband was at last obliged to give up farming; he then took to shoemaking, and at this trade succeeded in making a livelihood for himself and his family. He had now been dead a few years, and his widow was preparing to leave the little house and garden, which she could no longer look after, and remove to her son-in-law, Bergvall's. She felt herself worn out, old, and finished before her time, as she said; but still did not regret having come to America, because, as regarded her children and their future, she saw a new world opened to them, richer and happier than that which the mother country could have offered them, and she would have been glad to have purchased this future for them at the sacrifice of her own life; she would be well contented to go down to the grave, even before her time, and there to have done with her crutch. Their children, four sons and four daughters—the two youngest born here, and still children—were all of them agreeable, and some of them remarkably handsome, in particular the two youngest boys—Knut and Sten. Sten rowed me in a little boat along the shores of the charming lake; he was a beautiful, slender youth of seventeen; and as he sat there in his white shirt-sleeves, with his blue silk waistcoat, with his clear, dark-blue eyes, and a pure, good expression in that lovely, fresh, youthful countenance, he was the perfect idea of a shepherd in some beautiful idyll. The sisters, when we

were alone, praised Knut and Sten as sincerely kind and good lads, who would do any thing for their sisters and their home.

We rowed along the wooded shores, which, brilliant in their autumnal coloring, were reflected in the mirror-like waters. And here, upon a lofty promontory covered with splendid masses of wood, was New Upsala to stand—such was the intention of Uneonius and his friends when they first came to this wild region, and were enchanted with its beauty. Ah! that wild district will not maintain Upsala's sons. I saw the desolate houses where he, Uneonius, and Schneidan struggled in vain to live.

But the place itself was delightful and lovely—characterized by a Swedish beauty, for dark pines towered up among the trees, and the wood grew down to the very edge of the lake, as is the case in our Scandinavian lakes, where the Neck sits in the moonlight, and plays upon the harp, and sings beneath the overarching verdure. The sun set; but even here, again, all wore a Northern aspect; it was cold, and without that splendid glow of coloring which is so general in American sunsets.

Returning to the log-house, we spent the evening—one-and-twenty Swedes altogether—in games, songs, and dancing, exactly as if in Sweden. I had, during the whole time of my journey to the West, been conning over in my mind a speech which I would make to my countrymen in the West; I thought how I would bear to them a salutation from their mother country, and exhort them to create a new Sweden in that new land! I thought that I would remind them of all that the Old Country had of great and beautiful, in memory, in thought, in manners and customs; I wished to awaken in their souls the inspiration of a New Scandinavia. I had often myself been deeply affected by the thoughts and the words which I intended to make use of. But now, when I was at the very place where I longed to be, and thought about my speech, I

could not make it. Nor did I make it at all. I felt myself happy in being with my countrymen, happy to find them so agreeable and so Swedish still in the midst of a foreign land. But I felt more disposed for merriment than solemnity. I therefore, instead of making my speech, read to the company that little story by Hans Christian Andersen called "The Pine-tree," and then incited my countrymen to sing Swedish songs. Neither were those beautiful Swedish voices lost here in the New World, and I was both affected and impressed with a deep solemnity when the men, led by Bergvall, sang, with their fresh, clear voices,

"Up, Swedes! for king and fatherland,"

and after that many other old national songs. Swedish hospitality, cheerfulness, and song live here as vigorously as ever they did in the Old Country.

The old lady, Petterson, had got ready a capital entertainment; incomparably excellent coffee, and tea especially; good venison, fruit, tarts, and many good things, all as nicely and as delicately set out as if on a prince's table. The young sons of the house waited upon us. At home, in Sweden, it would have been the daughters. All were cordial and joyous. When the meal was over we had again songs, and after that dancing. Mrs. Petterson joined in every song with a strong and clear, but somewhat shrill voice, which she said was "so not by art, but by nature, since the beginning of the world!" The good old lady would have joined us too, in the dances and the polkas, if she had not been prevented by her rheumatic lameness. I asked the respectable smith to be my partner, and we two led the *Nigar Polka*, which carried along with it young and old, and electrified all, so that the young gentlemen sprang up aloft, and the fat American lady tumbled down upon a bench overpowered by laughter; we danced, finally, round the house.

After that we went in the beautiful evening down to

the shore of the lake, and the star-song of Tegnér was sung beneath the bright, starry heavens. Somewhat later, when we were about to separate, I asked Mrs. Pettersson to sing a Swedish evening hymn, and we all joined in as she sang,

“Now all the earth repositeth.”

We then parted with cordial shaking of hands and mutual good wishes, and all and each returned to their homes in the star-bright night.

I was to remain at Mrs. Petterson's, but not without some uneasiness on my part as to the prospect of rest; for, however sumptuous had been the entertainment of the evening, yet still the state of the house testified of the greatest lack of the common conveniences of life; and I had to sleep in the sister's bed with Mrs. Petterson, and six children and grandchildren lay in the adjoining room, which was the kitchen. Among these was young Mrs. Bergvall, with her little baby and her little step-son; for, when she was about to return home with Herr Lange, his horses became frightened by the pitch darkness of the night and would not go on, and she herself becoming frightened too, would not venture with her little children. Bergvall, therefore, set off alone through the forest, and I heard his wife calling after him: “Dear Bergvall, mind and milk the white cow well again to-night.” (N.B.—It is the men in this country who milk the cows, as well as attend to all kinds of out-of-door business.) He replied to her with a cheerful “Yes.” And Mrs. Bergvall and her mother prayed me to excuse there being so many of them in the house that night, &c.—me, the stranger, and who was the cause of this throng! It was I who ought to have asked for excuse; and I would rather have slept outside the house than not have appeared satisfied and pleased with every thing within it. And when Mrs. Petterson had lain down, she said,

“Ah, Miss Bremer, how much more people can bear

than can be believed possible!" I sighed, and said, "Yes, indeed!" gave up the search for an extinguisher, which could not be found, put out the candle, therefore, with a piece of paper, and crept into my portion of the bed, where, though my sleep was nothing to speak of, I yet rested comfortably. I was glad the next morning to feel well, and to rise with the sun, which, however, shone somewhat dimly through the mist above the beautiful lake. It was a cool, moist morning; but these warm-hearted people, the warm and good coffee, and the hospitable entertainment, warmed both soul and body.

It was with heartfelt emotion and gratitude that I, after breakfast, took leave of my Swedish friends. Mrs. Petterson would have given me the only valuable which she now possessed—a great, big gold ring; but I could not consent to it. How richly had she gifted me already! We parted, not without tears. That amiable young mother, her cheeks blooming like wild roses, accompanied me through the wood, walking beside the carriage silently and kindly, and silently we parted with a cordial pressure of the hand and a glance. That lovely young Swede was the most beautiful flower of that American wilderness. She will beautify and ennoble it.

Heartfelt kindness and hospitality, seriousness and mirth in pure family life—these characteristics of Swedish life, where it is good—should be transplanted into the Western wilderness by the Swedish colonists, as they are in this instance. That day among the Swedes by Pine Lake; that splendid old lady; those handsome, warm-hearted men; those lovely, modest, and kind young women; that affectionate domestic life; that rich hospitality in poor cottagers—all are to me a pledge of it. The Swedes must continue to be Swedes, even in the New World; and their national life and temperament, their dances and games, their star-songs and hymns, must give to the western land a new element of life and beauty.

They must continue to be such a people in this country that earnestness and mirth may prosper among them, and that they may be pious and joyful at the same time, as well on Sundays as on all other days. And they must learn from the American people that regularity and perseverance, that systematizing in life, in which they are yet deficient. A new Scandinavia shall one day bloom in the valley of the Mississippi in the great assembly of peoples there, with men and women, games, and songs, and dances, with days as gay and as innocent as THIS DAY AMONG THE SWEDES AT PINE LAKE!

During this day I put some questions to all the Swedes whom I met regarding the circumstances and the prospects of the Swedes in this new country, as compared with those of the old, and their answers were very nearly similar, and might be comprised in the following:

“If we were to work as hard in Sweden as we do here, we should be as well off there, and often better.

“None who are not accustomed to hard, agricultural labor ought to become farmers in this country.

“No one who is in any other way well off in his native land ought to come hither, unless, having a large family, he may do so on account of his children; because children have a better prospect here for their future than at home. They are admitted into schools for nothing; receive good education, and easily have an opportunity of maintaining themselves.

“But the old, who are not accustomed to hard labor, and the absence of all conveniences of life, can not long resist the effects of the climate, sickness, and other hardships.

“Young unmarried people may come hither advantageously, if they will begin by taking service with others. As servants in American families they will be well fed and clothed, and have good wages, so that they may soon lay by a good deal. For young and healthy people it is not

difficult to get on well here; but they must be prepared to work really hard, and in the beginning to suffer from the climate and from the diseases prevalent in this country.

“The Norwegians get on better in a general way than the Swedes, because they apply themselves more to work and housewifery, and think less of amusement than we do. They also emigrate in larger companies, and thus can help one another in their work and settling down.”

The same evening that I spent at Mrs. Petterson's, I saw a peasant from Norrland, who had come with his son to look at her little farm, having some thought of purchasing it. He had lately come hither from Sweden, but merely, as he said, to look about him. He was, however, so well pleased with what he saw, that he was going back to fetch his wife, his children, and his movables, and then return here to settle. The man was one of the most beautiful specimens of the Swedish peasant, tall, strong-limbed, with fine, regular features, large, dark blue eyes, his hair parted above his forehead, and falling straight down both sides of his face—a strong, honest, good, and noble countenance, such as it does one good to look upon. The son was quite young, but promised to resemble his father in manly beauty. It grieved me to think that such men should leave Sweden. Yet the new Sweden will be all the better for them.

With that ascending September sun, Mr. Lange and I advanced along the winding paths of the wood till we reached the great high road, where we were to meet the diligence by which I was to proceed to Madison, while Mr. Lange returned to Milwaukee. Many incomparably lovely lakes, with romantic shores, are scattered through this district, and human habitations are springing up along them daily. I heard the names of some of these lakes—Silver Lake, Nobbmaddin Lake, as well as Lake Naschota, a most beautiful lake, on the borders of which I awaited the diligence. Here stood a beautiful newly-built coun-

try house, the grounds of which were beginning to be laid out. Openings had been made here and there in the thick wild forest, to give fine views of that romantic lake.

The diligence came. It was full of gentlemen; but they made room. I squeezed myself in among the strangers, and, supported by both hands upon my umbrella, as by a stick, I was shaken, or rather hurled, unmercifully hither and thither upon the new-born roads of Wisconsin, which are no roads at all, but a succession of hills, and holes, and water-pools, in which first one wheel sank and then the other, while the opposite one stood high up in the air. Sometimes the carriage came to a sudden stand-still, half overturned in a hole, and it was some time before it could be dragged out again, only to be thrown into the same position on the other side. To me that mode of traveling seemed really incredible, nor could I comprehend how, at that rate, we should ever get along at all. Sometimes we drove for a considerable distance in the water, so deep that I expected to see the whole equipage either swim or sink altogether. And when we reached dry land, it was only to take the most extraordinary leaps over stocks and stones. They comforted me by telling me that the diligence was not in the habit of being upset very often! And, to my astonishment, I really did arrive at Watertown without being overturned, but was not able to proceed without a night's rest.

Madison, October 5th.

I proceed with my letter in the capital of Wisconsin, a pretty little town (mostly consisting of villas and gardens) most beautifully situated between four lakes, the shores of which are fringed with live-oaks. I am here in a good and handsome house on the shore of one of the lakes, surrounded by all the comforts of life, and among kind, cultivated people and friends. At Watertown I discovered that the Public Conveyance Company had given orders that I was to have free transit through all parts of the state, and

the host of the hotel, where every thing was very good and excellent, would not be paid for my entertainment there, but thanked me for "my call at his house." That one may term politeness!

At Watertown I became acquainted with some Danes who resided there, and spent a pleasant evening with one of them, just married to a young and charming Norwegian lady. They were comfortable, and seemed to be doing well in the city, where he was engaged in trade. An elderly Danish gentleman, however, who also was in trade in the city, did not seem to get on so well, but complained of the want of society and of some cheerful amusement in the long and solitary evenings. He was a widower, and widowers, or indeed men without wives and domestic life in America, lead solitary lives, particularly in small towns and in the country.

I left that kind little city with regret, in order to be shook onward to Madison. My portmanteau had been sent on by mistake from Watertown, by some diligence, I knew not how or whither, but thanks to the electric telegraphs, which sent telegraphic messages in three directions, I received again the next day my lost effects safe and sound. It is remarkable that in all directions throughout this young country, along these rough roads, which are no roads at all, run these electric wires from tree to tree, from post to post, along the prairie-land, and bring towns and villages into communication.

The road to Madison was difficult, but having a greater resemblance to a road than that between Milwaukee and Watertown. There were but few passengers in the diligence, and I was able, therefore, to place myself a little more comfortably; a bright Aurora Borealis shone across the prairie-land as we drove along in that starlight night, and the glow-worms glimmered in the grass which bordered the road. The journey was not unpleasant. The vast, solitary, verdant, billowy extent, embraced by

the vast, star-lit firmament, had in it something grand and calm. I sat silent and quiet. At half past eleven I reached Madison, where it was with difficulty that room could be found for me at the inn, or that any body would take charge of me. The next day, however, I found both house, and home, and friends, and every thing excellent.

I am with a family of the name of F. The master of the house, who is a judge of the state, is now from home; but his wife and their young married daughter, who resides with her parents, have given me the most agreeable reception. And it is hardly possible to imagine a more charming picture than that which is here presented by the three generations—mother, daughter, and grandchild. The elderly lady is delicate and graceful, and still handsome; the daughter, with a certain look of Jenny Lind about her, and an expression of unspeakable goodness in her blonde countenance, is the most charming of young women, and her little girl is one of those loveable little creatures, which not merely mother and grandmother, but every stranger even, must regard as quite out of the common way, gifted, even while in the cradle, with unusual powers and more than earthly grace. When in the morning I saw the young mother standing with her little child in her arms, and embraced by her mother—that little group standing quietly thus in the sunlit room, all three reposing happily in each other's love—I could not but think, Why do I seek for the Temple of the Sun shining aloft over earth? Is not each sunflower a temple more beautiful than that of Peru or of Solomon? And these people, who love and who worship in spirit and in truth, are not they true sunflowers—the Temple of the Sun upon earth?

The male portion of the family consists for the present of the young son of the house, and this young lady's husband.

October. I have just returned from church. The min-

ister preached a sermon strongly condemnatory of the gentlemen of the West. All his hope was in the ladies, and he commended their activity in the Western country. To this not very reasonable and not very judicious sermon succeeded the Lord's Supper, silent, holy, sanctifying, pouring its gracious wine into the weak, faulty, male communicants with the word—not the word of man; with power—not the power of man.

After divine service, the Sunday scholars assembled, and young and handsome ladies instructed each her class of poor children. And how maternally they did it, and how well, especially my young hostess, Mrs. D., whom I could not but observe with the most heartfelt pleasure in the exercise of her maternal vocation.

The weather was bright and sunny, although cold, and I wished to avail myself of the afternoon for an excursion on the beautiful lake, and the observation of its shores. "But—it is Sunday," was the answer which I received with a smile, and on Sundays people must not amuse themselves, not even in God's beautiful scenery. But sleep in church—that they may do!

October 7th. I had heard speak of a flourishing Norwegian settlement, in a district called Koskonong, about twenty miles from Madison, and having expressed a wish to visit it, a kind young lady, Mrs. C., offered to drive me there with her carriage and horses.

The next day we set off in a little open carriage, with a Norwegian lad as driver. The weather was mild and sunny, and the carriage rolled lightly along the country, which is here hilly, and, having a solid surface, makes naturally good roads. The whole of the first part of the way lay through new and mostly wild, uncultivated land, but which every where resembled an English park, with grassy hills and dales, the grass waving tall and yellow, and scattered with oak wood. The trees were not lofty, and the green sward under them as free from underwood

as if it had been carefully uprooted. This is attributed to the practice of the Indians to kindle fires year after year upon these grass-grown fields, whereby the bushes and trees were destroyed; and it is not many years since the Indians were possessed of this tract of country.

As we proceeded, however, the land became a little more cultivated. One saw here and there a rudely-built log-house, with its fields of maize around it, and also of new-sown wheat. We then reached a vast billowy prairie, Liberty Prairie, as it is called, which seemed interminable, for our horses were tired, and evening was coming on; nor was it till late and in darkness that we reached Koškonong, and our Norwegian driver, who came from that place, drove us to the house of the Norwegian pastor. This, too, was merely a small log-house.

The Norwegian pastor, Mr. P., had only left Norway to come hither a few months before. His young and pretty wife was standing in the kitchen, where a fire was blazing, boiling groats as I entered. I accosted her in Swedish. She was amazed at first, and terrified by the late visit, as her husband was from home on an official journey, and she was here quite alone with her little brother and an old woman servant; but she received us with true Northern hospitality and good-will, and she was ready to do every thing in the world to entertain and accommodate us. As the house was small, and its resources not very ample, Mrs. C. and her sister drove to the house of an American farmer who lived at some little distance, I remaining over night with the little Norwegian lady. She was only nineteen, sick at heart for her mother, her home, and the mountains of her native land, nor was happy in this strange country, and in those new circumstances to which she was so little accustomed. She was pretty, refined, and graceful; her whole appearance, her dress, her guitar which hung on the wall, every thing showed that she had lived in a sphere very different to that of a log-

house in a wilderness, and among rude peasants. The house was not in good condition; it rained in through the roof. Her husband, to whom she had not long been married, and whom for love she had accompanied from Norway to the New World, had been now from home for several days; she had neither friend nor acquaintance near nor far in the new hemisphere. It was no wonder that she was unable to see any thing beautiful or excellent in "this disagreeable America." But a young creature, good and lovely as she is, will not long remain lonely among the warm-hearted people of this country. Her little nine-years-old brother was a beautiful boy, with magnificent blue eyes and healthy temperament (although at the present moment suffering from one of the slow, feverish diseases peculiar to the country), and he thought yet of becoming a bishop "like his grandfather in Norway, Bishop Nordahl Brun"—for this young brother and sister were really the grandchildren of Norway's celebrated poet and bishop, Nordahl Brun, whom Norway has to thank for her best national songs. They had come hither by the usual route of the Western emigrants, by the Erie Canal from New York, and then by steamer down the lakes. They complained of uncleanness and the want of comfort in the canal-boats, and that the people there were so severe with the little boy, whom they drove out of his bed, and often treated ill.

The young lady gave me a remarkably good tea, and a good bed in her room; but a terrific thunder-storm, which prevailed through the whole night, with torrents of rain, disturbed our rest, especially that of my little hostess, who was afraid, and sighed over the life in "this disagreeable country."

Next morning the sun shone, the air was pleasant and mild; and after breakfast with the young lady, during which I did all in my power to inspire her with better feelings toward the country, and a better heart, I went out

for a ramble. The parsonage, with all its homely thriftiness, was, nevertheless, beautifully situated upon a hill, surrounded by young oaks. The place, with a little care, may be made pretty and excellent. I wandered along the road; the country, glowing with sunshine, opened before me like an immense English park, with a background of the most beautiful arable land, fringed with leafy woods, now splendid with the colors of autumn. Here and there I saw little farm-houses, built on the skirts of the forest, mostly of log-houses; occasionally, however, might be seen a frame house, as well as small gray stone cottages. I saw the people out in the fields busied with their corn-harvest. I addressed them in Norwegian, and they joyfully fell into conversation.

I asked many, both men and women, whether they were contented—whether they were better off here than in old Norway? Nearly all of them replied “Yes. We are better off here; we do not work so hard, and it is easier to gain a livelihood.” One old peasant only said, “There are difficulties here as well as there. The health is better in the old country than it is here!”

I visited also, with Mrs. P., some of the Norwegian peasant houses. It may be that I did not happen to go into the best of them; but certainly the want of neatness and order I found contrasted strongly with the condition of the poor American cottages. But the Norwegians wisely built their houses generally beside some little river or brook, and understand how to select a good soil. They come hither as old and accustomed agriculturists, and know how to make use of the earth. They help one another in their labor, live frugally, and ask for no pleasures. The land seems to me, on all hands, to be rich, and has an idyllian beauty. Mountains there are none; only swelling hills, crowned with pine-wood. About seven hundred Norwegian colonists are settled in this neighborhood, all upon small farms, often at a great distance one from another.

There are two churches, or meeting-houses, at Koskonong.

The number of Norwegian immigrants resident at this time in Wisconsin is considered to be from thirty to forty thousand. No very accurate calculation has, however, been made. Every year brings new immigrants, and they often settle upon tracts of country very distant from the other colonists. They call a colony "a settlement," from the English word *settlement*. I have heard of one called "Luther's Dale," nearer to the limits of Illinois, which is said to be large and remarkably flourishing, and under the direction of an excellent and active pastor, Mr. Claussen. If I could have made the time, I would have gone there.

It is said to be difficult to give to one portion of these Norwegian people any sense of religious or civil order; they are spoken of as obstinate and unmanageable; but they are able tillers of the ground, and they prepare the way for a better race; and their children, when they have been taught in American schools, and after that become servants in the better American families, are praised as the best of servants—faithful, laborious, and attached; merely difficult to accustom to perfect cleanliness and order. The greater number of domestic servants in these young Mississippi States come from the Norwegian colonies scattered over the country. In a general way, the Norwegians seem to succeed better here than the Swedes. A Norwegian newspaper is published at Madison, called "The Norwegian's Friend," some copies of which I have obtained.

After an excellent breakfast, at which our young hostess, at my request, regaled us also with the songs of her native land, sung to the guitar with a fresh, sweet voice, we took our leave of that amiable lady, who will now find a good friend in Mrs. C., and, through her, many other friends in Madison. We drove home in a shower of rain, stopping now and then by the way to talk with the Nor-

wegian people in the fields, and reached Madison as the sun sank amid the most unimaginable splendor, over that beautiful lake district and the city. The prevalence of sunny weather in America makes it easier, and more agreeable, to travel there than any where else. One may be sure of fine weather; and if a heavy shower does come, you may depend upon its soon being over, and that the sun will shortly be out again.

In Madison I have seen a good many people, and some tiresome interrogators (and these I place among the goats), with the usual questions, "How do you like the United States? How do you like Madison? Our roads? Do you know Jenny Lind personally?" and so on. Some interesting and unusually agreeable people I also saw (and these I place among the sheep), who have enough to say without living by questions, and who afforded me some hours of very interesting conversation. Foremost among these must I mention the Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin, Mr. Lathrop, an agreeable and really intellectual man, full of life, and a clear and intelligent sense of the value of that youthful state in the group of the United States, and their common value in the history of the world. I derived much pleasure from his conversation, and from the perusal of a speech which he made a short time since in the Capitol here, on his installation as Chancellor of the University. This, together with another speech on the same occasion, by Mr. Hyatt Smith, one of the directors of the Educational Committee, shows a great understanding of the social relationship in general, and of that of the New World in particular; of the relationship of the past with the present, and of the present with the future, and both speeches breathe the noblest spirit. I have heard it remarked, that the characteristic of the speeches of the New World, which distinguishes them from those of Europe, is, that they embrace a much larger extent of subject, and take much broader views, and generally aim at

comprehending the whole past, present, and future, and the whole of the human race. They take an immense range, place their subjects in large groups, and obtain large views of the relationship of these to the divine law of progressive advance. And to this I may add also, as characteristic, that they do it all by *railway*, or with railway speed, which brings together the near and the remote with incredible rapidity, and presents the greatest possible opposite to that German circumstantiality which never reaches its goal. I seem to find these characteristics, in a high degree, in those speeches delivered on the prairie-land of the West, in the youngest state of the Union.

Chancellor Lathrop discovers that all material development on the earth which is derived from art and science, has ultimately the effect of throwing back the soul upon itself. The discipline of its powers during the labor which is requisite to obtain possession of the physical world for itself, strengthens and animates it for new conquests in the spiritual world. And a more perfect knowledge of the law of this, prepares us again for a more perfect dominion over the world without us.

“The history of philosophy testifies to this mutual and friendly relation between the sciences of matter and of mind; and in no period have the spiritual tendencies of the race been more observable than in this, stigmatized though it has been, as the mechanical, the material, the iron age of the world. The science of mind has ceased to be regarded as a subject of barren speculation. Its practical bearings are felt and acknowledged. The treasured results of metaphysical inquiry in past ages, since the injunction, ‘KNOW THYSELF,’ first opened to the pupil and the philosopher a region of mystery and doubt, will pass to coming generations enriched by the contributions of the present, and distinguished by the sunlight which our own gifted intellects are shedding on the science of mind.

“ But to tarry no longer in the vestibule, let us enter the inner temple. The prosecution of physical, metaphysical, or mathematical truth derives, after all, its chief value from its bearing on, and connection with, the social principle in man. It is the social part of his constitution, in which is centered mainly the value of an individual, either to himself as a sensitive being, or to the universe as one of its component parts.

“ In all questions relative to human progress, therefore, the burden of the inquiry must respect the social advancement of man.

“ This inquiry presents a two-fold aspect—the consideration of man, first, as a portion of the universal empire of God ; and, secondly, as a political or national society. The constitutions and laws which concern him under the former aspect are moral constitutions and laws ; those which concern him under the latter aspect are political constitutions and laws.

“ Ask we, then, the ages what historical report they have to bring in of the progress of those moral arrangements, by which God is inviting and enabling man to work out the *moral* regeneration of his species, to prepare himself for that spiritual life which is to follow his trial here, for the service, the society, and the felicity of that glorious inner temple, to which this physical scene, with its thousands of revealed and still hidden mysteries, is but the court and the vestibule.

“ They point us, in reply, to the schools of the philosophers, those earth-born laboratories of ethical truth, to the constitutions of the Hebrews, divine in their original, and to the more glorious and efficacious arrangements of the Christian dispensation, remedial in its nature, and adapted with a divine precision to the moral diseases of man. And under this latter dispensation, in further exemplification of the law of progress, they point us to the canons of the Fathers, to the reformations of Germany and England, to

the dissent of the Puritans, to the rock of Plymouth, to the thousand clustering institutions and associations of this latter day, subsidiary to the instructions of the pulpit and the labors of the evangelist—all intended, and becoming more and more adapted, to render the prevalence of the Christian faith as universal, as its spirit is intelligent, and rational, and catholic, and benign. They exhibit, in strong contrast, the moral darkness which enveloped our pagan ancestry, with the sunlight which rests on the more favored portions of the Christian world, enabling the believer with a brightening faith, and with a growing knowledge of his manifold duties and high destiny, to discover and to pursue the pathway which leads to the companionship of angelic natures in his spiritual home.

“Ask we, too, the ages what they have done to develop the true theory of political organization, to improve the mechanism of the social system, to impart practical wisdom to its ministrations, in order that the state may discharge its high duty to the citizen, for whose sake it exists, and whose allegiance it claims. They point us, in reply, to the council of the Amphietyons, to the laws of Lycurgus and of Solon, to the tables of the Roman lawgivers, to the body of the civil law, to Magna Charta, to the Bill of Rights, and to the American Constitution—those precious records of mind, which stand up as pillared inscriptions in the shadowy past, along the lengthened line of civil progress. They exhibit in contrast the wild war of anarchy, with the beneficent reign of social order—the unmitigated despotism of the earlier governments, with the checks and balances of the constitutional monarchies of the day—the wild, unformed democracies of the past, those first experiments of young freedom, with the written constitutions, the perfect action, of the modern representative republics.

“How manifest it is, then, that our age is an age of ‘results,’ the causes of which lie far behind us in the stream of time.”

I have given so much of this speech, because I think that it affords a good specimen of the tendency and impulse of speeches in this country, and especially in the Western country, where society evidently feels itself to belong in a high degree to the citizenship of the world; to be universal, because it is composed of people of all nations flowing in hither by emigration; and perhaps also because the immense stretch of landscape in these states of the prairies, leads the soul to take an extensive flight. After his great railway tour round the world, Lathrop finally comes, in his speech, to the duties which the government of the young state of Wisconsin has to fulfill, in order that it may accomplish its great vocation as a home for various nations—Anglo-Saxons, Celts, Germans, Scandinavians, all directing its being by new elements of life.

“Free schools and public education have every where, in the United States, shown themselves to be the great principle of the popular elevation and development. The American mind has caught the idea, and will not lose sight of it, that the whole of the states’ property, public or private, is holden subject to the sacred trust of providing the means of education for every child in the state.

“Unless we adopt this system, that political equality of which we boast is only a dream, a pleasing illusion. Knowledge is the true equalizer; it is the true democracy; it equalizes by elevating, not by bringing down.”

The speaker, in recommending the class of education which the University ought to afford, observed, that the character and position of the teacher must be elevated; that the want of efficient teachers was a subject of universal complaint; and that, therefore, a normal school should be established for the preparation of efficient teachers for the University.

And that the aim of the library should be to contain every work which is worthy of being possessed, in every

language and of every age ; the whole amount of human thought, and of the experience of society.

“Wisconsin, the youngest state of the Union, established under the most favorable circumstances, able to avail itself of the experience of the older sister-states, rich in a new population composed of various races ; rich in its fertile soil, and its advantageous position between the great lakes and the great river—the arteries of the world’s commerce—Wisconsin must, Minerva-like, advance in existence, and take the initiative in popular progress and in social life !”

There is here, however, vigorous life, Agatha, and vigorous life must make itself felt, otherwise so young a state could not become a leader ; nevertheless, the leaders here have not gone further than *to school*, and the education of schools, which, as the principal requirement for the people, is on the right system ; and beyond that the American mind has in a general way not advanced.

But it must advance further still if it would reach the fountain-heads—the springs of life, wherefrom peoples and states ought to drink the renewing life of youth !

The State of Wisconsin is merely *two years* old—a very hopeful “baby” of the West, is it not ? Seventeen years since the state first became territory ; and it is only three or four years since the last great battle was fought in the country with the Indians, and their brave chief, Black Hawk. He and his people were finally taken captive on these prairies, and carried as trophies to New York. There are now no longer Indians in Wisconsin ; its white population is rapidly on the increase. Wisconsin has no hills, but on all sides uncultivated, and for the most part fertile land, abounding in lakes and rivers. It is a state for agriculture and the rearing of cattle ; the land in many parts, however, and in particular around Madison, where it is appropriated by the Federal government to the supplying an income to the state’s University, is already very dear. It has been purchased by speculators at the gov-

ernment price, a dollar and a quarter per acre, and resold by them for not less than ten or twelve dollars per acre.

“And who will give so much for it?” inquired I of Chancellor Lathrop.

“Your countrymen,” replied he, quickly. “Your countrymen, whose sons will be freely educated at our University.”

I visited, in company with Chancellor Lathrop and his cheerful, intelligent wife, the University which is in progress of erection, and which will now be soon finished. It stands upon an elevation, “College Hill,” as it is called, and which commands an open and extensive view; it is a large building, without any unnecessary pomp of exterior, as in Girard College at Philadelphia, but internally it has ample and spacious room. Many of the windows struck me, lighted up, as they were, by the setting sun. Such, after all, ought the Temple of the Sun to be on the Western prairies! And if it fulfills its expectation, a Temple of the Light in spirit and in truth, more glorious than that of Peru!

It is only a few years since the Indians dwelt around these beautiful lakes; and they still come hither annually in the autumn to visit the graves of their ancestors, and to lift up their cry of lamentation!

Blue Mound, Oct.

I now write to you from a little log-house, in the midst of prairie-land, between Madison and Galena. The log-house belongs to a farm, and is, at the same time, post-house, and a sort of country inn. Mr. D., the son-in-law of my good hostess in Madison, had the kindness to drive me hither himself, in a little open carriage, by which means I made the journey much more comfortably than by the stage, which comes here in the night.

Blue Mound is one of the highest hills in Wisconsin, and derives its name from its fine dark blue color when seen from afar. It appears then as if enveloped in a clear

purple veil, and is seen at many miles' distance, shining out thus against the soft blue sky. It resembles Kimkulle with us, but is more steep; like Kimkulle, it is covered with pasture-fields and wood.

When I arrived here I was so enchanted with the vast, glorious landscape, and with the view which it afforded over the prairie on all sides, that I resolved to remain here for a couple of days, in order that I might, in peace and solitude, become acquainted with the prairie and the sunflowers.

The house possessed but one guest chamber, and that a little garret within a large garret, in which were lodged half a dozen laboring men. But I was assured that they were very silent and well-behaved, and I was furnished with a piece of wood, with which to fasten the hasp of my door inside, as there was no lock. The room was clean and light, although very low and badly arranged; and I was glad to take up my abode in it, spite of the break-neck steps by which it was reached.

I spent nearly the whole of yesterday out in the prairie, now wandering over it, and gazing out over its infinite extent, which seemed, as it were, to expand and give wings to body and soul; and now sitting among sunflowers and asters, beside a little hillock covered with bushes, reading Emerson, that extraordinary Ariel, refreshing, but evanescent, and evanescent in his philosophic flights as the fugitive wind which sweeps across the prairie, and brings forth from the strings of the electric telegraph melodious tones, which sound and die away at the same moment. His philosophy is like that wind; he himself is something much beyond it, and much better. It is his own individuality which gives that wonderfully bewitching expression to these imperfect concords.

How grand is the impression produced by this infinite expanse of plain, with its solitude and its silence! In truth, it enables the soul to expand and grow, to have a

freer and deeper respiration. That great West! Yes, indeed; but what solitude! I saw no habitations except the little house at which I was staying; no human beings, no animals; nothing except heaven and the flower-strewn earth. The day was beautiful and warm, and the sun advanced brightly through heaven and over earth, until toward evening, when by degrees it hid itself in light clouds of sun-smoke, which, as it descended, formed belts, through which the fiery globe shone with softened splendor, so that it represented a vast pantheon, with a cupola of gold, standing on the horizon above that immeasurable plain. This Temple of the Sun was to me one which I shall never forget.

To-morrow or the day following I shall leave this place, and on Monday I hope to be on the Mississippi.

I shall now write a few words to young Mrs. D., my beloved sunflower at Madison. I must tell you that the cook in her family, a respectable, clever Norwegian, would not on any terms receive money from me for the trouble she had had on my account.

The Log-House, October 9th.

It was cloudy this morning, and I was afraid of rain; but for all that, I went out "*à la bonne aventure*." And to set out thus by one's self is so delightful. I followed a little path which wound through low boschage over the prairie. I there met some little children, who, with their mat-baskets in their hands, were wandering along to school. I accompanied them, and came to a little house built also of logs, and extremely humble. This was the school-house. The school-room was merely a room in which were some benches; the children, about a dozen in number, were ragged—regular offspring of the wilderness. But they seemed willing enough to learn; and upon the log walls of the room hung maps of the globe, upon which the young scholars readily pointed out to me the countries I mentioned; and there were also in that poor school-house such

books as the "National Geography," by Goodrich, Smith's "Quarto Geography," which contains views of the whole world; while in the reading-book in common use I found gems from the literature of all countries, and particularly from that of England and North America. The school-master was an agreeable young man. His monthly stipend was fifteen dollars.

I went onward, the sun broke through the clouds; the day became glorious, and again I spent a lovely day alone on the prairie.

The host and hostess of my log-house are of Dutch origin, and not without education. The food is simple, but good; I can have as much excellent milk and potatoes as I desire (without spice or fat, and potatoes in this country are my best food), as well as capital butter and bread. Every thing is clean in the house, but the furniture and the conveniences are not superior to such as are to be met with in common Swedish peasant-houses. I sit at table with the men and maid-servants of the family, just as they come in from their work, and not over clean, as well as with thousands of flies.

The further I advance into the West the earlier become the hours of meals. What do you say to breakfasting at six in the morning, dining at twelve, and having tea at half past six in the evening? I do not dislike it. It is a thousand times better than the fashionable hours for meals in New York and Boston.

It is evening. It has begun to rain and blow, and it is no easy thing to keep the wind and rain out of the window, which I am sometimes obliged to open on account of the oppressive heat occasioned by an iron pipe, which goes through the room from an iron stove in the room below. I am beginning to feel not quite so comfortable, and shall be glad to go in the morning to Galena. As far as my neighbors are concerned, I do not hear a sound of them, so silent are they. Log-houses are in general warm,

but very dusty; so at least I have heard many people say and I can myself believe it.

Galena, October 11th.

You now find me here, a few miles from the great Mississippi, in a little town, picturesquely situated among hills beside a little river, called Five River, which, with many sinuosities, winds through the glens. The town is supported by its lead mines, which are general in this highland district; by mining, smelting, and the export of this heavy, dark metal. A leaden sky hung over the town as I entered it, and I see in the street old madams waddling about in dull gray-colored cloaks and old bonnets, very much like poor old madams in shabby bonnets and cloaks in the streets of Stockholm in gray autumn weather; gentlemen too, or semi-gentlemen, in ragged coats—but less annoyed by them than they would be with us. Every thing looks dolefully gray; and it is as cold as it is in November with us. Yesterday it was quite otherwise. Yesterday was a most glorious summer day.

It rained when at dawn I left Blue Mound, but soon afterward cleared up; the wind chased the clouds across the immense plain, and the play of light and shadow over it, and those glorious views—I can not express how much I enjoyed that day's journey! The road along that high prairie-land was hard and level as the roads with us in summer. The diligence in which I sat, for the most part alone, rolled lightly across the plain, and seemed to fly over it, approaching every moment nearer to the giant river, the western goal of my journey. The wind was as warm as with us in July; and these western views, which increased in grandeur the nearer we approached the great river, produced an unspeakable effect. I never experienced any thing similar produced by a natural object.

As the day wore on the roads became worse, and late in the evening I arrived, excessively weary, at the little town of Waterville, if I rightly remember the name. It

was very dark, although the sky was brilliant with stars. I was hungry and tired, and wished to remain all night at the hotel, partly that I might rest, and partly that I might perform the remainder of the journey by daylight, and thus see the great giant plain.

But the hotel was occupied by gentlemen who were now assembled here in convention on educational questions, and were just at this moment in session. There was no room for me; and when I spoke of my fatigue, and my reluctance to travel by night along roads which frequently were no roads at all, and upon which the diligence was overturned six times in the week, the landlord replied by telling me about the great and important Convention which was sitting in the city, and of the remarkable men who were assembled here on that occasion, and who were lodged in his house. He was so important, and so full of the great Convention, and the members of which were lodged in his house, that he had neither ear nor heart for the poor, weary traveling lady, who prayed for a little room merely for one night. I talked of the home of yesterday; and he talked about the parsonage, and between the two there was no comparison. "This hotel," said he, "was properly no hotel for ladies, but merely for gentlemen." There was, however, another hotel in the town, and he offered me a guide to show me the way.

But this also was occupied by the distinguished members of the Convention. "And in any case, I must travel by night, as the diligence did not go to Galena at any other time. I might depend upon having, to-night, the most steady driver; the night was beautiful, and—I should get very safely and very well to Galena!" So said the landlord.

As this meeting of the distinguished men of the great Convention was likely to last till late at night, and as the diligence was going to set off immediately, I had no hope of being able to speak with any of them, and to ask from them that politeness and hospitality which the landlord

of the hotel was so wholly deficient in. I was compelled to set off.

“My good friend,” said I, beseechingly, to the driver of the diligence, “I am a stranger from a distant country, and I am alone. Promise not to overturn me !”

“That I can not promise you, ma’am,” replied he; “but I will promise to do my best to bring you safely to the end of your journey.”

It was a rational answer, and was spoken in a voice which inspired me with confidence. I took my seat in the diligence, and left the first inhospitable, unfriendly place which I had found in America. There were three or four gentlemen in the diligence; I was the only lady. It was so dark that I could not see their countenances; but their voices and their inquiries told me that they were young and of an uneducated class.

“Are you scared, Miss Bremer?”

“Are you afraid, ma’am?” and so on, were the exclamations with which they immediately overwhelmed me, in a good-tempered and cheerful, but somewhat rude style. I replied to their questions by the monosyllable “No!” and was then left in peace. I was not, however, without uneasiness as regarded the nocturnal journey. I had heard of the diligence being lately overturned, of one lady having broken an arm; of another receiving so severe an injury in the side that she still lay sick in consequence of it at Galena; of a gentleman who received a blow on the head that left him insensible for several hours, and various other such occurrences.

Several of the young men were unknown to each other, but they soon became acquainted. One of them was going to be the schoolmaster somewhere not far from the Mississippi. He stammered woefully, and his pronunciation was broad and like the bleating of a sheep. One of the other gentlemen asked him whether he could solve a mathematical problem “in water.” The schoolmaster

seemed to be completely nonplused by this question, and his new teacher began to describe the experiment to him circumstantially, in a way which certainly would very much have amused Fabian Wrede. The schoolmaster put various questions which showed that he was not at all familiar with this water art, and when, soon after, he left the diligence his teacher exclaimed, "Ar'n't he green for a schoolmaster?" and all burst out into laughter. They were evidently green altogether, though harmless and good-tempered. They began singing negro songs, and sang "Oh Susanna," "Dandy Jem from Caroline," and others very well, and in character. After this they slept. The night was beautiful and clear, and the road not so very bad; the driver evidently good and careful. Once only did we stick fast, and then the young fellows were obliged to get out and help us along.

About half past twelve we arrived at our journey's end without any disaster. All the world of Galena seemed to be fast asleep; even at the hotel all was silent and dark.

The porter of the "American House," an old man with a strongly-marked English countenance, bushy eyebrows, prominent nose and chin, with an expression of humor and something gentlemanlike in his aspect and demeanor, came out with a candle in his hand, and very soon took me and my effects in charge. He showed me into a nice little room; but when I looked to see if the door would lock I found that the key would not turn. On this discovery, I called to my old gentleman and showed him my difficulty. He replied that I need only set my little portmanteau against the door to secure it. "That was all that I needed for my security," he said. But when I insisted upon it that this was not enough to satisfy me, he began working at the lock, till at length the double lock suddenly shot out, and the door was fast. That was very good, so far; but now, when he wished to unlock it to depart, it was just as immovable as before. He turned and

turned, and could not move it the least in the world. The old gentleman and I were locked in the room, for there was no other means of egress but by this door. Very agreeable this!

At this discovery he made such a comical grimace that I could not help bursting out into a hearty peal of laughter; and when he, during a few minutes, had exerted all his art and all his strength to no purpose, and the door remained as firmly closed as ever, I tried what I could do. And, first, I examined the lock very minutely, and was not long in discovering a little spring, upon which I pressed my finger, and immediately the bolt sprang back, and opening the large door, I allowed the old gentleman to escape, who did not look much less pleased than I did to have got so well out of this adventure.

Later. I was here interrupted by a visit and the necessity to go out into "the ladies' parlor." A handsome young lady was sitting there, and singing so false, that it tortured me to the very soul to hear her; nor did she seem as if she would ever come to an end. A young gentleman, who sat beside her and turned over the leaves of the music, must have been altogether without an ear, or altogether over head and ears in love.

I heard an interesting account from a married couple whom I received in my room, and who are just now come from the wilderness beyond the Mississippi, of the so-called Squatters, a kind of white people who constitute a portion of the first colonists of the Western country. They settle themselves down here and there in the wilderness, cultivate the earth, and cultivate freedom, but will not become acquainted with any other kind of cultivation. They pay no taxes, and will not acknowledge either law or church. They live in families, have no social life, but are extremely peaceable, and no way guilty of any violation of law. All that they desire is to be at peace, and to have free elbow-room. They live very amicably with the Indians, not so well with the American whites. When

these latter come with their schools, their churches, and their shops, then the Squatters withdraw themselves further and still further into the wilderness, in order to be able, as they say, to live in innocence and freedom. The whole of the Western country beyond the Mississippi, and as far as the Pacific Ocean, is said to be inhabited by patches with these Squatters, or tillers of the land, the origin of whom is said to be as much unknown as that of the Clay-eaters of South Carolina and Georgia. Their way of life has also a resemblance. The Squatters, however, evince more power and impulse of labor; the Clay-eaters subject the life of nature. The Squatters are the representatives of the wilderness, and stand as such in stiff opposition to cultivation.

Galena, October 12th.

Again up and again well, after two days of severe headache, during which I was waited upon and cared for in the kindest manner by a kind-hearted little Irish girl belonging to the house. I could scarcely have been better attended to in my own home. And no one could possibly perform that uneasy journey through Wisconsin without having something to remember as long as he lived; but with it the severest part of my Western journey is accomplished. And I am sound in body and limb, have possession of reason and of all my senses, and every thing has gone on so well, and I now feel myself so perfectly restored to my usual good state of health, that I can only be heartily contented and thankful.

I shall not leave Galena until Monday, because the good steam-boat Menomonie, so called from an Indian tribe, does not proceed up the Mississippi to St. Paul's before that day. I shall, in the mean time, enjoy my liberty at this excellent hotel, and my rambles among the picturesque hills of the neighborhood. Good-night, beloved! I embrace mamma and you, and greet cordially all my good friends both in and out of the house.



